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GOLDEN GLEAMS OF THOUGHT,

FROM THE WORDS OF LEADING

ORATORS, DIVINES, PHILOSOPHERS,  
STATESMEN AND POETS.

BY

REV. S. P. LINN,

Author of "Living Thoughts of Leading Thinkers."

"THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE, AND WORDS THAT BURN."—*Gray.*

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TO ALL  
WHO REALIZE THAT LIFE  
IS EARNEST, AND WHO FEEL THEIR  
NEED OF MENTAL AND  
MORAL STIMULUS.

*Remember that the secret studies of an author are the sunken piers upon which is to rest the bridge of his fame, spanning the dark waters of oblivion. They are out of sight; but without them no superstructure can stand secure.*

LONGFELLOW.

## P R E F A C E.

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THE hearty welcome extended to "Living Thoughts of Leading Thinkers," and the many congratulations received from those who profess to have been not only entertained but helped by its perusal, have encouraged me, after so long an interval, to make another effort in the same direction. I can only hope that the second attempt may meet with as cordial a reception.

S. P. L.

CINCINNATI, Nov., 1881.

*Our whitest pearl we never find.*

HOLMES.

*It is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are  
condensed, the deeper they burn.*

SOUTHEY.

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# GOLDEN GLEAMS OF THOUGHT.

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*Lectio inquirat, meditatio inveniat;  
Oratio pulsat, contemplatio degustat.  
(Reading seeks, meditation finds;  
Prayer asks, contemplation tastes).*

AUGUSTINE.

## I.

### FOCUSED RAYS.

'Tis his at last who says it best.

*Lowell.*

A VERSE may find him who a sermon flies.

*George Herbert.*

THOUGHT is the property of those only who can entertain it.

*Emerson.*

I LOVE to lose myself in other men's minds.

*Charles Lamb.*

WORDS only live when worthy to be said.

*Bulwer.*

WORDS are things, and a small drop of ink  
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces  
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

*Byron.*



WHAT gems of painting or statutory are in the world of art, or what flowers are in the world of nature, are gems of thought to the cultivated and thinking.

*Holmes.*

IT is the masterful will that compresses a life-thought into a pregnant word or phrase, and sends it ringing through the centuries.

*William Mathews.*

THE multiplicity of facts and writings is become so great that everything must now be reduced to extracts.

*Voltaire.*

As the highly colored birds do not fly around in the dull, leaden plains of a sandy desert, but amid all the settings of nature's leaves and blossoms, and lights and shades—nature's framework of their picture—so there are truths which do not appear well in arid fields of philosophic inquiry, but which demand the colored air and the bowers of poetry to be the setting of their charms.

*David Swing.*

OUR thoughts are ever forming our characters, and whatever they are most absorbed in will tinge our lives.

*Phila. Ledger.*

IDEAS strangle statutes.

*Wendell Phillips.*

IDEAS go booming through the world louder than cannon; thoughts are mightier than armies.

*Rev. Dr. W. M. Paxton.*

IDEAS often reach the people just as they are leaving the schools, and often, on the other hand, the schools go on spinning their tough threads long after the people have lost all their interest.

*Guesses at Truth.*

OUR great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely they cannot separate from our consciousness, shall follow it whithersoever that shall go, and are of their nature divine and immortal.

*Thackeray.*

THE key to every man is his thought. Sturdy and defying though he look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is the idea after which all his facts are classified. He can only be reformed by showing him a new idea which commands his own.

*Emerson.*

EVERY man is in one sense an historical production. The ideas which form his life have come to him through the course of development in which he moves.

*Neander.*

THE restless mind of man cannot but press a principle to the real limit of its application, even though centuries should intervene between the premises and the conclusion.

*Liddon.*

IN the end thought rules the world. There are times when impulses and passions are more powerful, but they soon expend themselves, while mind, acting constantly, is ever ready to drive them back and to work when their energies are exhausted.

*M'Cosh.*

MAN is but a reed, the weakest in nature; but he is a reed which *thinks*; the universe need not rise in arms to crush him; a vapor, a drop of water suffices to kill him. But were the universe to crush him, man would still be greater than the power which killed him; for *he knows that he dies*, and of the advantage which the universe has over him, the universe knows nothing.

*Pascal.*

IDEAS trouble us even more than men.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

IDEAS make their way in silence like the waters that, filtering behind the rocks of the Alps, loosen them from the mountain on which they rest.

*D'Aubigné.*

EVENTS are only the shells of ideas, and often it is the fluent thought of ages that is crystallized in a moment by the stroke of a pen or the point of a bayonet.

*Chapin.*

THE poems which have lingered in the ear of generations have been clear-cut crystals, flashing here and there with varied brightness—ideas set in gold of cunning workmanship.

*H. W. Bellows.*

As cloud on clouds, snow on snow, as the bird on air, as the planet rests on space in its flight, so do nations of men and their institutions rest on thoughts.

*Emerson.*

THEY are never alone who are accompanied by noble thoughts.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

THE best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought it suggests; just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts.

*Holmes.*

THE whip of words—short, sharp, incisive words—chosen with care and knotted well together, is a terrible weapon. One brief, indignant couplet of such words, or a prophetic warning of three small syllables only, like “*vae victis*,” will go round the globe, and man has no power to stop it.

*Rev. Dr. James Clark.*

A BROAD-MINDED selection of noble passages, though it may not be able to do all we could wish in a moral way, can certainly do much to raise men to a high moral, political and social plane. I believe that gems of literature introduced into our schools, if properly taught, will be able to do this, partly by their own directive influence on the young mind, but particularly as being such a draft upon the fountain of higher literature as shall result in an abiding thirst for noble reading.

*Prof. John B. Peaslee.*

A BOOK is a living voice. It is a spirit walking on the face of the earth. It continues to be the living thought of a person separated from us by space and time. Men pass away; monuments crumble into dust—what remains and survives is human thought.

*Samuel Smiles.*

EVERY reader has his favorite author and favorite passages—texts to which he will turn in danger or sorrow with special expectation, and promises which will seem to have been expressly written for his personal use.

*Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker.*

At the top of his mind the devout scholar has a holy of holies, a little pantheon set round with altars and the images of the greatest men. Every day, putting on a priestly robe, he retires into this temple and passes before its shrines and shapes. Here he feels a thrill of awe; there he lays a burning aspiration; farther on he swings a censer of reverence. To one he lifts a look of love; at the feet of another he drops a grateful tear; and before another still, a flush of pride and joy suffuses him; they smile on him; sometimes they speak and wave their solemn hands. Always they look up to the Highest. Purified and hallowed, he gathers his soul together, and comes away from the worshipful intercourse, serious, serene, glad, and strong.

*Alger.*

IF a man empties his purse into his head, no one can take it from him.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

HE is wise who knows the sources of knowledge—who knows who has written, and where it is to be found.

*Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge.*

I HOLD it as a great point in self-education, that the student be continually engaged in forming exact ideas, and in expressing them clearly by language.

*Faraday.*

CERTAIN thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.

*Victor Hugo.*

WHEN I open a noble volume I say to myself: "Now the only Croesus that I envy is he who is reading a better book than this."

*Philip Gilbert Hamerton.*

READ only the masterpieces in literature—the strongest men on their strong points.

*Prof. John Fraser.*

INSIST on reading the great books, on marking the great events of the world. Then the little books may take care of themselves, and the trivial incidents of passing politics and diplomacy may perish with the using.

*Dean Stanley.*

A PAGE digested is better than a book hurriedly read.

*Macaulay.*

I HAVE sought for rest everywhere, but I have found it nowhere, except in a little corner with a little book.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

SOCIETY is a strong solution of books. It draws the virtue out of what is best worth reading, as hot water draws the strength of tea-leaves.

*Holmes.*

CHOOSE your author as you choose your friend.

*Roscommon.*

A BOOK is good company. It is full of conversation without loquacity. It comes to our longing with full instruction, but pursues us never. It is not offended at our absent-mindedness, nor jealous if we turn to other pleasures, of leaf, or dress, or mineral, or even of books. It silently serves the soul without recompense—not even for the hire of love. And, yet more noble, it seems to pass from itself and to enter the memory, and to hover in a silvery transformation there, until the outward book is but a body and its soul and spirit are flown to you, and possess your memory like a spirit.

*Beecher.*

GET into some good library and read. First read the Bible and then William Shakespeare. It will do no harm to read one in the morning and the other at night. I am not speaking ridiculously to you now, for, with a complete knowledge of these two greatest delineators of human nature, you will have a key, and can, as it were, lift off the skull-cap and read a man's utmost thoughts.

*John A. Murphy, M.D.*

AND while some books, like steps, are left behind us by the very help which they yield us, and serve only our childhood or early life, some others go with us, in mute fidelity, to the end of life, a recreation for fatigue, an instruction for our sober hours, and solace for our sickness or sorrow. Except the great outdoors, nothing that has so much life of its own, gives so much life to us.

*Beecher.*

THERE is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will know as well what to expect from the one as the other.

*Bishop Butler.*

OF all the reproaches which arise against a man in his chamber of study, there is none more bitter than these two: the sight of his own books unread, and the sight of his own books read. The one accuses him of waste, the other accuses him of inattention. We are slothful in not reading; we are slothful also in reading. Examine yourself, grapple with the demon of inattention, and make each book, each page, each sentence, give account of itself to you.

*Rev. C. J. Vaughan, D.D.*

THERE are books which take rank in our life with parents and lovers and passionate experiences, so medicinal, so stringent, so revolutionary, so authoritative—books which are the work and the proof of faculties so comprehensive, so nearly equal to the world which they paint, that, though one shuts them with meaner ones, he feels his exclusion from them to accuse his way of living.

\* \* \* \* \*

The three practical rules, then, which I have to offer, are:  
1. Never read any book that is not a year old. 2. Never read any but famed books. 3. Never read any but what you like; or, in Shakespeare's phrase,

“No profit goes where is no pleasure ta en;  
In brief, sir, study what you most affect.”

*Emerson.*

WHEN a new book comes out, I read an old one.

•

*Samuel Rogers.*

INSIPID books soon find the way to oblivion, but books that have life compel the world to read them, even though the reading lead to anger and hostility.

*Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker.*

GET at the root of things. The gold mines of Scripture are not the top soil; you must open a shaft. The precious diamonds of experience are not picked up in the roadway; their secret places are far down. Get down into the vitality, the solidity, the veracity, the divinity of the Word of God, and seek to possess with it the inward work of the Spirit.

---

THERE are passages of Scripture that glow with the poetry of heaven and immortality.

*Greyson Letters.*

You never get to the end of Christ's words. There is something in them always behind. They pass into proverbs, they pass into laws, they pass into doctrines, they pass into consolations; but they never pass away, and after all the use that is made of them, they are still not exhausted.

*Dean Stanley.*

---

## II.

### DIAMOND FLASHES.

TEACH the children! it is painting in fresco.

*Emerson.*

CHILDREN have more need of models than of critics.

*Joubert.*

BEGIN with the infant in his cradle; let the first word he lisps be Washington!

*Mirabeau.*

WE constantly underrate the capacity of children to understand and to suffer.

*John B. Gough.*



CHILDREN keep us at play all our lives.

*Calvert.*

WOULD God, some one had taught me, when young, the names of the grasses and constellations!

*Carlyle.*

EVERY first thing continues forever with the child; the first color, the first music, the first flower, paint the foreground of his life. The first inner or outer object of love, injustice, or such like, throws a shadow immeasurably far along his after years.

*Richter.*

IN the man whose childhood has known tender caresses, there is a fibre of memory which can be touched to gentle issues.

*George Eliot.*

IN children, a great curiousness is well,  
Who have themselves to learn, and all the world.

*Tennyson.*

HAPPY the child who is suffered to be, and content to be, what God meant it to be—a child while childhood lasts. Happy the parent who does not force artificial manners, precocious feelings, premature religion.

*F. W. Robertson.*

YOU never know what child in rags and pitiful squalor that meets you in the street may have in him the germ of gifts that might add new treasures to the storehouse of beautiful things or noble acts.

*John Morley.*

A MOTHER loses a child. It ever remains to her a child. It is only she that can be said to have a child. She remembers it as it was.

*Dickens.*

YOUTH fades; love droops; the leaves of friendship fall;  
A mother's secret hope outlives them all.

*Holmes.*

WHAT if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown there as an index of your own thoughts and feelings, what care, what caution would you exercise in the selection! Now this is what God has done. He has placed before you the immortal minds of your children, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are to inscribe every day and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit or by your example, something which will remain and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment.

*Payson.*

NEVER has one person forgotten his pure, right-educating mother. On the blue mountains of our dim childhood, towards which we ever turn and look, stand the mothers who marked out to us from thence our life.

---

The teachers of children should be held in highest honor; they are the allies of legislators; they have agency in the prevention of crime; they aid in regulating the atmosphere, whose incessant action and pressure cause the life-blood to circulate and to return pure and healthful to the heart of the nation.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

THE consciousness of duty performed gives us music at midnight.

*George Herbert.*

THERE is no sculpturing like that of character.

*Beecher.*

PRECEDENT is the terror of second-rate men.

*Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker.*

HOLD diligent converse with thy children. Have them  
Morning and evening round thee; love thou them,  
And win their love in these rare, beauteous years;  
For only while the short-lived dream of childhood  
Lasts are they thine—no longer!

---

THE children's world is full of sweet surprises;  
Our common things are precious in their sight;  
For them the stars shine, and the morning rises  
To show new treasures of untold delight.

A dance of bluebells in the shady places;  
A crimson flush of sunset in the west;  
The cobwebs, delicate as fairy laces;  
The sudden finding of a wood-bird's nest.

Their hearts and lips are full of simple praises  
To Him who made the earth divinely sweet;  
They dwell among the buttercups and daisies,  
And find His blessings strewn about their feet.

But we, worn out by days of toil and sorrow,  
And sick of pleasures that are false and vain;  
Would freely give our golden hoards to borrow  
One little hour of childhood's bliss again.

Yet He who sees their joy beholds our sadness;  
And in the wisdom of a Father's love  
He keeps the secret of the heavenly gladness;  
Our sweet surprises wait for us above.

*Sarah Doudney.*

THE human species is one family—the education of its  
youth should be equal and universal.

*Fanny Wright.*

It is no more possible to prevent thought from reverting  
to an idea than the sea from returning to the shore.

*Victor Hugo.*

I WILL utter what I believe to-day, if it should contradict all I said yesterday.

*Wendell Phillips.*

ECCENTRICITY is the privilege of an anomalous mind.

*Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs.*

OBSTINACY is the heroism of little minds.

CONSISTENCY is a deadly foe to progress.

*Emerson.*

THERE is no rule, or catechism, or precedent, that is a good substitute for thinking.

*N. Y. World.*

IF a thousand old beliefs were ruined in our march to truth, we must still march on.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

I DO not regret having braved public opinion, when I knew it was wrong and was sure it would be merciless.

*Horace Greeley.*

POPULAR opinion is the greatest lie in the world.

*Carlyle.*

I PREFER to belong to the intellectual rather than to the numerical majority.

*Benjamin D'Israeli.*

THE highest atmospheres are the battle-fields of eagles. So it is with men. No two strong-winged thinkers soar near each other but they antagonize.

*Geo. Alfred Townsend.*

COMMON sense plays the game with the cards it has. It does not ask an impossible chess-board, but takes the one before it and plays the game.

*Wendell Phillips.*

I AM in earnest; I will not equivocate; I will not excuse;  
I will not retract an inch, and I *will* be heard.

*Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

O SAXON cruelty! how it cheers my heart to think that  
you dare not attempt such a thing again!

*Daniel O'Connell.*

I HAVE dared to lift up the banner that is fallen down.

*John Calvin.*

WHEN bad men combine, the good must associate.

*Burke.*

O LIBERTY! how many crimes have been committed in  
thy name!

*Madame Rowland.*

I HAVE wedded the cause of human improvement; I have  
staked upon it my life, my reputation, and my fortune.

*Fanny Wright.*

THERE is no success without you work for it. You cannot  
extemporize success.

*James A. Garfield.*

IT is of far less consequence, in any Divine estimate of  
things, how much a man suffers, than—*what* the man is.

*Austin Phelps.*

WHOSOEVER is in love with cold, hunger, disease, death,  
let him follow me!

*Garibaldi.*

ONE ages rapidly on the battle-field.

*Napoleon.*

THERE is little or nothing in this life worth living for, but  
we can all of us go forward and do our duty.

*Wellington.*

EVEN power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness.

*Leigh Hunt.*

A LAUGH is worth a hundred groans in any market.

*Charles Lamb.*

YOU cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

*Froude.*

MAY the realities of life dispel for you its illusions.

*Richter.*

EVERY man stamps his value on himself; the price we challenge for ourselves is given us.

*Schiller.*

EVERY cultivated mind carries a liturgy in its own refined taste.

*Rev. Dr. E. R. Beadle.*

TURNER could put infinite space into a square inch of sky.

*Ruskin.*

WHAT succeeds we keep, and it becomes the habit of mankind.

*Theo. Parker.*

AFTER a spirit of discernment, the next rarest things in the world are diamonds and pearls.

*La Bruyère.*

IN character, in manner, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

*Longfellow.*

IT is when you come close to a man in conversation that you discover what his real abilities are.

*Samuel Johnson.*

LIFE is a comedy to him who thinks, and a tragedy to him who feels.

*Horace Walpole.*

THERE is no fiercer hell than failure in a great attempt.

*Keats.*

EVERY man is great just because he is a man.

*W. E. Channing.*

NEVER mind where you work; care more about your work.

*Spurgeon.*

VIRTUE is bold, and goodness never fearful.

*Shakespeare.*

My tastes are aristocratic; my actions democratic.

*Victor Hugo.*

GOOD company and good conversation are the sinews of virtue.

*Hon. Stephen Allen.*

NOTHING can work me damage but myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me; and I am never a real sufferer but by my own fault.

*St. Bernard.*

OF all the agonies in life, that which is most poignant and harrowing—that which for the time annihilates reason, and leaves our whole organization one lacerated, mangled heart—is the conviction that we have been deceived where we placed all the trust of love.

*Auerbach.*

THE golden age is not in the past, but in the future; not in the origin of human experience, but in its consummate flower; not opening in Eden, but out from Gethsemane.

*Chapin.*

THE reason I beat the Austrians is, they did not know the value of five minutes.

*Napoleon.*

THERE is nothing that this age, from whatever standpoint we survey it, needs more, physically, intellectually and morally, than thorough ventilation.

*Ruskin.*

INSTEAD of saying that man is the creature of circumstances, it would be nearer the mark to say that man is the architect of circumstances. It is character which builds an existence out of circumstances. Our strength is measured by our plastic power.

*George H. Lewes.*

AND we, poor waifs, whose life-term seems,

When matched with *After* and *Before*,

Brief as a Summer wind's or wave's,

Breaking its frail heart on the shore,—

We—human toys—that Fate sets up

To smite or spare, I marvel how

These souls shall fare, in what strange sphere,

A thousand years from now.

*Paul Hamilton Hayne.*

### III.

## CLUSTERED SPARKLES.

FAME is the perfume of heroic deeds.

*Socrates.*

THERE is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten.

*George Eliot.*



WE want downright facts at present more than anything else.

*Ruskin.*

ACTUALLY, or ideally, we manage to live with superiors.

*Emerson.*

EVIL is like the nightmare—the instant you bestir yourself, it has already ended.

*Richter.*

PRETENSION is nothing; power is everything.

*E. P. Whipple.*

PLAGIARISTS, at least, have the merit of preservation.

*D'Israeli.*

LIVE with thy inferiors as thou wouldst have thy superiors live with thee.

*Epictetus.*

I TRY to make my enmities transient, and my friendships eternal.

*Cicero.*

WHEN God does his best work he needs the best men to help him.

*George Eliot.*

OUR earth is as solemn in its continuance as it would be in its ending.

*David Swing.*

THE finest fruit earth holds up to its Maker is a finished man.

*Humboldt.*

IT takes away much of the flavor of life to live amongst those with whom one has not anything like one's fair value.

*Helps.*

THE man in jest is the key to the man in earnest.

*French Proverb.*

THE men who make history do not write it very well.

*Gen. Sherman.*

No man, with any true nobility of soul, can ever make his heart the slave of another's condescension.

*Ike Marvel.*

A GOOD heart will at times betray the coolest head in the world.

*Fielding.*

THERE is no such thing as forgetting.

*DeQuincey.*

So act that your principle of action would bear to be made a law for the whole world.

*Kant.*

It is easy to see—hard to foresee.

*Franklin.*

MASSENA was not himself until the battle began to go against him.

*Napoleon.*

Do not speak of your happiness to a man less fortunate than yourself.

*Plutarch.*

GIVE me an honest laughter.

*Walter Scott.*

THERE is an aching that is worse than any pain.

*George McDonald.*

BE courageous and noble-minded; our own heart, and not other men's opinion of us, forms our true honor.

*Schiller.*

VOLCANOES throw up stones, and revolutions cast up men.

*Victor Hugo.*

SOCIETY prepares the crime; the criminal commits it.

*Buckle.*

No man needs money so much as he who despises it.

*Richter.*

PLAIN living and high thinking are no more.

*Wordsworth.*

MODESTY has its sins, and a kiss its innocence.

*Mirabeau.*

You do not know yet, my son, with how little wisdom the world is politically governed.

*Oxenstiern.*

LETTERS which are warmly sealed are often but coldly opened.

*Richter.*

THINGS were worse at Arcola !

*Napoleon.*

TRY to understand yourself and things generally.

*Goethe.*

A MAN'S worst difficulties begin when he is able to do as he likes.

*Huxley.*

THE passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable.

*Tyndall.*

WE call this a Christian country, but the only offense we can never overlook is the forgiveness of an injury.

*Theo. Tilton.*

TAKE away the sword;  
States can be saved without it—bring the pen.

*Bulwer.*

IN to-day already walks to-morrow.

*Coleridge.*

MAKE each day a critic on the last.

*Pope.*

HIS circumstances at present are the mixed result of young and noble impulses struggling under prosaic conditions.

*George Eliot.*

WISHES at least are the easy pleasures of the poor.

*Jerrold.*

THE public mind is educated quickly by events—slowly by arguments.

*N. Y. World.*

THERE is no beautiful intercourse unless one feels oneself regarded with favor.

*Auerbach.*

WHEN you see a man do a noble deed, date him from that.

*Bellows.*

MAN is the hero of the eternal epic composed by the Divine intelligence.

*Schelling.*

CARLYLE is a trip-hammer with an "Æolian attachment."

*Emerson, 1848.*

IT is idle to attempt to legislate in advance of public opinion.

*N. Y. Herald.*

GRATITUDE is the memory of the heart.

*N. P. Willis.*

A MAN'S collective dispositions constitute his character.

*Rev. Dr. L. H. Atwater.*

WHATEVER is popular deserves attention.

*Thackeray.*

I WAS never happy till I gave up trying to be a great man, and was willing to be nobody.

*Payson.*

BE noble; and the nobleness that lies  
In other men sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

*Lowell.*

A WANT of individuality is the most dangerous sign in modern civilization.

*John Stuart Mill.*

I HAVE never seen anything in the world worth getting angry about.

*Henry J. Raymond.*

THE greatest men of a nation are those whom it puts to death.

*Renan.*

VILLAINY, when detected, never gives up, but boldly adds impudence to imposture.

*Goldsmith.*

A HEART unspotted is not easily daunted.

*Shakespeare.*

OUR dissatisfaction with any other solution, is the blazing evidence of our immortality.

*Emerson.*

TAKING the first footstep with the good thought, the second with the good word, and the third with the good deed, I entered paradise.

*Zoroaster.*

WE have one thing, and only one, to do here on earth—to win the character of heaven before we die.

*F. W. Robertson.*

Good breeding is surface Christianity.

*Holmes.*

THE human heart has a sigh lonelier than the cry of the bittern.

*W. R. Alger.*

THE Proverbs of Solomon are the sanctification of common sense.

*Dean Stanley.*

THAT sad refuge—the indifference of strange faces !

*George Eliot.*

ECONOMY is in itself a source of great revenue.

*Seneca.*

HE conquers grief who makes a firm resolution.

*Goethe.*

THE talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well, without a thought of fame

*Longfellow.*

WHAT troubles the man is a confusion of the head arising from corruption of the heart.

*Robert Burns.*

MANY a man who now lacks shoe-leather would wear golden spurs if knighthood were the reward of worth.

*Jerrold.*

THERE cannot be a smile on the lips of the hopeless.  
The blow which crushes the life will shatter the smile.

*Holland.*

IN the midst of much failure have the heart to begin again. Fear not so long as you have Christ with you as your friend and defender.

*Rev. Dr. John Hall.*

THE rainbow of hope ever spans the Niagara of our earthly experience in its maddest, wildest plungings.

*Rev. A. B. Jack.*

GOD'S love—forget it not, sorrowing one, lowest one, forgotten one—GOD'S love is over all, yearning for all, enduring through all.

*Rev. Dr. W. Rudder.*

GOD'S greatness flows around our incompleteness ;  
Round our restlessness—HIS rest.

*Mrs. Browning.*

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#### IV.

### LIGHTED FAGOTS.

THE best way for a man to get out of a lowly position is to be conspicuously effective in it.

*Rev. Dr. John Hall.*

YOUNG gentlemen! have two pockets made; a large one to hold the insults, and a small one to hold the fees.

*Dr. Valentine Mott.*

NEVER despair, but if you do, work on in despair.

*Burke.*

TELL me how much has been your patient toil in obscurity, and I will tell you how far you will triumph in an emergency.

*William Mathers.*

THE works of a man, bury them under what mountain you will, do not perish—cannot perish.

*Carlyle.*

THE secret of success in life is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes.

*D'Israeli.*

SEEING much, suffering much, and studying much, are the three pillars of learning.

*D'Israeli.*

EVERY noble crown is, and on earth will ever be, a crown of thorns.

*Carlyle.*

WHOSOEVER sins against light kisses the lips of a blazing cannon.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

IT is easier to make our conduct seem justifiable to ourselves than to make our ability strike others.

*George Eliot.*

IF you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.

*Thoreau.*

SPEAK as though there were a pistol at your mouth !

*Samuel Agnew.*

THE truest help we can render to an afflicted man is not to take his burden from him, but to call out his best strength that he may be able to bear the burden.

*Phillips Brooks.*



To abuse another man's piety is a sorry way to prove your own.

*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

To be famed for holiness is as great a snare as to be in high repute for wisdom and eloquence.

*McCheyne.*

THE truest view of life has always seemed to me to be that which shows that we are here not to enjoy, but to learn.

*F. W. Robertson.*

HARMONIZATION with our environment is the indispensable condition of peace of soul; our environment in this world and the next consists unalterably of God, conscience, and our own record.

*Joseph Cook.*

ALL the geniuses are usually so ill-assorted and sensitive that one is ever wishing them somewhere else.

*Emerson.*

I PITY the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba and say, "'Tis all barren!" And so it is; and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers.

*Sterne.*

HE that knows himself to be despised will always be envious; and still more envious and malevolent, if he is condemned to live in the presence of those who despise him.

*Samuel Johnson.*

THE benefit of an acquired fortune is not objective, but subjective; consisting, not in the value of the possession, but in the character acquired in its pursuit; just as in a gymnasium—the good to the athlete is not the weight lifted, but the muscular strength acquired.

*Rev. Dr. Chas. Wadsworth.*

OUR present love for our bodies is a prophecy of their immortality when clothed upon with glory.

*Rev. Stephen H. Tyng.*

FRANK explanations with friends in case of affronts, sometimes save a perishing friendship, and even place it on a firmer basis than at first; but secret discontentment always ends badly.

*Sydney Smith.*

THE crowning fortune of a man is to be born with a bias to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness.

*Emerson.*

EVERY person has two educations—one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself.

*Gibbon.*

EVERY day's experience shows how much more actively education goes on out of the school-room than in it.

*Burke.*

You might as well try to tell the amount of money in a safe by feeling the knobs, as to tell what is in a man's head by feeling his bumps.

*Holmes.*

It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion.

*Lord Bacon.*

AFTER all, the joy of success does not equal that which attends the patient working.

*Augusta Evans.*

PLEASURE may fill up the interstices of life, but it is a poor material to build its frame-work out of.

*Rev. C. W. Wendte.*

WHATEVER a man cannot amend, either in himself or in others, he ought to bear patiently until God orders things otherwise.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

IF your heart be right, then every creature is a mirror of life and a book of holy doctrine.

*St. Francis.*

TAKE from man Hope and Sleep, and you make him the most wretched being on earth.

*Kant.*

THEY who reject the testimony of the self-evident truths will find nothing surer on which to build.

*Aristotle.*

CATASTROPHES come when illusions and passions master public reason.

*Treitschke.*

CANT is the use of cooled cinders in place of glowing coals!

*Joseph Cook.*

REMEMBER that what you believe will depend very largely upon what you are.

*President Noah Porter.*

DESPERATION is sometimes as powerful an inspirer as genius.

*D'Israeli.*

THERE is nothing in the universe that I fear, but that I shall not know my duty, or shall fail to do it.

*Mary Lyon.*

THE excitement of perpetual speech-making is fatal to the exercise of the higher faculties.

*Froude.*

WE work as much from antagonism as from inspiration.

*Emerson.*

MEETINGS like these are rare this side of heaven, and seem to me the best mementos left of Eden's hours.

*Holland.*

WHAT doest thou here—here in this short life, here in this earnest world, here, where you have one chance and but one forever?

*F. W. Robertson.*

NOTHING distinguishes great men from inferior more than their always knowing, whether in life or art, the way things are going.

*Ruskin.*

THE setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun—the brightness of our life is gone; shadows of the evening fall behind us, and the world seems but a dim reflection itself—a broader shadow. We look forward into the coming lonely night; the soul withdraws itself; then the stars arise, and the night is holy.

*Longfellow.*

IN the noise and tumult of the world, where every life is invaded and encroached upon by "the pride of man" and "the strife of tongues," we wrap around us the robe of God's eternal mercy in Christ Jesus, and look out undaunted upon the dangers that cannot harm us there.

*Phillips Brooks.*

WHATEVER I have tried to do in my life, I have tried with all my heart to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely. Never to put one hand to anything on which I would throw my whole self, and never to affect depreciation of my work, whatever it was, I find now to have been golden rules.

*Charles Dickens.*

HE shall be immortal who liveth till he can be stoned by one without a fault.

*Fuller.*

THINK on thy wants, on thy faults. Recollect all the patience, all the kindness, all the tenderness, which has been shown thee. Think also on life—how short it is, how much unavoidable bitterness it possesses; how much which it is easy either to bear or chase away; and think how the power of affection can make all things right.

*Frederika Bremer.*

SUM up at night what thou hast done by day,  
And in the morning what thou hast to do.  
Dress and undress thy soul.

*George Herbert.*

TAKE hold, my son, of the toughest knots in life and try to untie them; try to be worthy of man's highest estate; have high, noble, manly honor. There is but one test of everything, and that is, is it right? If it is not, turn right away from it.

*Henry A. Wise.*

THE most difficult thing in life is to keep the heights which the soul has reached.

*Rev. David Riddle, Jr.*

WE are on a perilous margin when we begin to look passively at our future selves, and see our own figures led with dull consent into insipid misdoing and shabby achievement.

*George Eliot.*

MAY all go well with you! May life's short day glide on peaceful and bright, with no more clouds than may glisten in the sunshine, no more rain than may form a rainbow; and may the veiled one of heaven bring us to meet again.

*Richter.*

## V.

## LIVE COALS.

IT is a great privilege to be present at the spectacle of life.

*George Eliot.*

I WILL tell you who the critics are—men who have failed in literature and art.

*D'Israeli.*

CRITICS are sentinels in the grand army of letters, stationed at the corners of newspapers and reviews, to challenge every new author.

*Longfellow.*

CERTAIN critics resemble closely those people who, when they would laugh, show ugly teeth.

*Joubert.*

THE instinctive feeling of a great people is often wiser than its wisest men.

*Kossuth.*

THE subjective conscience must not be placed above the objective law.

*Bismarck.*

CONTEMPORARIES seldom render justice; so that in order to fulfill our mission, one must have faith in and conscientiously appreciate his duty.

*Louis Napoleon.*

To say that a thing good in itself is bad because sometimes abused, is as absurd as to say that the beautiful Ohio river is an evil because it at times overflows its banks.

*Hon. Walter Forward.*

IMPATIENCE of study is the mental disease of the present generation.

*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

SINCE I cannot govern my tongue, though within my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongues of others.

*Franklin.*

GRATITUDE for the past, content in the present, and trust for the future, constitute the trinity of happiness.

*Rev. Dr. A. A. Willits.*

THE more you lose your isolated self, and the thoughts and feelings which cluster round it, and take, instead, into you the thoughts and feelings of others, the richer and the more varied, the more complex and the more interesting, and therefore the more vividly individual, becomes your being.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

HUMAN virtue should be equal to human calamity.

*Gen. R. E. Lee.*

OFFENDED vanity is the great separator in social life.

*Helps.*

THE silence often of pure innocence persuades when speaking fails.

*Shakespeare.*

THERE is a moral excellence attainable by all who have the will to strive after it; but there is an intellectual and physical superiority which is above the reach of our wishes, and is granted only to a few.

*Crabbe.*

HAVE the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything.

*Sidney Smith.*

A MAN'S hobby rides him a great deal oftener than he rides it.

*Rev. Dr. Furness.*

O THAT we had spent one day in this world thoroughly well !

*Thomas à Kempis.*

HALF the work that is done in this world is to make things appear what they are not.

*Rev. Dr. E. R. Beadle.*

GRAY hairs are the only object of respect that can never excite envy.

*Bacon.*

OFTEN the grand meanings of faces, as well as written words, may be chiefly in the impressions of those who look on them.

*George Eliot.*

WE know not how grateful we should be to those who take the trouble to be rich for us.

*Renan.*

THE house is spiritually empty so long as the pearl of great price is not there, although it may be hung with all the decorations of earthly knowledge.

*Dr. Arnold.*

To form a correct judgment concerning the tendency of any doctrine, we should rather look at the forms it bears in the disciples than in the teacher, for he only made it—they are made by it.

*Hare.*

I CONFESS that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used.

*Hillard.*



LOOKING within us, we find in conscience an observatory higher than that of physical science ever was, from which to gaze upon the supreme harmonies of the universe.

*Joseph Cook.*

It is an excellent plan to have some place where we can go to be quiet when things vex or grieve us. There are a good many hard times in this life of ours, but we can always bear them if we ask help in the right way.

*Miss Alcott.*

MUCH of the charm of life is ruined by the exacting demands of confidence. Respect the natural modesty of the soul; its more delicate flowers of feeling close their petals when they are touched too rudely.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

THERE is a sacredness in tears. They are not the mark of weakness, but of power. They speak more eloquently than ten thousand tongues. They are the messengers of overwhelming grief, of deep contrition, and of unspeakable love.

*Helps.*

TRUE dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the patient hour of silent thought  
Can still suspect and still revere himself.

*Wordsworth.*

OUR estimate of a character always depends much on the manner in which that character affects our own interests and passions. We find it difficult to think well of those by whom we are thwarted and depressed, and we are ready to admit every excuse for the vices of those who are useful or agreeable to us.

*Macaulay.*

OH ! the exquisite English in many parts of our version

of the Scriptures ! I sometimes think that the translators as well as the original writers, must have been inspired.

*Samuel Rogers.*

To try to suppress the human side of the Bible, in the interests of the purity of the Divine Word, is as great a folly as to think that a father's talk with his child can be best reported by leaving out everything which the child said, thought and felt.

*W. Robertson Smith.*

How will my last day on earth find me ?—struggling in vain for more of this mortal life, or anticipating with seraph glow my entrance upon life eternal ?

*Rev. Samuel Dunn.*

ALL our other sorrows are storms that beat upon us from without ; but remorse, sorrow on account of sin, ever arises and haunts us from within.

*Rev. Dr. W. Rudder.*

YOUNG men who spend many years at school and college are too apt to forget the great end of life, which is to be and to do; not to read and brood over what other men have been and done.

*William Mathews.*

THE code of society is stronger with some persons than that of Sinai, and many a man who would not scruple to thrust his fingers in his neighbor's pocket, would forego peas rather than use his knife as a shovel.

*James Russell Lowell.*

STYLE is only the frame to hold our thoughts. It is like the sash of a window—a heavy sash will obscure the light.

*Emmons.*

THIS is such a serious world that we should never speak at all unless we have something to say.

*Carlyle.*

THE more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect and rely upon myself.

*Charlotte Bronte.*

THE mind can be emptied in a much shorter time than it is possible to fill it. It fills through an infinity of little tubes, many so small as to act by capillary attraction; but in writing a book, an article, or a sermon, it empties itself through a twelve-inch pipe.

*Rev. A. K. H. Boyd.*

As the sky has a higher dome than St. Peter's, so has nature a greater architect than Angelo.

*David Swing.*

THE blood of man 'is well shed for our family, for our friends, for our God, for our country, for our kind; the rest is vanity—the rest is crime.

*Burke.*

NOT only verify your references but verify your facts. This accuracy, this verification of facts, this sifting of things to the bottom, is a thing which all students ought to cultivate. Do let me entreat of you to look facts in the face.

*Dean Stanley.*

THERE is no great working idea in history which does not carry its own caricature along with it.

*Rev. Dr. B. M. Palmer.*

THE world is shadowed or brightened by our own heart rather than by anything in itself. Our joy makes the cloudiest day glad, and our grief finds night in the sunniest sky.

*Joseph Parker.*

PEOPLE seem not to see that their opinion of the world is also a confession of character. We can only see what we are, and, if we misbehave, we suspect others.

*Emerson.*

WE must conform, to a certain extent, to the conventionalities of society, for they are the ripened results of a varied and long experience.

*Prof. A. A. Hodge.*

BEFORE the birth of love, many fearful things took place through the empire of necessity; but when this god was born, all things arose to men.

*Socrates.*

WE do not know to-day whether we are busy or idle. In times when we thought ourselves indolent, we have afterwards discovered that much was accomplished and much was begun in us.

*Emerson.*

THE wicked ruler must feel and fear that public opinion which arises as silently as the frost and thaws like the spring.

*George Alfred Townsend.*

WE cheat ourselves with our own lying eyes,  
We chase a fleeting mirage o'er the sand;  
Across a grave the smiling phantom flies,  
O'er which we fall with a vain-clutching hand.

*Alexander Smith.*

HE was a-weary; but he fought his fight,  
And stood for simple Manhood; and was joyed  
To see the august broadening of the light,  
And new worlds heaving heavenward from the void.  
He loved his fellows—and their love was sweet:  
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

*Richard Realf.*

## VI.

## WHITE HEAT.

WHEN

For me the end has come and I am dead,  
 And little, voluble, chattering daws of men  
 Peck at me curiously, let it then be said  
 By some one brave enough to speak the truth,  
 Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.  
*Richard Realf.*

BETTER a day of strife  
 Than a century of sleep.  
*Father Ryan.*

I'M weary of my part,  
 My torch is out; and the world stands before me,  
 Like a black desert at the approach of night;  
 I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.  
*Dryden.*

WHENCE, and, oh heavens! whither?  
*Carlyle.*

GET close to the seller of perfumes if you want to be  
 fragrant.

*Arabian Proverb.*

MODERN architecture is art assassinated by geometry.  
*Auguste Pr  ault.*

A MAN should lose no time about getting down to earnest  
 work in life. His aim should be to build up a happy home,  
 and to surround himself with a family of noble children;  
 and he should be content after these things are done.  
*Robert Collyer.*

THERE is no Morrow. Though before our face  
 The shadow named so stretches, we alway  
 Fail to o'ertake it, hasten as we may;  
 God only gives one island-inch of space  
 Betwixt the Eternities, as standing place  
 Where each may work—the inexorable To-day.

*M. J. Preston.*

PROOFS of a people whose heroic aims  
 Soared far above the little, selfish sphere  
 Of doubting modern life.

*Thomson.*

WHATEVER career you embrace, propose to yourself an  
 elevated aim, and put in its service an unalterable constancy.

*Victor Cousin.*

LEARN as if you were to live forever; live as if you were  
 to die to-morrow.

*Ansalus de Insulis.*

USE the temporal; desire the eternal.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

THE present hour is always the solemn hour; the past has  
 ceased to exist, the future is out of reach.

*Christian Index.*

SUCCESS in life is a matter not so much of talent or op-  
 portunity as of concentration and perseverance.

*Rev. C. W. Wendte.*

SOMEBODY once said that Gladstone was the only man in  
 Parliament who could talk in *italics*.

*Justin McCarthy.*

WITH irresolute finger he knocked at each one  
 Of the doorways of life, and abided in none.

*Owen Meredith.*

WHAT men want is not talent—it is purpose.

*Bulwer.*

WHO shall be true to us when we are so unsecret to ourselves?

*Shakespeare.*

Go on and work with all your will—uproot error.

*Carlyle.*

THE telegraph is the nervous system of civilization.

*N. Y. Herald.*

IN our large cities there is a distance of a hundred miles between the fashionable and unfashionable side of a brick wall.

*Joseph Cook.*

A GOOD speech is a good thing, but the verdict is *the* thing.

*Daniel O'Connell.*

NOTHING proves so hurtful to a man's constitution as an undelivered speech.

*Pannmur.*

MAN of the world! bad as we who are called Christians are—and none can know that badness as we do ourselves—*your* world would be worse if we were not in it.

*Rev. Dr. John Hall.*

A NOBLE and attractive every-day bearing comes of goodness, of sincerity, of refinement; and these are bred in years, not moments.

*Bishop F. D. Huntington.*

IMMODEST words admit of no defense,  
For want of decency is want of sense.

*Roscommon.*

THE man who tells me an indelicate story does me an injury.

*James T. Fields.*

RIGHT forever on the scaffold; wrong forever on the throne;

But the scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown

Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

*Lowell.*

HAVING by the golden gift of God this glorious lot of living once for all, let us endeavor to live nobly.

*J. S. Blackie.*

WE live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial;

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

*Bailey.*

OH, keep me innocent—make others great!

*Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark.*

WHEN death, the great reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity.

*George Eliot.*

To draw inferences is the great business of life.

*John Stuart Mill.*

IF you would imitate Christ, take sin by the throat and the sinner by the hand.

*W. H. H. Murray.*

I FEAR the man who talks too little, as much as the man who talks too much.

*Rev. Dr. C. A. Dickey.*



A NOBLE deed is a step towards heaven.

*Holland.*

THE law commands; the gospel empowers.

*Rev. Dr. A. A. Hodge.*

ELEVATE the working class by keeping your children in it.

*Gladstone.*

THERE is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.

*Carlyle.*

YOUNG men ! do something in this busy, bustling, wide-awake world. Move about for the benefit of mankind, if not for yourselves.

*John B. Gough.*

To struggle and again and again to renew the conflict—this is life's inheritance.

*Mrs. Grote.*

GENIUS will study; it is that in the mind which does study, that is the very nature of it.

*Dewey.*

GENIUS has glue on its hands, and will take hold of a marble slab.

*Prof. S. J. Wilson.*

IT is of no consequence of what parents any man is born, so that he be a man of merit.

*Horace.*

WE do not what we ought,  
What we ought not, we do,  
And lean upon the thought  
That *chance* will bring us through.

*Matthew Arnold.*

ALMOST every great thing that has been done in the world's history, has been done in a place with an insignificant name.

*Rev. Dr. Deems.*

ONE self-approving hour whole years outweighs  
Of stupid starers and of loud huzzas.

*Pope.*

LIVING movements do not come of committees—they come from individuals.

*John Henry Newman.*

THE best teachers of humanity are the lives of great men.

*Prof. Fowler.*

CULTIVATE all things in moderation, but one thing in perfection.

*Lady Morgan's Advice to Young Ladies.*

GOD hath yoked to guilt  
Her pale tormentor—misery.

*Bryant.*

A MAN he seems of cheerful yesterdays  
And confident to-morrows.

*Wordsworth.*

HEAVEN is a prepared place for a prepared people.

*Moody.*

IF we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

*Longfellow.*

I HAVE pity for all unhappy ones, but most for those, who-soever they be, that languish in exile, and visit their country only in dreams.

*Dante.*

Down, thou climbing sorrow! thy element is below!

*Shakespeare.*

WE often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors, and render to the world a more lasting service by absence of jealousy and recognition of merit than we could ever render by the straining efforts of personal ambition.

*Farrar.*

IF there is any common delusion of past days which may be taken as entirely exploded now, it is the idea that any man ever swayed vast masses of people, and became the idol and hero of a nation, by the strength of a conscious hypocrisy and imposture.

*Justin McCarthy.*

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour;  
England hath need of thee; she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;  
Oh, raise us up, return to us again,  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power!

*Wordsworth.*

THE wish falls often warm upon my heart, that I may learn nothing here that I cannot continue in the other world; that I may do nothing here but deeds that will bear fruit in heaven.

*Richter.*

I WILL go forth 'mong men, not mailed in scorn,  
But in the armor of a pure intent;  
Great duties are before me, and great songs,  
And whether crowned or crownless when I fall,  
It matters not, so as God's work is done.

*Alexander Smith.*

HOPE is a pleasant acquaintance, but an unsafe friend. Hope is not the man for your banker, but he may do very well for a traveling companion.

*Haliburton.*

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VII.

ELECTRIC SPARKS.

LITTLE thought to have lived to hear it said by the Whigs of 1839: "Let us rally round the Queen; never mind the House of Commons; never mind measures; throw principles to the dogs; leave pledges unredeemed; but for God's sake rally round the throne."

*Lord Brougham.*

WHEN popular discontents are abroad, a wise government would put them in a hive of glass; *you hid them.*

*Curran.*

IF the majority of the people of Ireland had their will and had the power, they would unmoor the island from its fastenings in the deep, and move it at least two thousand miles to the west.

*John Bright.*

WHEN the carcass of a nation lies dead, tainting the solar system, there will not want lightning to kindle its funeral pyre.

*Peter Bayne.*

WE cannot honor our country with too deep a reverence; we cannot love her with an affection too pure and fervent; we cannot serve her with an energy of purpose or a faithfulness of zeal too steadfast and ardent.

*Grimke.*

IRELAND is the Gethsemane of Europe. In it there are more undeserved poverty and sinless crime than in any other land on the face of the globe. England will give you reasons for it as plentiful as the tigers in the Indian jungle. She says it is because the inhabitants are Catholics; because they are lawless; because they are indolent; because they are drunken, and because they are extravagant. If you ask me for a reason, I answer in one word—Landlordism! The trouble has its origin in the robbery of a race for the benefit of a class.

*James Redpath.*

I WOULD have the Irish Government regulated by Irish notions and Irish prejudices; and I firmly believe, according to an Irish expression, that the more she is under Irish government, the more she will be bound to English interests.

*Fox.*

A PERFECT traitor should have a face which vice can write no marks on; lips that will lie with a dimpled smile; eyes of such agate-like brightness and depth that no infamy can dull them; cheeks that will rise from a murder and not look haggard.

*George Eliot.*

WOE to the country whose condition and institutions no longer produce great men to manage its affairs.

*Metternich.*

Is there not some chosen curse,  
Some hidden thunder in the stars of heaven,  
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man  
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

*Addison.*

HE serves his party best who serves his country best.

*Rutherford B. Hayes.*

IF I thought that there was a stain upon the remotest hem of the garment of my country, I would devote my utmost labor to wipe it off.

*Daniel Webster.*

THE glory of a country is in its homes, which contain the true elements of national vitality, and are the embodied type of heaven.

*Beecher.*

I ASK no favors and shrink from no responsibilities.

*Zachary Taylor.*

SIR, my concern is not whether God is on our side; my great concern is to be on God's side; for God is always right.

*Abraham Lincoln.*

THEY [office-holders] rarely die and never resign.

*Jefferson.*

It is a principle of war that when you can use the thunderbolt, you must prefer it to the cannon; earnestness is the thunderbolt.

*Napoleon.*

THE material development of our country is immensely in advance of its legislation and jurisprudence.

*George Alfred Townsend, 1881.*

THE best way to secure the repeal of a bad or obnoxious law, is to rigidly enforce it.

*U. S. Grant.*

WE worldly men, when we see friends and kinsmen  
Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand  
To lift them up, but rather set our feet  
Upon their heads to press them to the bottom.

*Sir Giles Overreach.*

A WEAPON that comes down as still  
 As snow-flakes fall upon the sod,  
 But executes a Freeman's will  
 As lightning does the will of God ;  
 And from its force, nor doors nor locks  
 Can shield you,—'tis the ballot-box.

THE SWORD !—a name of dread ; but when  
 Upon the Freeman's thigh 'tis bound—  
 When for our altar and our hearth,  
 When for the land that gave us birth,  
 The war-drums roll, the trumps resound,  
 How sacred is it then !

*Pierpont.*

WAR is dread when battle shock and fierce affray  
 Perpetuate a tyrant's name,  
 But, guarding Freedom's holy fane  
 Confided to her valiant keeping,  
 The sword from scabbard leaping,  
 Flashes a heavenly light.

*Frank Birch.*

THEY never fail who die  
 In a great cause ; the block may soak their gore,  
 Their heads may sodden in the sun ; their limbs  
 Be strung to city-gates and castle walls,  
 But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years  
 Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,  
 They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts  
 Which o'erpower all others, and conduct  
 The world at last to freedom.

*Byron.*

ONE crowded hour of glorious life  
 Is worth a world without a name.

*Walter Scott.*

BREATHES there the man with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 "This is my own, my native land!"  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,  
 From wandering on a foreign strand?  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well:  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell,  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentred all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from which he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

*Walter Scott.*

So many great  
 Illustrious spirits have conversed with woe,  
 Have in her school been taught, as are enough  
 To consecrate distress, and make us  
 E'en wish the frown beyond the smile  
 Of fortune.

*Thomson.*

THE glory of a true soldier or statesman, falling at his post of duty, is seen in this—that the cause of civil liberty is the cause of humanity, which is the cause of Christ.

*Rev. James J. Jones.*

Nor alone when life flows still, do truth  
 And power emerge, but also when strange chance  
 Affects its current; in unused conjuncture,  
 When sickness breaks the body—hunger, watching,  
 Excess, or languor—oftenest death's approach—  
 Peril, deep joy or woe.

*Robert Browning.*



BUT all through life I see a cross,  
Where sons of God yield up their breath;  
There is no gain except by loss,  
There is no life except by death.  
There is no vision but by faith,  
No glory but by bearing shame,  
Nor justice but by taking blame;  
And that Eternal Passion saith,  
Be emptied of glory and right and name.

*Obrig Grunge.*

MAN is dear to man; the poorest poor  
Long for some moments in a dreary life,  
When they can know and feel that they have been  
Themselves the fathers and the dealers-out  
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such  
As needed kindness, for the single cause,  
That we have all of us one human heart.

*Wordsworth.*

THE highest of us is but a sentry at his post.

*Whyte-Melville.*

STANDING by the river, gazing on the river,  
See it paved with starbeams; heaven is at their feet;  
Now the waves are troubled—now the rushes quiver,  
Vanished is the starlight—it was a deceit.

*Bulwer.*

I CARE nothing for passing renown. It is a popularity which rifles home of its sweets; and by elevating a man above his fellows, places him in a region of desolation, where he stands, a conspicuous mark for the shafts of malice, envy, and detraction; a popularity which, with its head among storms and its feet on the treacherous quicksands, has nothing to lull the agonies of its tottering existence but the hosannas of a driveling generation.

*Chalmers.*

THE Manchester school introduced the agitation which appealed to reason and argument only; which stirred men's hearts with figures of arithmetic rather than figures of speech, and which converted mob meetings to political economy.

*Justin McCarthy.*

THE soft blue sky did never melt  
Into his heart; he never felt  
The witchery of the soft blue sky.

*Wordsworth.*

WE must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light.

*Emerson.*

IT is of very little account what men think of us, but it is of great importance what God thinks of us.

*Moody.*

WHEN we step across the drawbridge of death, it is no foreign land we enter, but our native home.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

ONCE I had friends, though by all forsaken;  
Once I had parents—they are now in heaven;  
I had a home once!

*Southey.*

COME up, O heaven! yet higher o'er my head!  
Back! back, horizon! widen out my world!  
Rush in, O Infinite sea of the Unknown,  
For though He slay me, I will trust in God.

*George McDonald.*

WHAT would be the state of the highways of life, if we did not drive our thought-sprinklers through them, with valve open, sometimes?

*Holmes.*

GIVE me no light, great Heaven, but such as turns  
 To energy of human fellowship;  
 No powers beyond the growing heritage  
 That makes completer manhood.

*George Eliot.*

STERN Law-giver! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace;  
 Nor know I anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face.

*Wordsworth—Ode to Duty.*

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene?  
 Have I so found it full of pleasing charms?  
 Some drops of joy, with draughts of ill between,  
 Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms.

*Burns.*

THERE are important cases in which the difference between half a heart and a whole heart makes just the difference between signal defeat and splendid victory.

*Rev. A. R. K. Boyd.*

THE main token of a strong character is not to make known every change and phase in thought and feeling, but to give the world the finished results.

*Auerbach.*

I do believe  
 Though I have found them not, that there may be  
 Words which are things, hopes which will not deceive,  
 And virtues which are merciful, nor weave  
 Snares for the falling; I would also deem  
 O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;  
 That two, or one, are almost what they seem:—  
 That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.

*Byron.*

WE may not stand content; it is our part  
To drag slow footsteps after the far sight,  
The long endeavor following up the bright,  
Quick aspiration: there is ceaseless smart  
Feeling but cold-hand surety for warm heart  
Of all desire; no man may say at night  
His goal is reached; the hunger for the light  
Moves with the star; our thirst will not depart  
Howe'er we drink. 'Tis what before us goes  
Keeps us aweary, will not let us lay  
Our heads in dreamland, though the enchanted palm  
Rise from our desert; though the fountain grows  
Up in our path, with slumber's flowing balm;  
The soul is o'er the horizon far away.

*John James Piatt.*

WHEN thou haply seest  
Some rare, noteworthy object in thy travel,  
Make me partaker of thy happiness.

*Shakespeare.*

THE battle of our life is brief,  
The alarm—the struggle—the relief—  
Then sleep we side by side.

*Longfellow.*

THE friend who holds a mirror to my face,  
And hiding none, is not afraid to trace  
My faults, my smallest blemishes, within;  
Who friendly warns, reproves me if I sin—  
Although it seems not so—he is my friend.  
But he who, ever flattering, gives me praise,  
Who ne'er rebukes, nor censures, nor delays  
To come with eagerness and grasp my hand,  
And pardon me ere pardon I demand—  
He is my enemy, although he seem my friend.

*Scribner's Monthly.*

THEY also serve who only stand and wait.

*Milton.*

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been  
 Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;  
 So, turning gloomily from my fellow-men,  
 One summer Sabbath-day I strolled among  
 The green mounds of the village burial-place,  
 Where, pondering how all human love and hate  
 Find one sad level, and how, soon or late,  
 Wronged and wrong-doer, each with meekened face,  
 And cold hands folded over a still heart,  
 Pass the green threshold of our common grave,  
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart—  
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,  
 One common sorrow like a mighty wave  
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling, I forgave.

*Whittier.*

ON, how hard it is to die, and not to be able to leave the  
 world any better for one's little life in it !

*Abraham Lincoln.*

NOT all who seem to fail have failed indeed;  
 Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain;  
 For all our acts to many issues lead;  
 And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain,  
 Enforced by honest toil of hand or brain,  
 The Lord will fashion, in his own good time,  
 —Be this the laborer's proudly humble creed,—  
 Such ends as to His wisdom fitliest chime  
 With His vast love's eternal harmonies.  
 There is no failure for the good and wise;  
 What though thy seed should fall by the wayside  
 And the birds snatch it—yet the birds are fed;  
 Or they may bear it far across the tide,  
 To give rich harvest after thou art dead.

*Politics for the People, 1848.*

I HOLD him great, who for love's sake  
Can give with generous, earnest will;  
Yet him who takes for love's sweet sake  
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind  
That freely some great wrong forgives;  
Yet nobler is the one forgiven  
Who bears that burden well, and lives.

It may be hard to gain, and still  
To keep a lowly, steadfast heart;  
Yet he who loses, has to fill  
A harder and a truer part.

Glorious it is to wear the crown  
Of a deserved and pure success;  
He who knows how to fail, has won  
A crown whose luster is not less.

Great may he be who can command  
And rule with just and tender sway;  
Yet is diviner wisdom taught  
Better by him who can obey.

Blessed are they who die for God  
And earn the martyr's crown of light;  
Yet he who lives for God may be  
A greater conqueror in His sight.

*Adelaide Procter.*

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill;  
To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;  
That nothing walks with aimless feet,  
That not one life shall be destroyed,  
Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain,  
That not a moth with vain desire  
Is shriveled in a fruitless fire,  
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything:  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring.

*Tennyson.*

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## VIII.

### FIRE-BRANDS.

I LOVE clamor when there is an abuse. The alarm-bell disturbs the inhabitants, but saves them from being burnt in their beds.

*Burke.*

DARE to be true ; nothing can ever need a lie.

*George Herbert.*

DOUBT comes in at the window when inquiry is denied at the door.

*Prof. Jowett.*

COWARD'S Castle is that pulpit or platform from which a man, surrounded by his friends, in the absence of his opponents, secure of applause and safe from reply, denounces those who differ from him.

*F. W. Robertson.*

THERE is no use in sweeping a chamber if all the dust comes out of the broom.

*Whately.*

By and by, when the world has found out what church does the most good, it will know in what church to believe.

*Lessing.*

THERE are three difficulties in authorship: to write anything worth the publishing, to find honest men to publish it, and to get sensible men to read it. Literature has now become a game, in which the publishers and booksellers are the kings, the critics the knaves, the public the pack, and the poor author the mere table, or thing played upon.

*Colton, 1849.*

THREE-FOURTHS of the popular novels of the day enfeeble the intellect, impoverish the imagination, vulgarize the taste and style, give false or distorted views of life and human nature, and, which is worst of all, waste that precious time which should be given to solid mental improvement.

*Greyson Letters.*

THE sensation novel has had its day, and its day was but an episode, an interruption. Realism has now wellnigh done all it can. Its close details, its trivial round of common cares and ambitions, its petty trials and easy loves, seem now at least to have spent their attractive power, and to urge with their fading breath the need of some new departure for the novelist. Perhaps the one common want in the more modern novel may suggest the new source of supply. Perhaps, in order to give a fresh life to our fiction, it will have to be dipped once again in the old holy well of romance.

*Justin McCarthy.*

IN every matter that relates to invention—to use, or beauty, or form—we are borrowers.

*Wendell Phillips.*

NEWSPAPERS are the teachers of disjointed thinking.

*Dr. Rush.*



IN multitudes of cases, perhaps in the greater part of them, the household sorrow and the household wreck may be traced to the working of a poison distilled into the unhappy family through a literature which ought to be driven, like offscourings, from every respectable library and every circle of honest people. The teachings of a godless philosophy filter in, drop by drop; they make the whole head sick and the whole heart faint.

*Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D.*

RHETORIC is the talent of decaying states.

*Wendell Phillips.*

SPEAKING against time has become one of the fine arts.

*Charles Sumner.*

CONVERSATION should always be a selection.

*Sir William Hamilton.*

THE habit of using words which belong to a higher state of feeling and experience than we ourselves have attained to, deadens the sense of truth, and causes a dismal rent in the soul.

*Guesses at Truth.*

IT is a great mistake to think anything too profound or rich for a popular audience. No train of thought is too deep, or subtle, or grand; but the manner of presenting it to their untutored minds should be peculiar. It should be presented in anecdote or sparkling truism, or telling illustration, or stinging epithet; always in some concrete form—never in a logical, abstract, syllogistic shape.

*Rufus Choate.*

WE should go through life as the traveler goes through the Swiss mountains; a hasty word may bring down an avalanche—a misstep may plunge us over a precipice.

*The Presbyterian.*

THE truest style of eloquence, secular or sacred, is practical reasoning, animated by strong emotion.

*Gladstone.*

THE man who fails in business but continues to live in luxury is a thief.

*Spectator.*

MANY a college-student only succeeds in mastering a disqualifying culture.

*Youmans.*

THE theater is the illumined and decorated gateway to ruin.

*Rev. P. D. Gurley, D.D.*

THERE is no more absurd cant than that the culture of the mind favors the culture of the heart. What do operas and theaters for the moral elevation of society? Does a sentimental novel prompt to duty? Education seldom keeps people from folly when the will is not influenced by virtue.

*John Lord.*

THE theater is neither moral nor immoral, but a passive thing which may be used to express moral or immoral ideas. There is no more harm in a dramatic composition, as such, than in a picture or statue. Whether there is any harm in it will depend on the drama itself, just as there are pure and obscene paintings. I am firmly convinced that the Church and theater should be allies, and that the Church is not guiltless of the divorce. God intended them to work together, and it was not without purpose that Shakespeare and the Reformation were born about the same time. But the methods are diverse, although the Church often uses theatrical methods which do not belong there any more than a sermon is in place in a theater. Incidentally the theater should teach morality, but its method is artistic, while the Church's method should be simple.

*Rev. E. C. Sweetzer.*

THEOLOGICAL seminaries are in danger of turning out preachers as foundries turn out stoves—all of the same cast and pattern.

*Rev. Alexander Clarke.*

THE practical way for Christians to reform the theater is to make it to the interest of the managers to present moral attractions. If they patronize refined plays and good actors, and withhold support from poor plays and indifferent actors, they will appeal so powerfully to the pocket nerve of the managers that they will strike their colors at once. So long, however, as they remain away from the theater altogether their influence one way or the other will be simply nothing, and the ungodly will still continue to direct amusements. And the worst of it is that the latter have somehow won a reputation of knowing a good drama from a bad one.

*Baltimore American.*

HE that lacks time to mourn, lacks time to mend;  
Eternity mourns that. 'Tis an ill cure  
For life's worst ills, to have no time to feel them.

*Henry Taylor.*

THE opera is an experiment, bold even to the verge of absurdity. It is a musical drama. Inheritor of every material objection which lies against the drama, it further taxes common sense to witness a whole career, or, at least, an appreciable fraction of a career, of man executed in music. To think of buying and selling and journeying, of toiling and scolding and complaining, with love and hate, conspiracy and crime and shame, all addressed in pantomime of sound to the ear! It changes our whole estimate of the celestial art of music. It transforms St. Cecilia to the veriest Cinderella. Music is a fine art, but music at the opera is music overloaded, out of place, degraded beyond recognition.

*Rev. Jonathan Edwards, D.D.*

WHEN I think of the influence of the stage, I make a distinction between the grand portraitures of life—the creations of genius, there exhibited by the masters of the drama—and the diluted, questionable plays that have now become so popular.

*Rev. B. M. Palmer., D.D.*

WE Americans make a God of our common-school system. It is treason to speak a word against it. A man is regarded as a foe to education who expresses any doubt of the value of it. But we may as well open our eyes to the fact that in preparing men for the work of life, especially for that work depending on manual skill, it is a hindrance and a failure. It is mere smatter, veneering and cram.

*Scribner's Monthly.*

WE forgive men and women of great intellectuality a thousand times easier than ordinary people, yet the opposite should be practiced. We should hold to the highest account those who know the most instead of those who know the least.

*R. G. Ingersoll.*

THERE are men whose independence of principle consists in having no principle on which to depend, whose free thinking consists not in thinking freely, but in being free from thinking, and whose common sense is nothing more than the sense that is most common.

*M. W. Jacobus.*

I CANNOT endure the thought that Christ's children should be less free, less joyful, less elastic, and less versatile, than anybody else. I want a Christian to be one that at heart is truly upright; but, more than this, I want that he should be one that shall go on with more amplitude of life, with more cheerfulness, with more happiness-producing power, than anybody else in the community.

*Beecher.*

GREAT God! I'd rather be  
 A pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;  
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn.  
*Wordsworth.*

WHO swerves from innocence, who makes divorce  
 Of that serene companion, a good name,  
 Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame,  
 With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse.  
*Wordsworth.*

WEeping vaults are the longest weepers for our funeral.  
*Jeremy Taylor.*

SUPERSTITION is the vengeance of Providence on skepticism.  
*Hitchcock.*

BUT thoughtless follies laid him low  
 And stained his name.  
*Burns.*

I *dare* not drink for my own sake;  
 I *ought* not to drink for my neighbor's sake.  
*Theo. L. Cuyler.*

INTEMPERANCE wipes out God's image, and stamps it with the counterfeit die of the devil; intemperance smites a healthy body with disease from head to heel, and makes it more loathsome than the leprosy of Naaman or the sores of Lazarus; intemperance dethrones man's reason, and hides her bright beams in the mystic clouds that roll round the shattered temple of the human soul, curtained by midnight.  
*John B. Gough.*

I CAN abstain, but I cannot be moderate.  
*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

LET us not despair of saving men addicted to strong drink. Drink is strong, but the Son of God is stronger than strong drink.

*Moody.*

O GOD, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! That we should, with joy, revel, pleasure and applause, transform ourselves into beasts! To be now a sensible man, by-and-by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblest'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Shakespeare.*

MEN try to drown the floating dead of their own souls in the wine-cup, but the corpses will arise. We see their faces in the bubbles. The intoxication of drink sets the world whirling again, and the pulses playing music, and the thoughts galloping, but the fast clock runs down sooner, and the unnatural stimulation only leaves the house it fills with the wildest revelry more silent, more sad, more deserted, more dead. There is only one stimulant that never fails, and yet never intoxicates—*Duty*. Duty puts a blue sky over every man—up in his heart, maybe—into which the skylark, happiness, always goes singing.

*George D. Prentice.*

IT is easy to make water run down hill, hard to make it run up hill. It requires a permanent, persistent force to do this, and so it is with the cause of temperance. There is no permanent, persistent agency to overthrow the evil of intemperance but the Church of Christ. All other agencies are inefficient because they are ephemeral.

*Rev. James W. Dale, D.D.*

MANY a physician can only pour drugs of which he knows little, into bodies of which he knows less.

*Voltaire.*

THERE are several sovereignties in this country. First, the sovereignty of the American people ; then the sovereignty nearest to us all—the sovereignty of the family—the absolute right of each family to control its affairs in accordance with the conscience and convictions of duty of the heads of the family. I have no doubt the American people will always tenderly regard their household sovereignty, and however households may differ in their views and convictions (as to meat and drink), I believe that those differences will be respected. Each household, by following its own convictions and holding itself responsible to God, will, I think, be respected by the American people.

*James A. Garfield.*

MEDICINE is a collection of uncertain prescriptions, the results of which, taken collectively, are more fatal than useful to mankind. Water, air, cleanliness are the chief articles in my pharmacopeia.

*Napoleon.*

WATER ! look at it, ye thirsty ones ! See its purity ! How it glitters, as if a mass of liquid gems ! The Eternal Father of all has brewed it for his children. Not in the simmering still, with smoking fires, and choked with poisonous gases, does he prepare it ; but down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur ; and in the grassy dell, where the red deer wanders ; or high on the mountain tops, where the storm-clouds brood, and thunderstorms crash ; and far out on the wide sea, where the hurricane howls music, and mighty waves swell the chorus—He brews this precious beverage of life—pure cold water. Everywhere it is a thing of beauty, gleaming in the dew-drop, sparkling in the ice-gem, sporting in the cataract, spreading a golden vail over the setting-sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon ; dancing in the hail-shower, ringing in the summer rain, and weaving that seraph-zone of the sky, whose warp is the rain-drop and woof the sunbeam.

THE study of rational medicine is as far removed from the ancient allopathy, with its blood-letting and purgation, as from the recent delusions of homœopathy, with its ridiculous infinitesimal doses and *similia-similibus* medication.

*Declaration of the Medical School of Naples.*

I WAS ill of an epidemic vile fever which killed hundreds about me. The physicians here are the arrantest charlatans in Europe, or the most ignorant of all pretending fools. I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands and recommended myself entirely to Dame Nature. She—gentle goddess—has saved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthusiasm now in her favor, and in my own, that one or two more escapes will make me believe I shall leave you all at last by translation, and not by death.

*Sterne.*

IT is better to have recourse to a quack, if he can cure our disorder, although he cannot explain it, than to a physician, if he can explain our disease, but cannot cure it.

*Colton.*

IT is one thing to wish to have truth on our side, and another thing to wish to be on the side of truth.

*Whately.*

EVERY error is a truth abused.

*Bossuet.*

FIRST, last, midst, and without end, honor every truth with use.

*Emerson.*

ALL truth undone becomes unreal.

*F. W. Robertson.*

A WISE physician, skilled our wounds to heal,  
Is more than armies to the public weal.



ALL errors spring up in the neighborhood of some truth; they grow round about it, and for the most part derive their strength from such contiguity.

*Rev. T. Binney.*

THERE is a brotherhood of error as close as the brotherhood of truth.

*Argyle.*

TRUTH, as humanity knows it, is not what the schoolmen call it, one and indivisible; it is like light, and splits not only into elementary colors, but into innumerable tints. Truth with Raphael is not the same as truth with Titian; truth with Shakespeare is not the same as truth with Milton; truth with St. Xavier is not the same as truth with Luther; truth with Pitt is not the same as truth with Fox. Each man takes from life his favorite truth, as each man takes from light his favorite color.

*Bulwer.*

TRUTHS of all others the most awful and interesting are too often considered as so true that they lose all the power of truth, and lie bedridden in the dormitory of the soul side by side with the most despised and exploded errors.

*Coleridge.*

THE true and proper stimulant for the intellect is truth. There is no sin in being excited by truth. There is no mental injury in such excitement. Hence, buy the truth and sell it not.

*Shedd.*

TRUTH is not conquered: it is read. It comes to earnest, humble seekers.

*Prof. March.*

TRUTH is only got at by assaulting and laying low the surroundings that throw it out of proportion and hide it from view.

*Bishop Butler.*

TRUTH is the apostle before whom every cowardly Felix trembles.

*Wendell Phillips.*

THERE are some faults slight in the sight of love, some errors slight in the estimate of wisdom; but truth forgives no insult, and endures no stain.

*Ruskin.*

WHAT a man sees only in his best moments as truth, is truth in all moments.

*Joseph Cook.*

IF the world goes against the truth, then Athanasius goes against the world.

*Athanasius.*

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,  
And all are slaves beside.

*Cowper.*

TRUTH hath a quiet breast.

*Shakespeare.*

TRUTH is by its very nature intolerant, exclusive; for every truth is the denial of its opposing error.

*Luthardt.*

TRUTH is the gravitation principle of the universe by which it is supported, and in which it coheres.

*William M. Evarts.*

TRUTH, and a soul that is ready for truth, meet like the fuel and the flame.

*Phillips Brooks.*

PROSE is truth looking on the ground, eloquence is truth looking up to heaven, poetry is truth flying upward toward God.

*Beecher.*

THAT man has lived to little purpose who has not learned that what the great world pities, and its teachers disallow, even though mixed with tokens of weakness, is many times deepest in truth and closest to the real sublimities of life and religion.

*Horace Bushnell.*

THE greatest homage we can pay to truth is to use it.

*Emerson.*

HAD the great truths waited until the majority voted in their favor, they would never have been heard of in the world. Had they not found the place from which they are proclaimed at all times as sufficiently grand, they would be silent to this hour. Unadorned and out of the way were the seats whence they were uttered, and yet they come like zephyrs, and though slight their rustlings, they uprooted oaks and threw down palaces.

*Paul Cassel.*

IF I held truth captive in my hand, I should open my hand and let it fly, in order that I might again pursue and capture it.

*Malebranche.*

DID the Almighty, holding in his right hand truth, and in his left search after truth, deign to tender me the one I might prefer—in all humility, but without hesitation, I should request search after truth.

*Lessing.*

THE only thing I have any satisfaction in, as respects myself, is the consciousness I have that I loved the truth, and, above all things, have desired to know it.

*Horace Bushnell.*

BEHOLDING the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies.

*Milton.*

WHEN a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he isn't apt to be talkative.

*George D. Prentice.*

To restore a commonplace truth to its first uncommon lustre, you need only translate it into action.

*Coleridge.*

WHERE truth and right are concerned, we must be firm as God.

*Guthrie.*

THE truer we become the more unerringly we know the ring of truth.

*F. W. Robertson.*

HE who makes truth disagreeable, commits high treason against virtue.

*Miss Edgeworth.*

OLD truths are always new to us, if they come with the smell of heaven upon them.

*John Bunyan.*

ON a far shore my land swam far from my sight,  
 But I could see familiar native stars;  
 My home was shut from me by ocean bars,  
 Yet home hung there above me in the night;  
 Unchanged fell down on me Orion's light;  
 As always, Venus rose, and fiery Mars;  
 My own the Pleiades yet, and without jars,  
 In wonted tones, sang all the heavenly height,  
 So when in death from underneath my feet  
 Rolls the round world, I then shall see the sky  
 Of *God's truth* burning yet familiarly;  
 My native constellations I shall greet;  
 I lose the outer, not the inner eye,  
 The landscape, not the soul's stars, when I die.

TRUTH fears nothing but concealment.

*Guizot.*

THERE is nothing so strong or safe, in any emergency of life, as the simple truth.

*Dickens.*

TRUTH crushed to earth shall rise again;  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,  
And dies amid his worshipers.

*Bryant.*

FALSEHOOD may have its hour, but it has no future.

*Pressensé.*

THE universality and the unity of law make our earth, although but an atom, immensity itself in its revelations of truth.

*Dana.*

YOUR attempt to base a great, enduring party on the hate and wrath necessarily engendered by a great civil war, is as though you should plant a colony on an iceberg, which has somehow drifted into a tropical sea.

*Horace Greeley.*

THE bayonet is not the fittest instrument by which to collect the votes of freemen.

*Gen. W. S. Hancock.*

ONE man with God on his side is a majority against the world.

*Frederick Douglass.*

REMEMBER! we are one country now. Dismiss from your minds all sectional feeling, and bring up your children to be, above all, Americans.

*Gen. R. E. Lee.*

BETTER be in shame now than at the day of judgment.  
*Mohammed.*

I WOULD rather be right than be President.  
*Henry Clay.*

To guard the health of the people is the first duty of the statesman.

*D'Israeli.*

WE are never without a pilot. When we know not how to steer, and cannot hoist a sail, we can drift. The current knows the way, though we do not.

*Emerson.*

IT is a sad thing when a man has either a reputation beyond his merit, or an ambition beyond his ability.

*Rev. S. J. Beatty.*

THE honorable gentleman is indebted to his memory for his wit, and to his imagination for his facts.

*Burke.*

DISPATCH is better than discourse; and the shortest answer of all is—doing.

*Smiles.*

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes!

*Shakespeare.*

EACH, after all, learns only what he can;  
Who grasps the moment as it flies,  
He is the real man.

*Goethe.*

THE circumstances of the world are now so variable that an irrevocable resolution is almost synonymous with a foolish one.

*William H. Seward.*

A BED watered with tears for the sins of the land, is rare to be found among us.

*Rutherford.*

THE true pilot is the man who navigates the bed of the ocean even more than its surface.

*Victor Hugo.*

Do not talk about it! One feels the best things without speaking of them.

*Auerbach.*

SURMISES are not facts. Suspicious which may be unjust need not be stated.

*Abraham Lincoln.*

A HEALTHY intellect which goes in search of its own intellectual food, must be the basis of all spontaneous education.

*Tulloch.*

I COULD never pour out my inmost soul without reserve to any human being, without danger of one day repenting my confidence.

*Burns.*

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to heaven.

*Young.*

REAL friendship is of slow growth. It seldom arises at first sight. Nothing but our vanity will make us think so. It never thrives unless engrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.

*Chesterfield.*

Not what we think or say, but what we do, will have its effect upon the world. Let, therefore, the thinker do and the doer think.

*Rob Roy McNulty.*

THE proper motives to religion are the proper proofs of it.  
*Bishop Butler.*

OUR duties to others ought to be continually looked at from their standpoint.  
*Essays on Social Subjects.*

THE world does not require so much to be informed as to be reminded.  
*Hannah More.*

HAD I read as much as others, I might have been as ignorant.  
*Hobbes.*

THE great thinker is seldom a disputant. He answers other men's arguments by stating the truth as he sees it.  
*Prof. March.*

THE sad consequence of defection in principle is corruption in practice.  
*Dickens.*

CORRUPT legislators are the offspring and index of a corrupt public opinion.  
*G. W. Curtis.*

IT is a bad thing for a man, in looking at himself, at his neighbors and at communities, to look at the side of fault, and failing, and meanness, and imperfection, and wickedness, and rottenness. These things will force themselves upon his notice full enough—more than enough for his good.  
*Beecher.*

THE saddest thing that can befall a soul  
Is when it loses faith in God and woman.  
Lost I those gems,  
Though the world's throne stood empty in my path,  
I would go wandering back into my childhood,  
Searching for them with tears.

*Alexander Smith.*



## IX.

## SIGNAL LIGHTS.

THE Scythians of old used to strike the cords of their bows at feasts, to remind themselves of danger.

*Bancroft.*

LET us beware of losing our enthusiasms. Let us ever glory in something, and strive to retain our admiration for all that would ennoble, and our interest in all that would enrich and beautify our life.

*Phillips Brooks.*

IF you want to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, and what people think of you.

*Charles Kingsley.*

YOU go forth into the world at a time when the rushing current of modern life threatens to take every man from his feet, whose feet do not stand upon duty, and whose hands are not stretched forth toward God.

*Noah Porter.*

YOUNG men ! let the nobleness of your mind impel you to its improvement. You are too strong to be defeated, save by yourselves. Refuse to live merely to eat and sleep. Brutes can do these, but you are men. Act the part of men. Resolve to rise; you have but to resolve; nothing can hinder your success if you determine to succeed. Do not waste your time by wishing and dreaming; but go earnestly to work. Let not a craven heart or a love of ease rob you of the inestimable benefit of self-culture, and you shall reap a harvest more valuable than gold or jewels.

*Rev. W. D. Howard, D.D.*

THAT subtle nothingness that ekes through the jeweled fingers of a bishop!

*Rev. S. J. Nicholls, D.D.*

THERE is an apostolical succession. It is not the power conveyed by physical contact; it is not a line of priests. It is a succession of prophets, a broken, scattered one, but a real one. John was the successor of Elias' spirit. In the spiritual birth, Luther was the offspring of the mind of Paul. Mind acts on mind, whether by ideas, or character; herein is the spiritual succession.

*Rev. Henry A. Boardman, D.D.*

It would be as difficult to take an inventory of the benefits the world receives from the sunshine, as to enumerate the blessings we derive from the Christian Sabbath.

*Rev. Hervey D. Ganse, D.D.*

INTELLECTUALLY the difficulties of unbelief are as great as those of belief, while morally the argument is wholly on the side of belief.

*Dr. Arnold.*

IF there were no other argument for a future life, sin would furnish one never to be refuted, for it tells of a cause standing over between the Judge and ourselves, for the hearing and decision of which a time must certainly come.

*Isaac Taylor.*

I THINK a great many professors of religion are just like backgammon boards. They look like stately books, and on the back of them is inscribed in large letters, "History of England," or "History of the Crusades"; but when you open them you find nothing but emptiness, with the exception of the dice and counters. And many men bear the name "Christian," who are inside all emptiness and rattling nothing.

*Bethune.*

EPICUREANISM is human nature drunk; cynicism is human nature mad; and stoicism is human nature in despair.

*Prof. S. J. Wilson.*

THE philosopher who recognizes a God has with him a crowd of probabilities equivalent to a certainty, while the atheist has nothing but doubts.

*Voltaire.*

THERE is no misery like that of a divided heart, and a spotted Christian robe.

*Prof. A. A. Hodge.*

EPICUREANISM—the sparkling Sadduceeism of Greece.

*Princeton Review.*

JESUS CHRIST pours out a doctrine beautiful as the light, sublime as heaven, and true as God.

*Theo. Parker.*

NATURE—the Gentile's Bible.

*Goulburn.*

EVEN should our feet for a moment stumble, it does not follow that we were not treading the highway of holiness.

*R. Pearsall Smith.*

It is a fine thing to ripen without shriveling; to reach the calmness of age, yet keep the warm heart and ready sympathy of youth.

*Rev. A. K. H. Boyd.*

HE that will believe only what he can fully comprehend, must have either a very long head, or a very short creed.

*Colton.*

“DID I not believe,” said a great man to me once, “that an Intelligence is at the heart of things, my life on earth would be intolerable.”

*Tyndall.*

THERE are few signs in a soul's state more alarming than that of religious indifference ; that is, the spirit of thinking all religions equally true, the real meaning of which is, that all religions are equally false.

*F. W. Robertson.*

THE dark possibility of being a castaway at last, must have a subjective validity and power in the consciousness even of the regenerate man, who experiences the hidden power of sin in the prevailing conflict of life, stern and unceasing, and who, under the sense of his own weakness, cannot but tremble for and mistrust himself.

*Bishop Martensen.*

MEN can get along without science, but they cannot get along without religion.

*Rev. Dr. Hitchcock.*

REASON cannot show itself more reasonable than to cease reasoning on things above reason.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

MANY of our traditional constructions of Scripture are Japhetic interpretations of Semitic texts.

*Rev. Dr. Whedon.*

THE world has turned the joyous Christmastide into a mere giddy transition from the Old Year to the New.

*Rev. Walter Q. Scott.*

SAY what men may, it is doctrine that moves the world. He who takes no position will not sway the human intellect.

*Shedd.*

HEATHENISM was the seeking religion; Judaism the hoping religion; Christianity is the reality of what Heathenism sought, and Judaism hoped for.

*Luthardt.*

WHAT we see exclusively we are apt to see with some mistake of proportions.

*George Eliot.*

ALL men are frail, but thou shouldst reckon none so frail as thyself.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

THE hardest thing in the world, sir, is to get possession of a fact.

*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

THE most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.

*Montaigne.*

LET us go down with bare arms into the lowest recesses of our souls, and there wrestle with sin and despair.

*Athanasie Coquerel.*

WITHOUT the Bible man would be in the midst of a sandy desert, surrounded on all sides by a dark and impenetrable horizon.

*Daniel Webster.*

THE New Testament is only the beginning of books, not a finished and sealed document, according to popular notions of finality, but the beginning of a literature punctuated and paragraphed by tears and laughter, by battle and pestilence, and all the changes of a tumultuous yet progressive civilization.

*Joseph Parker.*

RELIGION is often the most beautiful and sustaining in the humble, obscure walks of life, where, serving the Master with a quiet and contented mind, very many put more honor on the Gospel than do those whose names are heralded to the world.

*Bishop Jaggard.*

YOU may believe the Gospel by simply reading it, but you will never receive it in its fulness until it is told you by some one who has experienced it.

*J. B. Bittinger, D.D.*

RELIGION is the human mind standing in reverence and inspiration before the infinite energy of the universe, asking to be lifted into it—opening itself to inspiration.

*Luthardt.*

IN these days we not only need to emphasize sound doctrine, but sound practice; for piety is a Bible-creed crystallized into Bible-conduct.

*Theo. L. Cuyler.*

ALL things, the pressure of reason, the disappointment of society over the results of a complex faith, the demand for noble men and women, the natural tendency of intellect toward simplicity, require that he who "gets religion" in these years, should secure one that shall stand close by the simplicity and broadness and rightness of the central Christ.

*David Swing.*

WITH the results of Christianity before him and in him, the Christian may confidently say to all his enemies: "If a lie can do all this, then a lie is better than all your truth, for your truth does not pretend to do it; and if our lie is better in every possible legitimate result than your truth, then your truth is proved to be a lie, and our lie is the truth." Of all short methods with infidelity, this is the shortest.

*Holland.*

THE gospel teaches a communism which is unselfish; it says, "All mine is thine." But the world's communism is the very opposite. It says—"Stand and deliver—All thine is mine," and the difference is infinite.

*Doolittle.*

THAT Jesus, surrounded as he was, could have promulgated a system of morals embodying all that is most valuable in the prior life of the world, and to which nineteen centuries of civilization have not been able to add a thought or impart an ornament, is a fact not to be explained by any ridicule.

*Senator M. H. Carpenter.*

THE real security of Christianity is to be found in its benevolent morality, in its exquisite adaptation to the human heart, in the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, in the consolation which it bears to the house of mourning, and in the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave.

*Macaulay.*

THOUGH scoffers ask, where is your gain ?

And mocking say your work is vain,  
Such scoffers die, and are forgot—  
Work done for God, it dieth not.

Press on ! press on ! nor doubt, nor fear ;  
From age to age this voice shall cheer,  
Whate'er may die, and be forgot—  
Work done for God, it dieth not.

*Thomas Knox.*

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## X.

## SIGNAL LIGHTS.

CONTINUED.

HELL is as ubiquitous as condemning conscience.

*F. W. Robertson.*

ETERNAL punishment is not simply a voluntary infliction; it is the consolidation and perpetuation of evil character, projecting itself into the eternal world, and reaping its own self-prepared results and consequences.

*R. S. Storrs, D.D.*

IF an infinitely loving God permits untold suffering in this world, is there anything inconceivable in His permitting it in the world to come?

*Rev. P. Lane.*

THE highest punishment is not hell; it is not the place of condemnation, where other guilty ones suffer with us. No—to be self-condemned and to stand by some pure, happy one, feeling perfect innocence—that is the hell of hells.

*Auerbach.*

I HAVE never known the winter's blast,  
Or the quick lightning, or the pestilence,  
Make nice distinctions when let slip  
From God's right hand.

*Holland.*

HELL is the infinite terror of the soul, whatever that may be. It is the hell of having done wrong—the hell of having had a spirit from God, pure, with high aspirations, and to be conscious of having dulled its delicacy and degraded its desires—the hell of having quenched a light brighter than the sun's—of having done to another an injury that through time and through eternity never can be undone—infinite, maddening remorse—the hell of knowing that every chance of excellence, and every opportunity of good, has been lost forever. This is the infinite terror; this is the wrath to come.

*F. W. Robertson.*

HELL—that awful refuge of the will-less!

*George McDonald.*



THERE may be heaven; there must be hell;  
Meantime, there is our earth here—well!

*Robert Browning.*

To insist that the lost will be punished in material fire, is as irrational as to insist that the saved will dwell in a city paved with material gold.

*Rev. R. W. Dale.*

THE torment of hell is bred of these two things—recollection, and the absence of hope. Of these two parents shall be born those twin-causes of suffering, remorse and despair. These are the worm that will not die and the fire that cannot be quenched. If you are lost, your suffering will not be so much an infliction as a consequence, just as it is here and now. You will not be blasted as by a shaft of lightning; the fire shall be within you, self-kindled, self-fed, making your immortality an immortality of ill.

*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

DID you ever notice that while the Gospel sets before us a higher and more blessed heaven than any other religion, its hell is also deeper and darker than any other?

*W. F. Warren, D.D.*

It is not the best way in which to teach the truth of future punishment to say that a man is punished forever and forever for the sins of that hand's-breadth of duration we call time. If the soul does not repent of these with contrition, and not merely with attrition, the nature of things forbids its peace. But the Biblical and the natural truth is, that prolonged dissimilarity of feeling with God may end in eternal sin. If there is eternal sin, there will be eternal punishment. Final permanence of character, under the laws of judicial blindness and the self-propagating power of sin, is the truth emphasized by both God's word and his works.

*Joseph Cook.*

THERE is a sacred dread of death  
Inwoven with the strings of life,  
And 'tis the eternal doom of heaven,  
That man must view the grave with fear.

*Bryant.*

WHAT is hell but an expression of God's infinite abhorrence of sin and of everything that is hurtful to his creatures, and of his infinite regard to whatever tends to their benefit? All sin, unrepented of, must be punished; and even the most noxious criminals, the enemies of God and his creatures, are not useless in the universe, but answer the terrible but benevolent end of warning all other creatures against disobedience, which would involve them in the same misery, just as the execution of a few malefactors in human governments is of extensive service to the rest of the subjects.

*Lyman Beecher.*

FIRE in nature is not a substance. It was formerly thought to be, till science discovered that it was only the oxygen of the air we breathe, in contact, in chemical combination, with combustible substances. Whether this oxygen shall serve you as the sustainer of life, as it comes to you in the atmosphere, or whether it shall blaze and flame in the conflagration, destroying you along with your goods, is simply a question of conditions, and the observance of natural laws. And when it rages and burns with desolating sweep, it is only the latent power of this bland and life-sustaining breath, roused into activity; the same element, only at different temperatures, being endowed with such opposite and seemingly incompatible qualities. So is this mystery of the wrath of God. It is only the evolving of that dormant energy which exists in the very soft and balmy atmosphere of his love which we breathe, and which is life-sustaining to the believing soul.

*M. W. Jacobus, D.D.*

"PENALTIES!" quarrel not with the old phraseology, good reader; attend rather to the thing it means. The word was heard of old, with a right solemn meaning attached to it, from theological pulpits and such places, and may still be heard there, with a half-meaning, or with no meaning, though it has become rather obsolete to modern ears. But the *thing* should not have fallen obsolete; the thing is a grand and solemn truth, expressive of a silent law of heaven, which continues forever valid.

*Carlyle.*

THE popular arguments against endless punishment are unsatisfactory as a sure ground of hope.

*R. S. Dabney, D.D.*

No revelation has lifted the veil between time and eternity; but in shadowy figures we are warned that a very marked distinction will be made between the good and the bad in the next world.

*Jeremiah S. Black.*

IN the transformation of opinion which is imperceptibly affecting all our conceptions of the future state, and in the perplexities and doubts which this transformation excites, the idea that comes with the most solid force and abiding comfort to the foreground, is the belief that the whole of our human existence is an *education*—not merely, as Bishop Butler said, a probation for the future—but an *education* which will reach into the future.

The possibilities that overcame the impossibilities in our actual experience, show us that there may be yet greater possibilities which shall overcome the yet more formidable impossibilities lying beyond our experiences, beyond our sight, beyond the last great change of all. Through all these changes, and toward that unseen goal, in the words of Burke, "*Let us pass on—for God's sake, let us pass on!*"

*Dean Stanley.*

THERE being in man a sense of right and wrong, religion becomes a most potent influence, because it announces a judgment bar before which all must stand. It completes the theory of virtue and vice, by reminding the soul that it is daily approaching a final rendering of its accounts.

*David Swing.*

IF the sinner persists in rejecting Christ, the ruin of his soul will be his own work. He has been placed upon an infinitely beneficent system of trial. He has been taught his dependence upon God—a dependence not only of weakness upon strength, but of guilt upon mercy; he has been instructed in all that God has held him accountable for. Everything that he has known of God has assumed the form of a dissuasion from sin; his own experience in this troubled life has generated countless motives to obedience; his wandering steps have been thronged by guarding spirits; but for his guilt, his conscience alone would have been an ever-present song of God's love to him; and if he has had faithful Christian training, the disclosures of redemption have opened upon him the most intense system of allurements to personal holiness; the cross of Christ has blocked his way to destruction more impassably than by a flaming sword; his history has been one long struggle against obstacles to the suicide of his soul—yet silently, darkly, willfully, he has turned away from the pleading, weeping, restraining Christ, and hurried over and through all obstructions to the world of woe.

*Austin Phelps, D. D.*

LET star-wheels and angel-wings, with their holy winnowings,  
Keep beside you all your way,  
Lest in passion you should dash, with a blind and heavy  
crash,  
Up against the thick-bossed shield of God's judgment in  
the field.

*Mrs. E. B. Browning.*

WE grow wrong; we allow ourselves to crystallize in habits that imply a loss of a desire to be holy; and at last, having made up our minds not to love predominately what God loves, and hate what he hates, we are amazed that we have not blessedness. But the universe is not amazed. The nature of things is but another name for the divine nature. God would not be God if there could be blessedness without holiness.

*Joseph Cook.*

THE same old baffling questions! O my friend;  
I cannot answer them. In vain I send  
My soul into the dark, where never burn  
The lamps of science, nor the natural light  
Of Reason's sun and stars! I cannot learn  
Their great and solemn meanings, nor discern  
The awful secrets of the eyes which turn  
Evermore on us through the day and night,  
With silent challenge, and a dumb demand,  
Proffering the riddles of the dread unknown,  
Like the calm Sphinxes with their eyes of stone,  
Questioning the centuries from their veils of sand,  
I have no answer for myself or thee,  
Save that I learned at my mother's knee:  
"All is of God that is, and is to be,  
And God is good!" Let this suffice us still,  
Resting in childlike trust upon his will,  
Who moveth his great ends unthwarted by the ill.

*Whittier.*

You say, preach away; tell us something more of this Fruitless Fig Tree. I cannot, I dare not. The parable stops here and I must stop too. You want to know more. There is no more. You would like to know the future fortune of this Fruitless Fig Tree. But you cannot know it, you must not know it, you shall not know it. Wise, righteous, eloquent silence! I dare not twist another thread

about the lash. I dare not throw another sheaf upon the cart lest I break it down. Wise, righteous, eloquent silence! What wisdom in what Christ says, but oh! what power, what pathos, and what tenderness in what he does not say. Suppose he had told you all. Suppose he had given you the future fortune of this Fruitless Fig Tree. Suppose he had told you the plea was refused, that God would not hear the intercessor. Then down you would have sunk in black despair. Farewell earth, farewell Heaven, farewell grace of Jesus, farewell influence of the Holy Spirit, farewell ministry of angels, communion of saints, sacraments of peace in Heaven; a long, a sad farewell! My day of grace is over, my hour of mercy past, I am left behind, a Fruitless Fig Tree!

*Rev. Alexander B. Jack.*

OR, suppose on the other hand, he had told you the plea was granted, that this tree became a Fruitful Fig Tree. Then what would have happened? I know what would have happened. Those of you who have presumed so long would have continued presuming still. Those of you who, in spite of God's mercy, have been neglecting religion for weeks, and months, and years, would have neglected it to your dying day. Always the iron under the hammer of God's wrath. Always the ice under the shining of God's gracious promises. I might have tolled the knell. I might have darkened the scene with frequent funerals. Still, you would have said that knell is not for me. That gloomy procession is not for me. Therefore I thank my Saviour that he has told us nothing more of this Fruitless Fig Tree. I thank my Saviour that I stand here to-night with the same uncertainty imprinted on my forehead as is also impressed on yours. Wise, righteous, eloquent silence! It is power, it is wisdom, it is mercy that closes the parable at such a point as this. May God induce you to bethink yourselves for Jesus Christ's sake!

*Rev. Alexander B. Jack.*

You think that one hour buries another, but it is not so. You think that you have parted forever from the things which have passed by you. No, you have not. There is much of your life that you think has gone, which you shall never part from. It has stepped behind you, and there it waits. That which you have done is with you to-day; and that which you are doing will be with you to-morrow. When the mason carries up the wall, the course of the brick which he laid yesterday is the foundation on which he is laying another course to-day; and all that you do to-day on the structure which you are building, will remain as a basis for that which you do to-morrow.

*Beecher.*

PERHAPS it may have been little thought of, in the days of careless and thoughtless and thankless unconcern, which you have spent hitherto; but I call upon you to think of it now; to lay it seriously to heart, and no longer to delay when the high waters of death and judgments and eternity are thus set so evidently before you, and the tidings wherewith I am charged—the blood lieth upon your own head, and not upon mine, if you will not listen to them. The object of my coming among you is to let you know what more things are to come; it is to carry you beyond the regions of sight and sense, to the regions of faith, and to assure you in the name of Him who cannot lie, that as sure as the hour for the laying the body in the grave comes, so surely will also come the hour of the spirit returning to Him who gave it. Yes, the day of the final reckoning will come, and the appearance of the Son of God in heaven, and his mighty angels around him, will come, and the opening of the books will come, and the standing of men of all generations before the judgment seat will come, and the solemn passing of that sentence which is to fix your destiny for eternity, will come.

*Chalmers.*

THERE is one thing in the wide universe which is really valuable, and that is—*character*. By this I mean a confidence in the bosoms of those who know you, that you have the power, the capacity, and the disposition to confer happiness on others. This, of course, will include a power over yourself, so that you can govern and restrain your own wishes, and thus take care of yourself; and it will imply that you have the power, and have the disposition to exercise that power, to do good to others. It is that that makes the character of the Divine Being so perfect, so exalted, and so worthy of homage and of admiration. A good heart, benevolent feelings, and a balanced mind lie at the foundation of character. Other things may be deemed fortuitous; they may come and go; but character is that which lives and abides, and is admired long after its possessor has left the earth, the theater on which it was displayed.

*John Todd.*

MOMENTS there are in life—alas, how few !—  
 When, casting cold, prudential doubts aside  
 We take a generous impulse for our guide,  
 And, following promptly what the heart thinks best,  
 Commit to Providence the rest;  
 Sure that no after-reckoning will arise  
 Of shame or sorrow, for the heart is wise.  
 And happy they who thus in faith obey  
 Their better nature; err sometimes they may,  
 And some sad thoughts lie heavy in the breast,  
 Such as by hope deceived are left behind;  
 But like a shadow these will pass away  
 From the pure sunshine of the peaceful mind.

*Southey.*

THE shaping our own life is our own work. It is a thing of beauty, it is a thing of shame—as we ourselves make it.

*Ware.*



MANHOOD will come, and old age will come, and the dying bed will come, and the very last look you shall ever have on your acquaintances will come, and the time when you are stretched a lifeless corpse before the eyes of weeping relatives will come, and the coffin that is to enclose you will come, and that hour when the company assemble to carry you to the church-yard will come, and the minute when you are put down into the grave will come, and the throwing in of the loose dirt into the narrow house where you are laid, and the spreading of the green sod over it,—all, all, will come on every living creature who now speaks, and the people who now listen will be carried to their long homes, and make room for another generation. Now all this you know must and will happen. Your common sense and common experience serve to convince you of it.

*Chalmers.*

THERE are parts of our life we do not like to think about. When we are suddenly reminded of them, we call, “Wine!” We turn aside a little to some one and say, “Play something.” There is a time when wine and music shall have lost their power of enchantment, and we shall be turned right round—forced to look at the past! O, sirs! it is then that we shall have no little quibbling, wretched questions to put about Christ’s cross and Christ’s atonement. When we see life from that point, and feel the bitterness and torment of sin, we shall then know that the Lamb of God never shed one drop too much of His blood, never suffered one pang too many, for the sins of the world. We shall not be critics then, pedants then, little technical inquirers then. We shall feel that the cross, and that alone, can go right into our life, with the answer to our difficulties, and the balm for our wound and sorrow.

*Joseph Parker.*

Too late I loved thee! O thou Beauty of Ancient days,  
yet ever new! Too late I loved thee!

*Augustine.*

THE work proceeds without intermission; and all that has been done is the under-structure for that which is to be done. Young man and maiden, take heed how you build. That which you are doing, the work which you are performing, you do not leave behind you because you forget it. It passes away from you apparently, but it does not pass away from you in reality. Every stroke, every single element abides, and there is nothing that grows so fast as character. There is nothing that men think so little of, as character, although there is nothing that so belongs to their immortality, and that is so incomparable in importance, as character.

*Beecher.*

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## XI.

### SIGNAL LIGHTS.

#### CONTINUED.

LOCKHART, I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man; be virtuous; be religious; be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here.

*Walter Scott.*

DRAPER in his last book tries to prove that the progress and civilization of the world are due to the expansive force of the human intellect, retarded and impeded by the depressive and compressive influence of religious faith. But supposing that religious systems are wholly human, they, too, are scientific products of the human mind, the result of its expansive force; and to laud science and to depreciate religion, is to extol intellect in one direction and belittle it in another, which is absurd.

*N. Y. Sun.*

THE man who believes that there is no God, no immortality, and that when he dies he will melt into the earth, to be seen no more, like the snow-flake sinking in the ocean, certainly wants one of the most powerful stimulants to intellectual and moral advancement.

*Senator O. P. Morton.*

THE supernatural in this Jesus is the best hope of the world; it is the only hope. He is the place where earth blends with heaven, that line where sea and sky meet. He is the only miracle we need, but the need of him is infinite. Our public morals, our intellectual development, our private friendships, our sad partings here, our measureless love of life, all ask that Jesus Christ may always stand before mankind as the emblem of a supernatural, blessed shore.

*David Swing.*

ACROSS a chasm of eighteen hundred years Jesus Christ makes a demand which is beyond all others difficult to satisfy: He asks that for which a philosopher may often seek in vain at the hands of his friends, or a father of his children, or a bride of her spouse, or a man of his brother: He asks for the human heart: He will have it entirely to Himself: He demands it unconditionally; and forthwith His demand is granted. Wonderful! In defiance of time and space, the soul of man, with all its powers and faculties, becomes an annexation to the empire of Christ. All who sincerely believe in Him experience that remarkable supernatural love towards him. This phenomenon is unaccountable; it is altogether beyond the scope of man's creative power. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame: time can neither exhaust its strength nor put a limit to its range. This it is which strikes me most. I have often thought of it. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

*Napoleon.*

TO-DAY the great question that is stirring men's hearts to their very depths is, Who is this Jesus Christ? His life is becoming to us a new life, as if we had never seen a word of it. There is round about us an influence so strange, so penetrating, so subtle, yet so mighty, that we are obliged to ask the great heaving world of time to be silent for a while, that we may see just what we are and where we are. That influence is the life of Jesus Christ. We cannot get clear of it; we hear it in the tones of joy; we feel it stealing across the darkness of sorrow; we see it where we least expect it. Even men who have traveled farthest from it seem only to have come round to it again; and while they have been undervaluing the inner worth of Jesus Christ, they have actually been living on the virtues which came out of his garments here.

*Joseph Parker.*

SCIENCE, if true to itself, must come back to a personal God, as the best solution of a universe in which there is thought. Literature must acknowledge that Christ and an immortal life furnish the noblest and the most sustained inspiration. The peculiar influences of Christianity are necessary as a counterpoise against the temptations which are incident to modern life. Wealth was never more attractive and tempting than now. Luxury was never so various and so refined in its ministrations and appliances. Genius for science, art, or letters, was never so potent over cultivated minds. In short, man as an individual, and in organized masses, was never so strongly tempted to worship himself and to deny his Creator, to rely upon the inspirations of his own being, whether scientific, imaginative, or ethical, and to dispense with the Christ, of whom it has been said, it is true that before him every knee shall bow. No influence short of the living God and the redeeming Son of God can possibly hold an individual or a generation against the in-rushing tide of these insidious influences.

*Noah Porter.*

WHATEVER may be the surprises of the future, Jesus Christ will never be surpassed. His worship will grow young without ceasing; his legend will call forth tears without end; his sufferings will melt the noblest heart; all ages will proclaim that, among the sons of men, there is none born greater than Jesus.

*Ernest Renan.*

IF I were called to point out the most alarming sins of to-day, those which are most deceitful in their influence, and most soul-destroying in their ultimate effects, I would not mention drunkenness, with all its fearful havoc, nor gambling, with its crazed victims, nor harlotry, with its hellish orgies; but the love of money on the part of men, and the love of display on the part of women. While open vice sends its thousands, these fashionable and favored indulgences send their tens of thousands to perdition. They sear the conscience, incrust the soul with an impenetrable shell of worldliness, debauch the affections from every high and heavenly object, and make man or woman the worshiper of self. While doing all this the poor victim is allowed by public opinion to think himself or herself a Christian, while the drunkard, the gambler and prostitute are not deceived by such a thought for a moment.

*Howard Crosby, D.D.*

THE church in debt feels that prudence demands that the worldly rich should be gathered, both small and great, into the church. These men are counseled, placed in positions of trust, elected to office; and how often are men of wealth and influence in the world, and without religion, allowed to determine the question and say who is to feed the flock of Christ? Their opinions are preferred to those of the children of God, simply to secure their aid in supporting the man of their choosing. How many pulpits are to-day spiked by the devil in this very way?

*Sylvanus Stall.*

THERE are few people who will not be benefited by pondering over the morals of shopping.

*Beecher.*

WEALTH has now all the respect paid to it which is due only to virtue and to talent, but we can see what estimate God places upon it, since he often bestows it upon the meanest and most unworthy of all his creatures.

*Dean Swift.*

WEALTH in our country must long be, and properly is, a great measure of force; and by force I mean character, talent, activity and mental leverage. But in heaven's name let us know it for what it is, and not for what it is not; most of all, let us avoid that particular fallacy which sees in wealth the essence, and not the provocative of refinement.

*Donald G. Mitchell.*

No one who is a lover of riches, or a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, can at the same time be a lover of men.

*Epictetus.*

OUR greatest danger now in this country is corporative wealth.

*Wendell Phillips.*

LET us learn to be content with what we have, with the place we have in life. Let us get rid of our false estimates, let us throw down the god Money from its pedestal, trample that senseless idol under foot, set up all the higher ideals—a neat home, vines of our own planting, a few books full of the inspiration of genius, a few friends worthy of being loved, and able to love us in turn; a hundred innocent pleasures that bring no pain or remorse, a devotion to the right that will never swerve, a simple religion empty of all bigotry, full of trust and hope and love, and to such a philosophy this world will give up all the joy it has.

*David Swing.*

IF a man's mind be thoroughly alive, he cannot be content with good health, good revenue and good dwelling. There are heart-achings and out-goings which waste the life, which cannot be soothed or appeased by bread alone. On the one hand you will find sad hearts surrounded by the highest personal and social advantages, and on the other you will find hearts glad with unspeakable joy in spite of circumstances the most untoward and harrassing. It is, therefore, in the opinion of Christian thinkers, a superficial and mocking theory of human happiness which concerns itself mainly with circumstances. What is wanted is a principle which will put all accidental conditions in their right place, and persistently remind man that "the life is more than bread," and that apparent failure may be real success.

*Joseph Parker.*

THERE are necessities in our hearts which nothing human can supply; passions which nothing human can either satisfy or control; powers which nothing human can either adequately excite or occupy; and oh, there are sorrows, deep sorrows, which will not be assuaged; wounds which, if the balm that is in Gilead cannot heal, must fester forevermore; sins, far beyond the reach of all skill but that of the Great Physician of souls.

*Robert J. Breckinridge, D.D.*

COMMUNISM possesses a language which every people can understand. Its elements are hunger, envy and death.

*Heinrich Heine.*

IF you divorce capital and labor, capital is hoarded and labor starves.

*Daniel Webster.*

WHAT is a communist? One who has yearnings for equal division of unequal earnings.

*Elliott.*

EVERY day that I live I become less and less desirous of great wealth : but every day makes me more sensible of the importance of a competence. Without a competence it is not easy for a public man to be honest : it is almost impossible for him to be thought so.

*Macaulay.*

PROPERTY is the product of labor. It must be hewed out of the forest, plowed out of the field, blasted out of the mine, pounded out of the anvil, wrought out in the factory and furnace. Labor is at the bottom of it all; and the nation in which labor is the best cherished and cared for, must be the richest and most prosperous. Capital and labor are mutual allies.

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WHEN vanished is this vapor we call life,  
And all the storms that vex us disappear—  
Sorrow's sharp thorn, the weary wheel of strife,  
And all the miseries we feel or fear—  
When of the "day far spent" a night is born,  
Before there dawns a day that knows no night,  
Shall we who see the glory of such a morn—  
Shall we recall, upon that dazzling height,  
One touch of this wild warfare of the earth ?  
The wounds that scarred us, or the tears we wept,  
The sin that so beset us from our birth,  
The woes, the wrongs, the cares that never slept ?  
Or will there be a gap betwixt that time  
And this eternity that numbs the sense,  
As after sudden ceasing of some chime  
A lengthened pause makes rest the more intense ?  
Forbear to question, O mine idle thought !  
Where were our faith, if all were come to sight !  
"Avoid vain babblings"—thus much we are taught.  
'Twere vain to breathe them, *yet I long for light.*

*A. T. L.*



ON the whole, there are much sadder ages than the early ones; not sadder in a noble and deep way, but in a dim, wearied way—the way of ennui, and jaded intellect, and uncomfortableness of soul and body. Not that we are without festivity, but festivity more or less forced, mistaken, embittered, incomplete, not of the heart; and the profoundest reason of this darkness of heart is, I believe, our want of faith.

*Ruskin.*

LET me not die before I've done for Thee  
Some earthly work, whatever it may be;  
Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled,  
Let me not leave my space of ground untilled;  
Impress this truth upon me, that not one  
Can do my portion that I leave undone,  
For each one in Thy vineyard hath a spot  
To labor in for life, and weary not.  
Then give me strength all faithfully to toil,  
Converting barren earth to fruitful soil.  
I long to be an instrument of Thine,  
To gather worshipers unto Thy shrine;  
To be the means one human soul to save  
From the dark terrors of a hopeless grave.  
Yet most I want a spirit of content,  
To work where'er Thou'lt wish my labor spent,  
Whether at home or in a stranger clime,  
In days of joy, or sorrow's sterner time.  
I want a spirit passive, to lie still,  
And by Thy power to do Thy holy will.  
And when the prayer unto my lips doth rise,  
Before a new home doth my soul surprise,  
"Let me accomplish some great work for Thee,"  
Subdue it, Lord; let my petition be,  
"Oh! make me useful in this world of Thine,  
In ways according to Thy will, not mine.

Let me not leave my space of ground untilled,  
 Call me not hence with mission unfulfilled.  
 Let me not die before I've done for Thee  
 My earthly work, whatever that may be."

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CHURCH of the living God! in vain thy foes  
 Make thee, in impious mirth, their laughing stock,  
 Contemn thy strength, thy radiant beauty mock;  
 In vain their threats and impotent their blows—  
 Satan's assault—Hell's agonizing throes!  
 For thou art built upon th' Eternal Rock,  
 Nor fear'st the thunder storm, the earthquake shock,  
 And nothing shall disturb thy calm repose.  
 All human combinations change and die,  
 What'er their origin, form, design;  
 But firmer than the pillars of the sky,  
 Thou standest ever by a power Divine;  
 Thou art endowed with immortality,  
 And can'st not perish—God's own life is thine!

*Wm. Lloyd Garrison.*

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## XII.

## SIGNAL LIGHTS.

## CONTINUED.

ENVY is the yoke-fellow of eminence.

*Tupper.*

As there can be no jealousy without regard, so envy cannot exist in perfection without a secret esteem of the person envied.

BASE envy withers at another's joy,  
And hates the excellence it cannot reach.

*Thompson.*

SLANDER is the solace of malignity.

*Joubert.*

WE cannot control the evil tongues of others, but a good life enables us to despise them.

*Cato.*

NICE distinctions are troublesome. It is so much easier to say that a thing is black, than to discriminate the particular shade of brown, blue, or green, to which it really belongs. It is so much easier to make up your mind that your neighbor is good for nothing, than to enter into all the circumstances that would oblige you to modify that opinion.

*George Eliot.*

To apply to others in charity the knowledge one has used against oneself in judgment—this is the hard thing.

*W. H. Mallock.*

THERE are calumnies against which even innocence loses courage.

*Napoleon.*

To persevere in one's duty and to be silent, is the first answer to calumny.

*Washington.*

THERE is nobody so weak of invention that cannot make some little stories to vilify his enemy.

*Addison.*

WHEN one has learned to seek the honor that cometh from God only, he will take the withholding of the honor that comes from man very quietly indeed.

*George McDonald.*

WHOEVER has a good work to do must let the devil's tongue run as it pleases.

*Luther.*

WHEN a man readily gives ear to a slander, he betrays fellow-feeling with the malice whence it sprang.

*Calvert.*

A LARGE charity is the growth of years, the last result of many trials.

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

WHEN a man is at the foot of the hill in his fortunes, he may stay a long while there in spite of professional accomplishment.

*George Eliot.*

CENSURE and criticism never hurt anybody. If false, they cannot harm you, unless you are wanting in character; and if true, they show a man his weak points, and forewarn him against failure and trouble.

*Gladstone.*

IF there should spring up in any hospital a disposition of criticism, and men with fevers should gibe men with dropsies, and men with dropsies should revenge themselves by pointing over to men with ulcers and sores, it would fitly represent the harsh judgment of men upon each other.

*Beecher.*

EXPERIENCE tells us that each man most keenly and unerringly detects in others the vice with which he is most familiar himself.

*F. W. Robertson.*

BE not hasty to disprove every aspersion that is cast on you. Let them alone for a while, and, like mud on your clothes, they will rub off of themselves.

*Rev. Dr. Murray.*

It is impossible for human purity not to betray to an eye sharpened by malignity, some stains which lay concealed and unregarded when none thought it their interest to discover them; nor can the most circumspect attention or steady rectitude escape blame from censors, who have no inclination to approve.

*Johnson's Rambler.*

MALICE has a keen scent for blemishes.

*Punshon.*

MY worst enemies are more valuable to me than my best friends.

*Luther.*

BEYOND all doubt, the worst of our enemies are those which we carry about in our own hearts.

*Tholuck.*

THOSE who get through the world without enemies are commonly of three classes—the supple, the adroit, and the phlegmatic. The leaden rule surmounts obstacles by yielding to them; the oiled wheel escapes friction; the cotton sack escapes damage by its impenetrable elasticity.

*Whately.*

WHAT a man's enemies say ought not to be taken as evidence.

*Olive Logan.*

THE wise man always shows himself on the side of his assailants. It is more to his interest than it is to theirs to find out his weak points; the wound cicatrizes and falls off from him like the deer-skin, and when they would triumph, lo! he has passed on invulnerable. So long as all is said against me, I feel a certain assurance of success; but as soon as honeyed words of praise are spoken for me, I feel as one lying unprotected before his enemies.

*Emerson.*

A MAN can bear  
A world's contempt, when he has that within  
Which says he's worthy.

*Alexander Smith.*

THE world can pry out everything about us which it has a mind to know. But there is this consolation, which men will never accept in their own cases, that the world does n't care.

*Thackeray.*

WITHIN a few years past it has become the fashion to pounce down upon every public man against whom a breath of suspicion is emitted, and treat him as a criminal, without permitting him the poor privilege of being heard. It is enough if somebody suspects him. He must be a criminal or he would not be charged with criminality! In the jurisprudence which guides this class of journalists, every public man is to be considered guilty, until he proves himself innocent, and even then he has to undergo a long quarantine, as having come from a suspected port.

*The Nation.*

THAT assasination by the slow poison of calumny, secretly infused into every vein of the society in which the calumniated character moves and is known,—that is the basest and vilest form of assasination. It has every degree of cowardice, every amount of malice, every wickedness of purpose, and every mischief of result.

*W. M. Evarts.*

It is well, may be so, to bear losses,  
And to bend and bow down to the rod,  
If the scarlet-red bars and the crosses  
Be but rounds up the ladder to God,  
But this mocking of men! Ah! that enters  
The marrow!

*Joaquin Miller.*

A GREAT deal depends upon a man's courage when he is slandered and traduced. Weak men are crushed by detraction, but the brave hold on and succeed.

*H. S. Stevens.*

YET nerve thy spirit to the proof,  
And blanch not at thy chosen lot;  
The timid good may stand aloof,  
The sage may frown, yet faint thou not,  
Nor heed the shaft too surely cast,  
The foul and hissing bolt of scorn;  
For with thy side shall dwell at last  
The victory of endurance born.

*Bryant.*

It was the exprobration of Athens that she suffered those men to die in exile, ignominy and oblivion, that with virtuous endeavors had raised her up on the pillars of her fame. Miltiades, Aristides, Solon, Phocion—where lived they? Where lie they?

*Thomas Adams.*

WELL-NERVED and stout be the arm that smiteth wrong, and sharp and swift the censure following knowledge of guilt; but that eagerness to condemn, so noticeable in some; that evil construction put on acts whose motive is unknown; that merciless remembrance, which treasureth up the minutest past delinquency, forgetful of after worth and probable repentance; that whispering suspiciousness, quick and pronged as a serpent's tongue—its prototype; that bigotry and assumption of superior sanctity; that hard, unfeminine punctiliousness which spurns the erring, and denies the possibility of cleansing to the stained; that clutching of stones to pelt one form of sin by hands not stainless of other forms—this is what I deplore; this is what I arraign as un-Christlike.

*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

FLING forth a lie among the crowd,  
Let but the gossips vouch 'tis true;  
Then innocence may buy her shroud  
And guilt walk forth in garments new.

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LET every man be occupied, and occupied in the highest employment of which his nature is capable, and die with the consciousness that he has done his best.

*Sidney Smith.*

AN idle word may be seemingly harmless in its utterance, but let it be fanned by passion, let it be fed with the fuel of misconception, of evil intention, of prejudice, and it will soon grow into a sweeping fire, that will melt the chains of human friendship, that will burn to ashes many cherished hopes, and blacken more fair names than one.

*Chas. A. Dickey, D.D.*

IF you have gentle words and looks, my friends,  
To spare for me—if you have tears to shed  
That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray,  
Until I hear not, see not, being dead.

If you have flowers to give—fair lily-buds,  
White roses, daisies, meadow-stars, that be  
Mine own dear namesakes—let them smile and make  
The air, while yet I breathe it, sweet for me.

For loving looks, though fraught with tenderness  
And kindly tears, though they fall thick and fast.  
And words of praise, alas ! can naught avail  
To lift the shadows from a life that's past.

And rarest blossoms—what can they suffice,  
Offered to one who can no longer gaze  
Upon their beauty ? Flowers on coffins laid  
Impart no sweetness to departed days.

*Sunday Magazine.*



THROW dirt enough, and some will stick.

*Archbishop Whately.*

WILL *stick*, but not *stain*.

*John Henry Newman.*

GOOD name in man and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls ;  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing ;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands ;  
But he that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Shakespeare.*

You may get through the world, but 't will be very slow  
If you listen to all that is said as you go ;  
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,  
For meddlesome tongues will have something to do—  
For people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed  
That your humble position is only assumed ;  
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool ;  
But don't get excited ; keep perfectly cool—  
For people will talk.

If generous and noble, they'll vent out their spleen ;  
You'll hear some loud hints that you are selfish and  
mean ;

If upright, honest and fair as the day,  
They'll call you a rogue in a sly, sneaking way—  
For people will talk.

And then, if you show the least boldness of heart,  
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,  
They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain ;  
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain—  
For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,  
For they'll criticise then in a different shape;  
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor's unpaid;  
But mind your own business, there's naught to be made—  
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is do as you please;  
For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;  
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse;  
But don't think to stop, then; it ain't any use—  
For people will talk.

*Washington Capitol.*

Not even a word may be uttered; a nervous shrug, a significant look, an enforced silence, may do the fiendish work, and the fair fame of your more righteous neighbor is blackened, and a heart far nobler than your own, it may be, is forever crushed.

*F. W. Robertson.*

THE worst things are the perversions of good things. Abused intellectual gifts make the dangerous villain; abused sensibilities make the accomplished tempter; abused affections engender the keenest of all misery.

*McCosh.*

I WILL tell you what to hate. Hate hypocrisy, hate cant, hate intolerance, oppression, injustice; hate pharisaism; hate them as Christ hated them, with a deep, living, godlike hatred.

*F. W. Robertson.*

THERE is a creature who ought to share with the clerical cheat the abuse of the people. I mean the clerical jester. He lays his hands on all sacred things. He is full of Bible jests, and he talks about the Bible with jests that have come down from generation to generation. The principles which, if they mean anything, mean life and death to the soul, he turns into material for jest.

*Phillips Brooks.*

ALWAYS think the best of a man. To think the worst is the sure mark of a mean spirit and a base soul.

*Lord Bolingbroke.*

AMONG all the vices which it is necessary to subdue in order to build up the human character, there is none to be compared, in strength or in virulence, with that of impurity. It can outlive and kill a thousand virtues; it can corrupt the most generous heart; it can madden the sternest intellect; it can debase the loftiest imagination. But besides being so poisonous to character, it is, above all others, the most difficult to conquer.

*Essays and Reviews.*

THE essential guilt of suicide is unbelief—despair of God's love and goodness.

*F. W. Robertson.*

I COULD not waste myself. I had to make my own way in the world. Young men, if you intend to win, you must work. There is no easier road. How I escaped the pitfalls set for the feet of such untaught boys as I was can only be explained one way. In it all the thought of my mother and her prayers had to my heart the force of a guardian angel's care.

*Gov. St. John.*

It is the quiet worker that succeeds. No one can do his best, or even do well, in the midst of badinage or worry or nagging. Therefore, if you work, work as cheerily as you can. If you do not work, do not put even a straw in the way of others. There are rocks and pebbles and holes and plenty of obstructions. It is the pleasant word, the hearty word, that helps, and a man who has these at his command is sure to be a helper to others in the highway of life, along which so many are travelers.

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OH, my brethren, this self-confident, this hurrying, unripe, aspiring character which makes nothing of meditation; this boldness without strength and ardor without depth—let us bring it to the touchstone of our perfect Lord, and see how His character rebukes it.

*Ex-President Woolsey.*

AN, there be souls none understand;  
Like clouds, they cannot touch the land,  
Drive as they may o'er field or town;  
Then we look wise at this, and frown,  
And we cry "Fool!" and cry "Take hold  
Of earth, and fashion gods of gold."

Call these not fools; the test of worth  
Is not the hold you have of earth;  
Lo, there be gentlest souls, sea-blown,  
That know not any harbor known;  
And it may be the reason is  
They touch on fairer shore than this.

*Joaquin Miller.*

GOD bless the cheerful people—man, woman or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely. Over and above every other social trait stands cheerfulness. What the sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean upon Him, are cheerful persons in the house and by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously about their silent mission, brightening up society around them, with happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit near them. We love the nature of their eye, the tone of their voice. Little children find them out, oh! so quickly, amid the densest crowd, and passing by the knitted brow and compressed lip, glide near, and laying a confiding little hand on their knee, lift their clear young eyes to those loving faces.

*A. A. Willits, D.D.*

THROUGHOUT the entire word of God, we are taught the sacred duty of being happy. Be happy, cheerful, joyful as we can, we cannot go beyond the spirit of the Gospel, though we may go beyond the requirements of Calvin and Pascal. To the devout but narrow school of Christians, "the free and princely heart of innocence" may seem strange and forbidden, but not so to David or Paul. Not so to Christ, who, though "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," was happy and "rejoiced in spirit."

*Dean Stanley.*

THE rarest attainment is to grow old happily and gracefully.

*L. M. Child.*

SOME murmur when their sky is clear  
And wholly bright to view,  
If one small speck of dark appear  
In their great heaven of blue;  
And some with thankful love are fill'd  
If but one streak of light—  
One ray of God's good mercy—gild  
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,  
In discontent and pride,  
Why life is such a dreary task,  
And all good things denied?  
And hearts in poorest huts admire  
How love has, in their aid—  
Love that not ever seems to tire—  
Such rich provision made.

*Archbishop Trench.*

God smiled when he put humor into the human disposition and said, "That is good!"

*Beecher.*

KIND looks, kind words, kind acts and warm handshakes—these are secondary means of grace, when men are in trouble and are fighting their unseen battles.

*John Hall, D.D.*

BUILD thee more stately mansions, O my soul,  
As the swift seasons roll !  
Leave thy low-vaulted past !  
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,  
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,  
Till thou at length art free,  
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea !  
*Holmes.*

GOD can and does render sinners happy in spite of their sins, for Christ's sake, remitting to them its penalty, while its power is only partially broken, fostering them, and rejoicing over them until their restoration to spiritual health be complete. Anything that turns the sinner's regard inward on himself as a ground of hope, instead of bidding him look to Christ, must plunge him into despair, and despair is the portal of death.

*Charles Hodge, D.D.*

BUT when we in our viciousness grow hard,  
. . . the wise gods seal our eyes;  
In our own slime drop our clear judgments, make us  
Adore our errors; laugh at us, while we strut  
To our confusion.

*Shakespeare.*

FOR your own sakes, brethren, for God's sake, let your thought rise. Bid it, force it to rise. Think of the face of Jesus, of your future home in heaven, of the loved ones who have gone before you. Think of all that has ever cheered, quickened, braced you. In such thoughts, to such thoughts, Jesus will assuredly and increasingly reveal himself.

*Liddon—to the Students of Oxford.*

EVEN this vein of laughing, as I could produce out of grave authors, hath oftentimes a strong and sinewy force in teaching and confuting.

*Milton.*

IT is one of the heaviest penalties of wrong thinking and of wrong living, that they blur, if they do not obliterate, the very perception of good and evil.

*Mary Clemmer.*

PATIENCE and strength are what we need ; an earnest use of what we have now ; and all the time an earnest discontent until we come to what we ought to be.

*Phillips Brooks.*

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### XIII.

#### SIGNAL LIGHTS.

##### CONCLUDED.

COUNT that day lost whose low, descending sun,  
Views from thy hand no worthy action done.

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THE earth is fringed and carpeted, not with forests, but with grasses. Only see that you have enough of little virtues and common fidelities, and you need not mourn because you are neither a renowned hero nor a saint.

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Do what thou dost as if the stake were heaven,  
And that thy last deed ere the judgment day.

*Kingsley.*

ONE day thou wilt be blest,  
So still obey the guiding hand that fends  
Thee safely through these wonders for sweet ends.

*Keats.*

OPPOSITION may become sweet to a man when he has christened it persecution.

*George Eliot.*

HABITS are soon assumed, but when we strive  
To strip them off, 'tis being flayed alive.

*Cowper.*

CHOOSE that which is best, and custom will make it most agreeable.

*J. W. Scott, D.D.*

A MAN has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing than to *act* one.

*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

THIS world is a solemn fact; we are in it, passing through it. Let us try to understand its mysteries; let us think much of its responsibilities; let us ponder the thoughts of the inquiring minds of all ages; let us prize all the light we have from man, from God, so that we may be guided aright amid its perils and changing experiences.

*Alexander Reed, D.D.*

I HAVE warred with you, I have been your enemy, but now, when war is over, we speak the same language, worship the same God—and let us be friends.

*George the III. to John Adams.*

WE figure to ourselves  
The thing we like, and then we build it up  
As chance will have it, on the rock or sand;  
For thought is tired of wandering o'er the world,  
And home-bound fancy runs her bark ashore.

*Henry Taylor.*

A MAN's best things are nearest him—  
Lie close about his feet.

*Richard Moncton Milnes.*



LEAN not on one mind constantly,  
Lest where one stood before, two fall;  
Something hath God to say to thee  
Worth hearing from the lips of all.

*Owen Meredith.*

I THOUGHT ten thousand swords must have leaped from their scabbards to avenge even a look that threatened her [Marie Antoinette] with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone.

*Burke, on the French Revolution.*

THERE is no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication, than epistolary intercourse.

*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

TWENTY Christians can fight heroically, where one can suffer greatly, and be strong and *still*.

*Theo. L. Cuyler, D.D.*

GOOD has but one enemy, the evil; but the evil has two enemies, the good and itself.

*Julius Müller.*

THE wicked would be too well off if their evil deeds came to an end.

*Socrates.*

HISTORY proves that although woman, swayed by lofty impulses, approaches the angels, yet when yielding to a master-passion, she is capable of a refinement of wickedness which men never attain.

*Macaulay.*

A WOMAN is naturally as different from a man as a flower from a tree; she has more beauty and more fragrance, but less strength; she will be fitted for the rough and thorny walk of the masculine professions when she has got a rough beard, a brazen front, and hard skin, but no sooner.

*Prof. J. S. Blackie.*

So far from wishing to give votes to women, I would fain take them away from most men.

*Ruskin.*

THE heights by great men reached and kept  
Were not attained by sudden flight,  
But they, while their companions slept,  
Were toiling upward in the night.

*Longfellow.*

MEN always have strength given them to carry out their convictions; they have not strength given them to carry out their aspirations. Do not complain that, because you cannot live up to your aspirations, you cannot live up to principles; that because your ideal vanishes on contact with the necessities of daily existence, therefore it is impossible to act on conviction.

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LEAVE the young hearts to nature and to God.  
Leave the young tendrils where they will to twine;  
Where violets blossom, and white snowdrops nod,  
Fall April dews, where April's sunlights shine;  
Gathered the ripened corn, if yet some ears  
Are left for faltering hand and patient care;  
But for the darlings of decaying years,  
Leave them alone in all save love and prayer.

*All the Year Round.*

THERE is no sadness so unutterable as that which comes of the self-destruction of our youthful prophecies; of the change of exultation, as years go on, into slothfulness and depression. It is a terrible thing to look back, an outworn man, upon the past and be ashamed of your early inspiration; to see our bright-haired youth go by us like a phantom, and to hide our face and cry, "That is what I was—what might I not have been?"

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

WOMEN who can reign in monarchies ought to vote in republics.

*G. F. Train.*

TRUE to the promise of thy far-off youth,  
When all who loved thee, for thee prophesied  
A grand, full life, devoted to the truth,  
A noble cause by suffering sanctified.  
True to all beauties of the poet thought  
Which made thy youth so eloquent and sweet;  
True to all duties which thy manhood brought  
To take the room of fancies light and fleet.  
True to the steadfast walk and narrow way,  
Which thy forefathers of the covenant trod !  
True to thy friend in foul or sunny day,  
True to thy home, thy country and thy God !  
True to the world, which still is false to thee,  
And true to all—as thou art true to me.

*All the Year Round.*

WE cannot say to any young man : “ Do not play billiards—it is wrong to do so;” because we have no warrant to make such a statement. No one has. To affirm that to be wrong, which is not in itself wrong, which may be practised with the most perfect innocence, with the most warrantable enjoyment, is a dogmatism of the worst kind which can only breed that moral confusion in the minds of the young, which is a direct parent of vice. Whenever the moral vision is clouded and sees only in a maze, there is no security for right principle or consistent conduct. We do not venture to say this, therefore ; but we venture to say to every young man : “ It is not good for you to indulge much in such an amusement. You can only do this at the expense of higher considerations. Many other amusements are better, more healthful in themselves, and more free from dangerous associations.”

*Tulloch.*

How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams  
With its illusions, aspirations, dreams!  
Book of beginning, story without end,  
Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend!  
Aladdin's Lamp, and Fortunatus' Purse  
That holds the treasures of the universe!  
All possibilities are in its hands,  
No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands;  
In its sublime audacity of faith,  
'Be thou removed!' it to the mountain saith,  
And with ambitious feet, secure and proud,  
Ascends the ladder leaning on the cloud.

*Longfellow.*

WHY are we so impatient of delay,  
Longing forever for the time to be?  
For this we live to-morrow in to-day,  
Yea, sad to-morrow we may never see.

We are too hasty; are not reconciled  
To let kind nature do her work alone;  
We plant our seed, and like a foolish child  
We dig it up to see if it has grown.

The good that is to be we covet now,  
We cannot wait for the appointed hour;  
Before the fruit is ripe we shake the bough,  
And seize the bud that folds away the flower.

When midnight darkness reigns we do not see  
That the sad night is mother of the morn;  
We cannot think our own sharp agony  
May be the birth pang of a joy unborn.

Into the dust we see our idols cast,  
And cry that death hath triumphed, life is void!  
We do not trust the promise, that the last  
Of all our enemies shall be destroyed!

With rest almost in sight the spirit faints,  
And heart and flesh grow weary at the last;  
Our feet would walk the city of the saints,  
Even before the silent gate is passed.

Teach us to wait until Thou shalt appear—  
To know that all Thy ways and times are just :  
Thou seest that we do believe, and fear,  
Lord, make us also to believe and trust!

*Phebe Cary.*

THE benefits of college training are five-fold: it gives a general survey of the broad fields of knowledge; it gives mental discipline; it excites, by rivalry, to exertion; it brings the student in contact with minds of the greatest culture and strength, representative minds, specialists, leaders, masters in every department of human thought; and it inspires a man to continued study.

*J. H. Vincent, D.D.*

THERE are two little words in our language which I always admired—*Try* and *Trust*. You know not what you can or cannot effect until you try; and if you make your trials in the exercise of trust in God, mountains of imaginary difficulties will vanish as you approach them, and facilities will be afforded which you never anticipated.

*Samuel Smiles.*

It is said that at the battle of Shiloh, an Indiana colonel, seeing his regiment was becoming confused and demoralized, and was firing at random, ordered his men to fall into line, put them through a regular drill, and thus restored their aim and steadiness in battle. And so must we do in the battle of life. When pressed upon and confused by the noise and tumult of the conflict, we must return again to the simplest duties, and steady our hearts by humblest trust and hope in God.

*George C. Heckman, D.D.*

STRENGTHEN the basis of the school system before you increase the superstructure. Teach fewer things, but teach them so they will be absolutely known. Make the course of study more compact and manageable; postpone the accomplishments; banish even science and drawing, and first give the child what will be essential for the practical business of life, and a basis for self-improvement.

*Whitelaw Reid.*

"FROEBELISM," or the Kindergarten system of education, starts with the idea that in the school-room there is nothing so valuable as the child himself. The child is more than all the books—than all the furniture. The child is the product of God, and there can be nothing better. It can see what the telescope and microscope never can see. We can only unfold the child's mind according to the laws of nature. We mar it if we attempt to push it. It is this fact that the present system of education overlooks. The "cramming" process is unscientific because it ignores the laws of development.

*J. B. Bittinger, D.D.*

THE great end of education is not information, but personal vigor and character. What makes the practical man is not the well-informed man, but the alert, disciplined, self-commanded man. There have been highly trained and accomplished men in days when a knowledge of geography hardly went beyond the islands and mainland of the Levant. There were powerful English writers long before Lindley Murray wrote his Latinized English grammar. What should be understood thoroughly is, that cramming is not education. It is a mistake to cover too much ground, and to seek to make youth conversant simply with the largest number of studies. Let them learn a few things and learn them well. Let the personal influence of the teacher be relied upon rather than books and elaborated methods.

*Philadelphia Press.*

HEALTH is nerve, and nerve is man. The whole manhood lies in the brain and nerve system. Besides that, there is nothing but animal; and whatever sucks it dry, whatever fevers it and whatever tends to carry it beyond the point of sober health, makes trouble where there is no trouble; and makes trouble more burdensome; and makes burdens heavier; and disqualifies men for bearing things that are real troubles.

*Beecher.*

A COLLEGIATE education has this distinction and privilege: it is *systematic* education, education systematically contrived with a view to bring out and cultivate in the best manner all the faculties, neither neglecting any nor exaggerating any. Provided it does this effectively, it accomplishes so far as it goes, the great purpose of a general and preparatory equipment. Here, then, is a sufficient answer to the shallow but popular objection that many things studied in colleges, have no direct bearing in after life.

*Theodore Woolsey.*

NEARLY one hundred years ago, there was a day of remarkable gloom and darkness, still known as the Dark Day—a day when the light of the sun was slowly extinguished as if by an eclipse. The Legislature of Connecticut was in session, and as the members saw the unexpected and unaccountable darkness coming on, they shared in the general awe and terror. It was supposed by many that the last day, the day of judgment had come. Some one, in the consternation of the hour, moved an adjournment. Then there arose an old Puritan legislator, Davenport Stanford, who said that if the last day had come he desired to be found at his post of duty, and therefore moved that candles be brought so that the House could proceed with its business. So, my son, when in the conflict of life the cloud and the darkness come, stand unflinchingly by your post; remain faithful to the discharge of your duty.

*Gen. Robert E. Lee.*

WOE to the nation that leaves the education of its young to the professional teacher.

*Miss Mary F. Eastman.*

A MASTERPIECE excites no sudden enthusiasm ; it must be studied much and long before it is fully comprehended ; we must grow up to it, for it will not descend to us. Its influence is less sudden, more lasting. Its emphasis grows with familiarity. We never become disenchanted ; we are more and more awe-struck at its infinite wealth. We discover no trick, for there is none to discover. Homer, Shakespeare, Raphael, Beethoven, Mozart, never storm the judgment ; but once fairly in possession, they retain it with increasing influence.

*Lewes ("Life of Goethe").*

THE best thoughts of the day ought to be in the daily papers. They are the educators of the age. They reach everybody. We do not want to make them religious, for then only religious people would read them. We want them to be, as they now are, mirrors of the times. But we want to try and get before them, and get them to reflect, that which is noblest, and not that which is basest,—that which is purest and not that which is vilest.

*E. C. Babb, D.D.*

SUNDAY papers are now like huge carts, going about through the streets of our cities during the week, gathering up all the moral garbage and filth they can find, whether from the city or country, to pour it out, garnished with all the pungency of low wit, and prurient fancy, and perverted genius, to the gaze of the young and the old.

*Pittsburgh Catholic.*

CHEAP books are a necessity, and a necessity which need bring, moreover, no loss to either authors or publishers.

*Michel Levy.*



A MAN cannot choose his own life. He cannot say : " I will take existence lightly, and keep out of the way of the wretched, mistaken, energetic creatures who fight so heartily in the great battle." He cannot say : " I will stop in the tents while the strife is fought, and laugh at the fools who are trampled down in the useless struggle." He cannot do this. He can only do, humbly and fearfully, that which the Maker who created him has appointed for him to do. If he has a battle to fight, let him fight it faithfully. But woe betide him if he skulks when his name is called in the mighty muster-roll! woe betide him if he hides in the tents when the tocsin summons him to the scene of war!

*Miss M. E. Braddon.*

THE power to converse well is a very great charm. You think anybody can talk? How mistaken you are. Anybody can chatter. Anybody can exchange idle gossip. Anybody can recapitulate the troubles of the kitchen, the cost of the last new dress, and the probable doings of the neighbors. But to talk wisely, instructively, freshly and delightfully, is an immense accomplishment. It implies exertion, observation, study of books and people, and receptivity of impression.

*Ruskin.*

THE book-canvasser is a missionary of culture; his prospectus is more honorable than the sword.

*J. D. O'Connor.*

THE fierce confederate storm  
Of sorrow barricadoed evermore  
Within the walls of cities.

*Wordsworth.*

CHRIST should be the diamond in the bosom of every sermon.

*Thomas H. Skinner, D.D.*

EVERY calling is constantly making a silent, invisible draft on the talent and energy of the country, which is strong or weak in proportion to the attractiveness of the prizes which it offers, and men make up their minds whether to enter it or not at an age while choice is still free, and when ambition and hope are still free. They do not, however, publish their reasons for going into any particular calling or put them on record anywhere; but everybody who knows young men knows what they are. Men beginning life do not ask for certainties, but they do ask for a fair chance of pecuniary ease and social consideration if the prospect of wealth be wanting; and year by year and generation to generation the ability of the community turns away from professions in which this chance is small.

*The Nation.*

REMORSE may disturb the slumbers of a man who is dabbling with his first experiences of wrong; and when the pleasure has been tasted and is gone, and nothing is left of the crime but the ruin which it has wrought, then too the furies take their seats upon the midnight pillow. But the meridian of evil is, for the most part, left unvexed; and when a man has chosen his road, he is left alone to follow it to the end.

*Froude.*

HEARTS more or less, I suppose we have, but we keep them so close-cased and padlocked—we wear an outside so hard or 'dry—that little or none of the love that may be within escapes to gladden those around us. And so life passes without any of the sweetening to society that comes when affection is not only felt but expressed. And we are poorer, for love unexpressed brings no reward. The principle of the parable of the buried talent underlies this matter.

*Beecher.*

Looking over the world on a broad scale, do we not find that public entertainments have very generally been the sops thrown out by the engrossing upper classes to keep the lower classes from inquiring too particularly into their rights, and to make them satisfied with a stone, when it was not quite convenient to give them bread? Wherever there is a class that is to be made content to be plundered of its rights, there is an abundance of fiddling and dancing; and amusements, public and private, are in great requisition. It may also be set down, I think, as a general axiom, that people feel the need of amusements less and less, precisely in proportion as they have solid reasons for being happy.

*Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

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#### XIV.

### PULPIT TORCHES.

THAT a man stand and speak of spiritual things to men! It is beautiful; even in its great obsuration and decadence, it is among the beautifullest, most touching objects one sees on the earth. This speaking man has indeed, in these times, wandered terribly from the point; has, alas, as it were, *totally lost sight of the point!* yet, at bottom, whom have we to compare with him? I wish he could find the point again, this speaking one, and stick to it with tenacity, with deadly energy, for there is need of him yet!

*Carlyle.*

MODERN preaching has become, alas! too often, a mere professional solemnity on the one hand, and a respectful non-attention on the other.

*Rev. Dr. Hamilton.*

It is the province of the preachers of Christianity to develop the connection between this world and the next; to watch over the beginnings of a course which will endure forever, and to trace the broad shadows cast from imperishable realities on the shifting scenery of earth.

*N. Y. Herald.*

WITHOUT treasures of thought, without solid convictions, without a feeling of strength, with nothing but feverish haste and that poorest of gifts, the gift of words flattering and belittling borrowed thoughts, some leap into the pulpit, as if it were heroic rather than foolhardy to take responsibilities to which they were not equal, as if a call consisted of bold desire.

*Ex-President Woolsey.*

THE sermon is now the true poppy of literature.

*David Swing.*

AFFECTATION is bad enough anywhere; in the pulpit it is intolerable.

*Edinburgh Review.*

IF it has pleased God to save men by "the foolishness of preaching," it has not been by choosing fools to be preachers.

*Gail Hamilton.*

OH, it were a nobler triumph of the modern pulpit to see men of strong principles and self-controlling wisdom gathering round them the most boisterous elements of our social atmosphere, conducting the lightnings with which its darkest thunder-clouds are charged, and showing to the nation they have saved that the preaching of the cross is still the power of God.

*Beecher.*

READING sermons is official, pedantic, heartless. In speaking without notes there is earnestness, reality, power.

*Parker's "Ad Clerum."*

AND as a bird each foud endearment tries  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.  
*Goldsmith.*

PREACHING to the conscience appeals to the reason without falling into rationalism; to the fears without producing terrorism; to the feelings without falling into sentimentalism; and arouses the intellect without leading to scholasticism. Man's conscience when rightly touched is always on the side of truth.

*Princeton Review.*

HARM is done by everything which tends to vulgarize religion. Religion is the highest and most solemn concern of man. Anything like an adequate conception of God will inspire a religious assembly and a preacher with profound awe. Everything that savors of levity or flippancy in connection with this subject, ought to excite the deepest repugnance.

"Tis pitiful  
To court a grin when you should woo a smile."

The intrusion of low wit into the teaching of religion is unspeakably disgusting to a reverent mind. Namby-pamby songs may not be offensive in the same degree, but they are offensive. Whatever tends to abase the majesty of religion, and invest the word of God and the truths of the Gospel with mean and vulgar associations, is not only revolting in itself but is baneful in its influence. How plain and simple are the teachings of Christ! A child can understand Him. Yet the New Testament is in the highest style of thought. There is nothing low, nothing grotesque. What a divine seriousness and beauty belong to the beatitudes, to the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, to the parables of our Lord!

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SEND your audience away with a desire for, and an impulse towards, spiritual improvement, or your preaching will be a failure. *Preach to the conscience.*

*Goulburn.*

IF a minister can convince the people in the first five minutes that he only aims to save their souls, he will kill all the critics in the house.

*Moody.*

CHARACTER in a preacher is the very force in the bow that launches the arrow. It is the latent heat behind the words that gives them direction and projectile force.

*Z. M. Humphrey, D.D.*

THE great reason why we have so little good preaching is that we have so little piety. To be eloquent one must be earnest; he must not only act as if he were in earnest, or try to be in earnest—he must *be* in earnest, or he cannot be effective.

*J. W. Alexander, D.D.*

ONE word spoken in the pulpit when faith is strong and the heart is at peace with God, is worth a thousand words spoken in unbelief and sin.

*Spurgeon.*

OH, if every one could put his arms round one other one, and save him from perdition, it would be worth a lifetime of exertion. If you can lie down upon the bed of death, and ask, of what avail has been my living? and only one redeemed by your agency, only one shall stand before you, only one upon whom you can fix your dying eyes, and feel, God has given me that as a seal to my ministry, oh it were enough! It were enough, for the redemption of one human soul—when we consider what man is—worth all God's material universe, is worth a lifetime of toil and self-denial to accomplish.

*John B. Gough.*

PREACHING may be compared to lightning, of which it is said there are three kinds—the flash, the zig-zag and the slant. The flash looks brilliant, lights up the sky, and people gaze at it with wonder. The zig-zag is here, and there, and everywhere, darting from cloud to cloud without any apparent object or effect. But the slant sends the bolt right down to the earth, and rives the gnarled oak, and is mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds.

*Enoch Pond, D.D.*

SPEAK the truth; let it fall upon the hearts of men with all the imparted energy by which the spirit gives it power; but speak the truth in love.

*Rev. William Morley Punshon.*

PACK your sermons. Let your introduction be a rifle-shot at the theme. Jump at once in *medias res* and say your best things first, and be sure to stop when you get through.

*Wm. M. Paxton, D.D.*

It is a common saying that religion has nothing to do with politics, and particularly there is a strong feeling current against all interference with politics by the ministers of religion. But to say that religion has nothing to do with politics, is to assert that which is simply false. It were as wise to say that the atmosphere has nothing to do with the principles of architecture. Religion is the vital air of every question. Directly, it determines nothing—indirectly, it conditions every problem that can arise.

*F. W. Robertson.*

WHEREVER God erects a house of prayer,  
The devil always builds a chapel there;  
And 'twill be found, upon examination,  
The latter has the largest congregation.

*Defoe.*

A MAN may cry church ! church ! at every word,  
With no more piety than other people;  
A daw's not reckoned a religious bird  
Because it keeps a-cawing from the steeple.

*Hood.*

THE pulpit plagiarist ruins his style. He is one man one week, another man the next. He is South the first Sunday of the month, Barrow the second ; the third, he roars with Spurgeon; the fourth, he adopts the conversational method of Newman Hall; he opens the next month with Robertson, then assumes the glitter and elaborate style of Bascomb, then attempts the description of Simpson, and closes with Beecher or Talmage. What personal style can he develop? What custom is he fitting to himself? None. He is a being of slabs, each from a separate quarry, and as diverse as porphyry and gray free-stone. Sometimes he puts all these into one sermon.

*Rev. J. M. Buckley.*

I AM sick of opinions. I weary to hear them. My soul loathes this frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion. Give me an humble, gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good fruits, "without partiality and without hypocrisy;" a man laying himself out in the work of faith, the patience of hope, and the labor of love. Let my soul be with these Christians, wheresoever they are and whatsoever opinion they are of.

*John Wesley.*

CHRIST fits his ministers, through manifold experience of sorrow and pain, for the highest service. He writes their best sermons for them on their own hearts by the sharp *stylus* of trial. Such as he would make most eminent in his service, he takes farthest with him into Gethsemane.

*W. M. Taylor, D.D.*



THERE is an endless merit in a man's knowing when to have done. The stupidest man, if he will be brief in proportion, may fairly claim some hearing from us; he, too, the stupidest man, has seen something, heard something which is his own, distinctly peculiar, never seen or heard by any man in this world before; let him tell us that—he, brief in proportion, shall be welcome.

*Carlyle.*

ASK you where the place of religious might is? Not the place of religious privileges—not where prayers are daily, and sacraments monthly—not where sermons are so abundant as to pall upon the pampered taste, but on the hillside with the Covenanter; in the wilderness with John the Baptist; in our own dependencies, where the liturgy is rarely heard and Christian friends meet at the end of months; there, amid manifold disadvantages, when the soul is thrown upon itself, a few kindred spirits and God, grow up those heroes of faith, like the centurion, whose firm conviction wins admiration even from the Son of God himself.

*F. W. Robertson.*

WE want originality and authority in our preaching, and we can only get them by being deeply imbued with the Scriptures. We must master their structure and meaning and must drink deep of their inspiration. And to be effective in this age of the world, when mind is so active and men's taste is so cultivated, our pulpit style must have the three great properties of plainness, beauty and force.

*Shedd.*

THE preservation of the ministry in the face and in the midst of many trials, difficulties and discouragements, in the midst of want, perplexity, hardship and sorrow, is one of the most convincing proofs of the divinity of the Christian religion.

*Cyrus Dickson, D.D.*

It is a fitting opportunity to advert to the fact that a revival of religion has at length come to express but one single idea. The only idea that phrase suggests to most minds, is the idea of increase of numbers. There are important consequences distinctly traceable to this error. It has created in many minds a sort of mania for mere acquisition of numbers; it has created an artificial standard of judgment as to the value or efficiency of ministerial work, and has produced a new class of men whose specialty is to tramp over the country for the exclusive object of getting up revivals. But the revivalist mania has about run its course, as it has ceased to be sensational. The moral power and efficiency of the church is not always increased, but is often diminished by the accession of mere numbers. There is far greater need for a revival in *quality*, than for one of mere *quantity*.

*Southwestern Presbyterian.*

A GENUINE revival means a trimming of personal lamps.  
*Theo. L. Cuyler.*

ELEGANCE of language must give way before simplicity in preaching sound doctrine.

*Savonarola.*

It is the property of the religious spirit to be the most refining of all influences. No external advantages, no culture of the taste, no habit of command, no association with the elegant, or even depth of affection, can bestow that delicacy and that grandeur of bearing which belong only to the mind accustomed to celestial conversation. All else is but gilt and cosmetics beside this, as expressed in every look and gesture.

*Emerson.*

IF you ever saw a crow with a king-bird after him, you will get an image of a dull speaker and a lively listener.

*Holmes.*

THE listener is the natural enemy of the speaker.

*August Prévault.*

IT is our hearers who inspire us.

*Vinet.*

A MAN'S call to the ministry consists in his ability to preach the Gospel and the willingness of the people to hear him.

*Stephen H. Tynge, D.D.*

IT is a great deal better to live a holy life than to talk about it. We are told to let our light shine, and if it does we won't need to tell anybody it does. The light will be its own witness. Light-houses don't ring bells and fire cannon to call attention to their shining—they just shine.

*D. L. Moody.*

THE Sabbath-school is the church among the children, coming into closest contact with them, teaching them the Gospel and leading them to a personal knowledge of the Saviour. It is an adjunct of the church and family—not a substitute for either.

*Duryea.*

Go to work! Nothing is more salutary to the human soul than the direct work of saving men. Whatever your theory may be of this or that doctrine, there is man dying in his need, and there is a power which you may apply for his transformation. Therefore go to work upon men and with men. There is restorative influence in that work. I know that whatever doubts I may have, once let my heart and hand join together in working with men for their salvation, and my doubts disappear. The sweetest thought I ever had of God came to me in the act of laboring for my fellow-men. The most glorious views I ever had of man's interior life and of essential divine truths were ministered to me when I was working for the salvation of others.

*Beecher.*

WEARY human nature lays its head on the bosom of the divine Word, or it has nowhere to lay its head. Tremblers on the verge of the dark and terrible valley which parts the land of the living from the untried hereafter, take this hand of human tenderness, yet of godlike strength, or they totter into the gloom without stop or stay. They who look their last look upon the beloved dead, listen to this voice of soothing and peace, or else death is no uplifting of everlasting doors, and no enfolding in everlasting arms, but an ending as appalling to the reason as to the senses—the usher to a charnel-house—whose highest faculties and noblest feelings lie crushed with the animal wreck, and an infinite tragedy, maddening and sickening—a blackness of darkness forever.

*Reply to Essays and Reviews.*

I WOULD not for ten thousand worlds be that man, who, when God shall ask him at last how he has employed most of his time while he continued a minister of His Church and had the care of souls, shall be obliged to reply: “Lord, I have restored many corrupted passages in the classics, and illustrated many which were before obscure; I have cleared up many intricacies in chronology or geography; I have solved many perplexed cases in algebra; I have refined on astronomical calculations, and left behind me many sheets on these curious and difficult subjects; and these are the employments in which my life has been worn out, while preparations for the pulpit and ministrations in it did not demand my more immediate attention.” Oh, sirs! as for the waters that are drawn from these springs, how sweetly soever they may taste to the curious mind that thirsts after them, or to an ambitious mind that thirsts for the applause they sometimes procure, I fear there is too often reason to pour them out before the Lord, with rivers of penitential tears, as the blood of souls which have been forgotten, whilst these trifles have been remembered and pursued.

*Doddridge.*

As things stand at present, our creeds and confessions have become effete, and the Bible a dead letter; and that orthodoxy, which was at one time the glory, by withering into the inert and lifeless, is now the shame and the reproach of all our churches.

*Chalmers.*

EVENTS, with trumpet-call, summon us to our post, with every faculty awake, and every energy engaged. Amidst the din of business, of politics, of science, and of fashion; amidst the jests of laughers, the eloquence of orators, and the clamor of parties, the voice of the preacher will not be heard unless he speak loudly, nor listened to unless he speak earnestly; we shall gain no heed for our religion unless we put forth all our strength; it will be pushed aside, overborne, trampled down in the jostling crowd, if we do not put forth our mightiest energies to bear it up, and to make way for it through the strife and the theory of abounding secularities.

*J. A. James.*

LUTHER rebelled against the Pope in behalf of the ministry; Wesley rebelled against the ministry in behalf of the laity. The Pauline Church made every saint a worker. This was soon perverted and corrupted by Rome, and though Luther and Wesley have done much, we are not out of the clutches of Rome yet. Woman should have her voice in the church. All forces should be utilized, and every one should have a right to serve God, as the grace of God has made him able.

*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

THE men and women who deride the enthusiasm of a Christian heart, and affect to be cold and cynical as regards the rescue of a soul from death, are often the very ones who beggar the language in their raptures over some work of art, perhaps a "consummate" teacup or "precious" picture.

*Sunday School Times.*

To return thanks for the operation of the Spirit of God in the conversion of sinners, is the most delightful part of a minister's duty.

*Christmas Evans.*

WHAT is ministerial success? Crowded churches, full aisles, attentive congregations, the approval of the religious world, much impression produced? Elijah thought so; and when he found out his mistake, and discovered that the applause on Carmel subsided into hideous stillness, his heart wellnigh broke with disappointment. Ministerial success lies in altered lives and obedient, humble hearts; unseen work recognized in the judgment day.

*F. W. Robertson.*

SOME people, judging from their reluctance to give a word of encouragement to their minister, seem to think it is better for him to die of depression than to run the risk of being inflated by a compliment.

*James M. Crowell, D.D.*

AH! languid hand, safe in some scented glove,

Drop that bright prayer-book; catch at rock and thorn;  
Give alms of bread—give truer alms of love—

To other hands whose stains and scars you scorn!

*Mrs. S. M. B. Piatt.*

THE increasing exactions of the church and the world upon ministers, make it necessary that they should be especially honored and supported. In culture, in piety, in earnest, self-sacrificing work, as reformers, as teachers, as leaders of society, they are now more than ever required to be in the front. But they are often crippled if not paralyzed by unjust depreciation and by inadequate support. The church has never done its full duty to its clergy. It must learn to do so, or else be satisfied with a weak and inefficient ministry.

*Rev. Lawrence M. Colfelt.*

I HAVE sought to counsel you in your perplexities, to comfort you in your troubles, to soothe you in your sicknesses, and strengthen you amid your infirmities. I have knelt beside your beds of pain, commending you to the God of all comfort; and have read to you from His blessed Book the words that brought you strength and help. When your precious ones were leaving you, I have tried to help them as they went down into the dark valley; said the last words over their cold forms, and in the after desolation in your darkened chambers, seated beside you in the loneliness of your empty homes, have sought to assuage your sorrow with the comfort wherewith I myself, in like trouble, was comforted of God.

*Thomas R. Markham, D.D.*

OUT of the pulpit I would be the same man I was in it, seeing and feeling the realities of the unseen; and in the pulpit I would be the same man I was out of it, taking facts as they are, and dealing with things as they show themselves in the world.

*George McDonald.*

WE know our place and our portion; to give a witness and to be condemned; to be ill-used and to succeed. Such is the law which God has annexed to the promulgation of the truth; its preachers suffer, but its cause prevails.

*Cardinal Newman.*

AFTER all, it is the utterance of personal conviction that serious men want. The shortest way of coming at men's hearts, and sometimes the shortest way of coming at men's heads, is to tell what you, personally willing to take the leap into the unseen, are depending upon.

*Joseph Cook.*

CLERGYMEN while speaking in the pulpit have their own thoughts about certain toilets and faces down in the pews, and along with their arguments, that might seem to prove

the existence of heaven or hell, they cannot avoid the reflection that Mrs. Oleander has gotten a new shawl, or that Miss Columbine has returned from Europe or Long Branch; but the rules of public address demand that from this multiplicity of ideas in the brain, a judicious selection should be made by the speaker, and that in his assumed discourse on some theological theme he must suppress his views about Mrs. Oleander and Miss Columbine.

*David Swing.*

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## XV.

### WATCH-FIRES.

ONE there is who has silently advanced through time from the beginning. Bloody ages—brilliantly splendid epochs—are merely dissimilar chambers, through which he has advanced, silently, calmly, becoming more and more distinct through the twilight veil, until he has reached the period on the threshold of which he now stands—contemplated by many with rapture, by many with fear. And if it is asked where is this form before whom thrones totter, crowns fall off, and earthly purples grow pale, the reply is—Man, man in his original Truth—man formed in the image of God.

*Frederika Bremer.*

WHAT science calls the uniformity of nature, faith accepts as the fidelity of God. It is a wonderful sermon that science is all the while preaching to us from this text, "God is faithful." Let us lay to heart the lesson, and be thankful for the teaching that has brought it home to us with such power and impressiveness.

*Martineau.*



LET there be no more, accursed races on the earth. Let every one act according to his conscience, and communicate freely with his God. Let thought be only corrected by the contradiction of thought. Let error be an infirmity, and not a crime. Let us agree in acknowledging that opinions sometimes take possession of our understanding quite independent of our will or desire. Let us be so just as to be enabled to see even to what degree each race has contributed to the universal education of humanity.

*Castelar.*

INSTINCT is a propensity prior to experience and independent of instruction.

*Paley.*

GOD, who keeps his word with the birds and fishes in their migratory instinct, will keep his word with man.

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PHILOSOPHY has sometimes forgotten God, as a great people never did. The scepticism of the last century could not uproot Christianity, because it lived in the hearts of the millions. Do you think that infidelity is so reading? Christianity never lived in the hearts of so many millions as at this moment. The forms under which it is professed may decay, for they, like all that is the work of man's hands, are subject to the changes and chances of mortal being; but the spirit of truth is incorruptible; it may be developed, illustrated and applied; it can never die; it never can decline. No truth can perish—no truth can pass away. The flame is undying, though generations disappear. Wherever moral truth has started into being, humanity claims and guards the bequest. Each generation gathers together the imperishable children of the past, and increases them by the new sons of the light, alike radiant and immortal.

*Bancroft.*

IN the whole realm of nature there is never found an unanswerable instinct. The insect knows where to deposit its eggs so that its offspring, alone and unguided by parental touch, may find its necessary food. The bee and the bird work by rules that never change or fail. If, in these minor forms of life, no calculation is disappointed, no purposed end unaccomplished, how much more shall this universal human longing after immortality be answered in the final day?

*Alexander Clark, D.D.*

No candid observer will deny that whatever of good there may be in our American civilization is the product of Christianity. Still less, can he deny that the grand motives which are working for the elevation and purification of our society are strictly Christian. The immense energies of the Christian Church, stimulated by a love that shrinks from no obstacle, are all bent toward this great aim of universal purification. These millions of sermons and exhortations, which are a constant power for good, these countless prayers and songs of praise, on which the heavy-laden lift their hearts above the temptations and sorrows of the world, are all the product of faith in Jesus Christ. That which gives us protection by day and by night—the dwellings we live in, the clothes we wear, the institutions of social order—all these are the direct offspring of Christianity. All that distinguishes us from the Pagan world—all that makes us what we are, and all that stimulates us in the task of making ourselves better than we are—is Christian. A belief in Jesus Christ is the very fountain-head of everything that is desirable and praiseworthy in our civilization, and this civilization is the flower of time. Humanity has reached its noblest thrift, its grandest altitudes of excellence, its high-water mark through the influence of this faith.

*Springfield Republican.*

FREE-LOVE is the tidal wave of hell.

*John Chambers, D.D.*

CHRIST was many ages in advance of the world, and in the effort to catch up with such a leader, the world is busy to-day, and will be busy for generations to come. Long is the distance to be passed over by mankind; but the result is worthy the long march. Each century will die a little nearer the feet of the Lord.

*David Swing.*

THE theological speculatists of Great Britain constitute a class of minds who have gone just far enough into German speculation to be dazzled by it, and not far enough to master it.

*Christlieb.*

LOVE would put a new face on this dreary old world in which we dwell as pagans and enemies too long; and it would warm the heart to see how fast the vain diplomacy of statesmen, the impotence of armies and navies and lines of defense, would be superseded by this unarmed child.

*Emerson.*

MANY groans arise from dying men, which we hear not. Many cries are uttered by widows and fatherless children, which reach not our ears; many cheeks are wet with tears, and faces sad with unutterable grief, which we see not. Cruel tyranny is encouraged. The hands of robbers are strengthened, and thousands are kept in helpless slavery, who never injured us.

*John Woolman.*

LIBERTY! Equality! Fraternity! There is nothing to add, nothing to retrench. They are the three steps of the supreme ladder. Liberty is right; equality is fact; fraternity is duty. All the man is there.

*Victor Hugo.*

LAW is the embodiment of the moral sentiment of the people.

*Blackstone.*

THE sober second thought of the people is seldom wrong.  
*President Van Buren.*

I HAVE seen the sea lashed into fury and tossed into spray, and its grandeur moves the soul of the dullest man, but I remember that it is not the billows, but the calm level of the sea, from which all heights and depths are measured. When the storm has passed and the hour of calm settles on the ocean, when the sunlight bathes its smooth surface, then the astronomer and surveyor take the level from which to measure all terrestrial heights and depths. Gentlemen of the convention, your present temper may not mark the healthful pulse of our people when our enthusiasm has passed. When the emotions of this hour have subsided we shall find that calm level of public opinion below the storm, from which the thoughts of a mighty people are to be measured, and by which their final action will be determined. Not here in this brilliant circle, where fifteen thousand men and women are assembled, is the destiny of the Republican party to be declared. Not here, where I see the faces of seven hundred and fifty-six delegates waiting to cast their votes in the urn and determine the choice of the republic, but by four million Republican firesides, where the thoughtful voters, with wives and children about them, with the calm thoughts inspired by the love of home and country, with the history of the past, the hopes of the future and a knowledge of the great men who have adorned and blessed our nation in days gone by, there God prepares the verdict that shall determine the wisdom of our work to-night. Not in Chicago, in the heats of June, but in the sober quiet that comes to them between now and November; in the silence of deliberate judgment will the great question be settled.

*James A. Garfield.*

WE live in this world only for the favorable opinions of the good and noble. How crushing it must be to occupy with them a position of ambiguous respect!

*Col. E. K. Kane.*

THE plea of emotional insanity or transitory mania, or whatever name may be given to the excuse, has become almost ridiculous. Our experiences in respect to this subject have led us to regard the present aspect which the insanity plea has assumed as repulsive to justice, and fatal to society. When it is not even pretended that a criminal is the unfortunate victim of congenital or hereditary insanity, yet he pleads moral irresponsibility simply because of bad habits, or "criminal proclivities," there are no grounds, in law or justice, shown for his immunity from punishment. Society, law, justice and common sense have been too often outraged by the imbecile sentimentality which has recognized "paroxysmal insanity."

*Judge Hoffman, 1881.*

PUBLIC opinion is the collective judgment of men upon any given event or action. It is the great unwritten law of society, a law which both advertises and enforces itself. It has never been codified, never been printed in type, never been filed for safe keeping in the archives of the state or nation, yet it is recognized and felt as a judicial force in society. It is the unwritten, common law of humanity, perpetuated by tradition, by memory, by the moral sense of each generation. It holds no court, yet its sitting is constant. Its court-room is the parlor, the study, the office, the street, the public assembly; wherever men and women meet to discuss and to converse. It has no official existence, yet it is stronger than all your judges, stronger than your police, stronger than your rulers, stronger than your journals, which are controlled by, while they create and interpret it.

*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

MAN lives apart but not alone;  
He walks amid his peers unread;  
The best of thoughts that he hath known,  
For lack of listeners are never said.

*Jean Ingelow.*

PUBLIC opinion employs no officers, yet it follows and captures men with unfailing certainty. It builds no prisons, it has need of none, for it makes the world a jail, and every man a detective, to watch and restrain the suspected person. Its sentence is final, except when reversed by new light and new proof. Public opinion is, therefore, when analyzed, the unwritten, common law of the soul; the daily, unnoted exercise of the judicial element in human nature, which makes every man a judge. And it is right that man should judge. Society must discriminate between the evil and the good; the line of moral rectitude must be kept white; a judicial standard must be acknowledged. When moral discriminations shall no longer be made, moral security will no longer be possible.

*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

THE only way to clear the track of life is to leave no enemy behind, nothing half apprehended, or half done. We Americans pride ourselves on our genius, on the fruitfulness of our inventions, on the speed with which we travel and send our thoughts. We tunnel mountains; cover the States with a net-work of iron rails; fly streamers on masts over all the lakes and rivers; stretch cables underneath the seas; talk with men miles away; turn out professionals at a fearful rate; seem to accomplish, *do* accomplish, an infinite variety of large results in strangely short intervals of time. But, after all, what we need especially to learn, is the gospel of *thoroughness*.

*Rev. Dr. Twitchell.*

No man ever sailed over exactly the same route that another sailed over before him. Every man who starts on the ocean of life arches his sails to an untried breeze. Like Coleridge's mariner, "he is the first that ever burst into that lonely sea."

*William Mathews.*

PRECISELY because the tyranny of opinion is such as to make eccentricity a reproach, it is desirable in order to break through that tyranny, that people should be eccentric. Eccentricity has always abounded when and where strength of character has abounded; and the amount of eccentricity in a society has always been proportioned to the amount of genius, mental vigor and moral courage which it contained. That so few men now dare to be eccentric, marks the chief danger of the time.

*John Stuart Mill.*

It should be remembered that every loathsome inmate of penitentiaries and state prisons was once a gentle, inoffensive and prattling child; and that every criminal who has "expiated his crimes upon the gallows," was once pressed to a mother's heart. Bad moral training and example transform endearing offspring into hardened men, who often, despite their brilliant talent, shock the world by the blackness of their guilt and the audacity of their crimes.

*Enoch Wines, D.D.*

BAYARD TAYLOR and the school he represents, hold that "too much stress has been laid by reformers on the *moral sense*, and that what men now most need is cultured intellect and strong self-discipline and self-control." This is the apotheosis of culture. A favorite maxim with this class of thinkers is, that "the human intellect contains within itself the germs of goodness which will generally increase with its intellectual growth." But this is contrary to all the facts of history and experience, and can find no footing in the divine word; for while Hellenism, the very flower of human culture, was *conscienceless*, Hebraism and Christianity taught the supremacy of conscience, and by appealing to and educating man's moral nature, have done more to elevate the world than all the acuteness of Greece, the power of Rome, or the polish of modern Europe.

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SIN runs to passion: passion to tumult in character: and a tumultuous character tends to tempests and explosions, which scorn secrecies and disguises. Then the whole man comes to light. He sees himself, and others see him, as he is in God's sight. Those solemn imperatives and their awful responses:—"Thou shalt not"—"I will;" "Thou shalt"—"I will not"—make up, then, all that the man knows of intercourse with God. This is sin, in the ultimate and finished type of it. This is what it grows to in every sinner, if unchecked by the grace of God. Every man unredeemed becomes a demon in eternity.

*Austin Phelps, D.D.*

COME, Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus; come, Eliot, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life; come, Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory, and show us what Christian zeal and Christian love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians and the fiercest hearts. Come, Raikes, from thy labors with the ignorant and the poor, and show us with what an eye this faith regards the lowest and least of our race; and how diligently it labors—not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality. And ye, who are a great number, ye nameless ones, who have done good in your narrow spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your reward in the record on high—come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage the religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak. Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of *Reform*! The past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes; the present is hopeful because of thee; the future shall acknowledge thy omnipotence.

*Chapin.*



Love thyself last; cherish thou hearts that hate thee;  
Corruption wins not more than honesty;  
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not;  
Let all the ends thou aimest at be thy Country's,  
Thy God's and Truth's; then, if thou fallest, O Cromwell!  
Thou fallest a blessed martyr.

*Shakespeare.*

ALL the rich treasures of the past are appropriated by Christianity—the moral culture of the Hebrew, the poetry and philosophy of Greece, the jurisprudence of Rome. All these, in so far as they are pure and good, are absorbed by Christianity, and ennobled and baptized by the Christian spirit. In Christian Europe, poetry, philosophy, science, flourish as they never flourished in any preceding age; and they lay their richest tribute at the feet of Christ, the Divine king of the world.

*Prof. Cocker.*

WHAT! rest, ease here, in the ministry, or in Christian work? There is no rest here. Now is the time for battle, for work! Heaven will be our rest. Now is the time for steady, prayerful, unflinching work.

*Moody.*

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## XVI.

### WATCH-FIRES.

#### CONTINUED.

THE proposed religious amendment to the Constitution of the United States is unnecessary, impracticable and undesirable. Christian law is the corner-stone of the govern-

ment. In its recognition of the Sabbath and its requirement of an oath, God and the supremacy of Christ are indirectly and inferentially recognized and honored by the Constitution as it is; so that Christianity in its various connections permeates the entire structure of the government, and is its underlying and informing spirit. Chaplains are appointed, fasts and thanksgivings are recommended, and one of the most beautiful features of the government is the quiet, unostentatious working through it of Christian ideas.

*F. A. Noble, D.D.*

BURN and destroy the idols of party you have worshiped; banish politics from the municipality and county, limiting it to questions affecting principles in the State and Nation; place competency and integrity at every part of the public service; adorn your courts with judges worthiest to wield the attributes of God; elect representatives that will reflect the majority of a free people; send to the senate statesmen whom history will immortalize and nations make their models. Americans! the countless generations who will dwell within the confines of this continent from now to eternity confide their liberties to you. Uphold them, I implore you, with a patriotism that will never tire; guard them with a vigilance that will never sleep.

*Daniel Dougherty.*

I AM struck with the fact that Bismarck, the great statesman of Germany, probably the foremost man in Europe today, stated as an unquestioned principle, that the support, the defense and the propagation of the Christian Gospel is the central object of the German Government. Our fathers, though recognizing, in common with Germany and other Christian nations of the earth, the supreme importance of religion among men, deliberately turned to the great nation they were about to establish, and said: "You shall never make any law about religion;" and turning to the States, they said, virtually, to them: "You shall

never make any law establishing any form of religion." In other words, here was a right, an interest, too precious to be trusted either to the Nation or to the States. Our fathers said: "This highest of all human interests we will reserve to the people themselves. We will not delegate our power over it to any organized government, State or National. We will not allow any Legislature to make any law concerning it."

*James A. Garfield.*

MY countrymen! this anniversary has gone by forever, and my task is done. While I have spoken the hour has passed from us; the hand has moved upon the dial, and the old century is dead! The American Union hath endured an hundred years! Here, on the threshold of the future, the voice of Humanity shall not plead to us in vain. There shall be darkness in the days to come, danger for our courage, temptation for our virtue, doubt for our faith, suffering for our fortitude, a thousand shall fall before us and tens of thousands at our right hand. The years shall pass beneath, and century-follow century in quick succession. The generations of men shall come and go; the greatness of yesterday shall be forgotten to-day, and the glories of this noon shall vanish before to-morrow's sun; but America shall not perish, but endure while the spirit of our fathers animates their sons.

*Henry Armitt Brown.*

THAT motionless shaft will be the most powerful of speakers. Its speech will be of civil and religious liberty. It will speak of patriotism and of courage. It will speak of the moral improvement and elevation of mankind. Decrepit age will lean against its base, and ingenuous youth gather round it, while they speak to each other of the glorious events with which it is connected, and exclaim, "Thank God! I also am an American!"

*Daniel Webster.*

It may be not unreasonably said that the preservation of the States and the maintenance of their governments are as much within the design and care of the Constitution as the preservation of the Union and the maintenance of the National government. The Constitution in all its provisions looks to an indestructible Union, composed of indestructible States.

*Chief Justice Chase.*

My countrymen ! the moments are quickly passing, and we stand like some traveler upon a lofty crag that separates two boundless seas. The century that is closing is complete. "The past," said your great statesman, "is secure." It is finished and beyond our reach. The hand of detraction cannot dim its glories, nor the tears of repentance wipe away its stains. Its good and evil, its joy and sorrow, its truth and falsehood, its honor and its shame, we cannot touch. Sigh for them, blush for them, weep for them, if we will, we cannot change them now. The old century is dying and they are to be buried with him; his history is finished and they will stand upon its roll forever.

The century that is opening is all our own. The years that are before us are a virgin page. We can inscribe them as we will. The future of our country rests upon us. The happiness of posterity depends on us. The fate of humanity may be in our hands. That pleading voice, choked with the sobs of ages, which has so often spoken to deaf ears, is lifted up to us. It asks us to be brave, benevolent, consistent, true to the teachings of our history, proving "divine descent by worth divine." It asks us to be virtuous, building up public virtue upon private worth; seeking that righteousness which exalteth nations. It asks us to be patriotic, loving our country before all other things; making her happiness our happiness, her honors ours, her fame our own. It asks us in the name of Charity, in the name of Freedom, in the name of God!

*Henry Armitt Brown.*

WHEREVER party spirit shall strain the ancient guarantees of freedom, or bigotry and ignorance shall lay their fatal hands upon education, or the arrogance of caste shall strike at equal rights, or corruption shall poison the very springs of national life—there, minute-men of liberty! are your Lexington Green and Concord Bridge, and as you love your country and your kind, and would have your children rise up and call you blessed, spare not the enemy! Over the hills, out of the earth, down from the clouds, pour in resistless might. Fire from every rock and tree, from door and window, from hearthstone and chamber, hang upon his flank and rear from noon to sunset, and so, through a land blazing with holy indignation, hurl the hordes of ignorance and corruption and injustice, back, back, in utter defeat and ruin.

*George William Curtis.*

SHE takes but to give again,  
As the sea returns the rivers in rain,  
And gathers the chosen of her seed  
From the hunted of every crown and creed.  
Her Germany dwells by a gentler Rhine ;  
Her Ireland sees the old sunburst shine ;  
Her France pursues some dream divine ;  
Her Norway keeps his mountain pine ;  
Her Italy waits by the western brine ;  
And, broad-based under all,  
Is planted England's oaken-hearted mood,  
As rich in fortitude  
As e'er went worldward from the island wall.  
Fused in her candid light,  
To one strong race all races here unite ;  
Tongues melt in hers, hereditary foemen  
Forget their sword and slogan, kith and clan.  
'Twas glory once to be a Roman ;  
She makes it glory now to be a man.

*Bayard Taylor.*

THE land which freemen till,  
Which sober-suited freedom chose ;  
A land where, girt with friends or foes,  
A man may speak the thing he will ;  
A land of settled government ;  
A land of free and old renown,  
Where freedom slowly settles down  
From precedent to precedent.

*Tennyson.*

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here; but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they, who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause, for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

*Abraham Lincoln;*

(Dedication of the Gettysburg Cemetery, Nov., 1863.)

EVEN from this brief review it is manifest that the nation is resolutely facing to the front, resolved to employ its best energies in developing the great possibilities of the future, sacredly preserving whatever has been gained to liberty and good government during the century. Our people are determined to leave behind them all those bitter controversies concerning things which have been irrevocably settled, further discussion of which can only stir up strife and delay the onward march. \* \* \* \* \*

It has been said that unsettled questions have no pity for the repose of nations. It should be said, with the utmost emphasis, that this question of suffrage will never give repose or safety to the States or to the Nation, until each, within its own jurisdiction, makes and keeps the ballot free and pure by the strong sanctions of law.

*James A. Garfield.*

THERE can be no prosperity nor virtue nor glory in the aggregate when the individual is false to the higher dictates within him. By night, by day, at home, abroad, in the field, the mart, the workshop, the closet, the caucus, the legislative hall, the magistrate's chair—let him remember that, wherever he acts, whatever he does, he acts as a complete moral agent, personally, directly responsible to God. Let him remember that he ever represents the state. Let him consider every public transaction in which he is engaged as a private affair, and to that end, in private affairs, let him at all hazards do right. Let a vile deed to which he has given the least countenance, no matter how remote in its operation from his immediate interests, tingle his cheek with shame, as if he had lost personal credit and respect thereby. Let the maxim that 'all is fair in politics' sound as discordant to his ears as the maxim that 'all is fair in religion,' 'all is fair in trade,' 'all is fair in any act of intercourse between man and man.' Let him remember that no movement is so exclusively public as to

take away the force of individual responsibility ; that no multitude is so large as to absorb his moral personality ; but there, in that public movement, there, in that huge crowd, he stands as if he were standing alone in the universe, spiritually naked, listening to the judgment of God and the beating of his own heart.

*Chapin.*

WHAT cordial welcomes greet the guest  
By the lone rivers of the West!  
How faith is kept and truth revered  
And man is loved and God is feared,  
    In woodland homes,  
And where the ocean-border foams!  
There's freedom at our gates, and rest  
For earth's downtrodden and oppressed,  
A shelter for the hunted head,  
For the starved worker toil and bread;  
    Power at thy bounds  
Stops and calls back his baffled hounds.

*Bryant.*

OH, keep their memory green who led  
A suffering Nation's hope forlorn !  
What blows they gave ! What blood they shed !  
    What pangs their patience learned to scorn !  
The patriot saviors ! Swift they rose  
    The primal rights of men to shield ;  
Their bleeding feet and tattered clothes,  
    The unconquered, dauntless soul revealed.  
Remember valor's piteous plight,  
    In Valley Forge, the camp of prayer ;  
Mark wan hope's agonizing night,  
    Storm-mocked on frozen Delaware.  
My heart reveres a stately name,  
    Which, bright and fadeless as a star,  
11



Shines lambent in the sky of fame,  
Above remembered clouds of war.

The name of men's ideal man,—  
Of heroes great the greatest one,—  
The world-praised, pure American,—  
Home-worshiped, godlike Washington.

Still, as his birthday circles round,  
The people's hearts foreknow the time ;  
Sound, loud, majestic music, sound !  
And happy bells, rejoicing chime !

And let stern cannon jar the earth' ;  
For it is meet their echoing boom  
Should celebrate our freedom's birth,  
And re-pronounce oppression's doom.

*W. H. Venable.*

WHAT constitutes a state ?  
Not high-raised battlements or labored mound,  
Thick wall or moated gate ;  
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned ;  
Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
Where, laughing at the storms, rich navies ride ;  
Not starred and spangled courts,  
Where low-browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.

No ; men, high-minded men,  
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,  
In forest, brake, or den,  
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude—  
Men who their duties know,  
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain—  
Prevent the long aimed blow,  
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain—

These constitute a state ;  
And sovereign law, that state's collected will,

O'er thrones and globes elate  
 Sits empress, crowning good, repressing ill,  
 Smit by her sacred frown,  
 The fiend, dissension, like a vapor sinks;  
 And e'en the all-dazzling crown  
 Hides its faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.  
 Such was this heaven-loved isle,  
 Than Leslos fairer, and the Cretan shore!  
 No more shall freedom smile?  
 Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?  
 Since all must life resign,  
 Those sweet rewards which decorate the brave  
 'Tis folly to decline,  
 And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

*Sir William Jones.*

For not in quiet English fields  
 Are these, our brothers, lain to rest,  
 Where we might deck their broken shields  
 With all the flowers the dead love best.  
 For some are by the Delhi walls,  
 And many in the Afghan land,  
 And many where the Ganges falls  
 Through seven mouths of shifting sand.  
 And some in Russian waters lie,  
 And others in the seas which are  
 The portals to the East, or by  
 The wind-swept heights of Trafalgar.  
 Where are the brave, the strong, the fleet?  
 Where is our English chivalry?  
 Wild grasses are their burial-sheet,  
 And sobbing waves their threnody.  
 And thou whose wounds are never healed,  
 Whose weary race is never won;  
 O Cromwell's England! must thou yield  
 For every inch of ground a son?

Go! crown with thorns thy gold-crowned head;  
Change thy glad song to song of pain;  
Wind and wild wave have got thy dead,  
And will not yield them back again.

*Oscar Wilde.*

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XVII.

WATCH-FIRES.

CONCLUDED.

A CRITIC is now aware that his personal taste has no value, that he must set aside his temperament, inclinations, party and interests; that, above all, his talent lies in sympathy, that his first essay in history should consist in putting himself in the place of the men whom he is desirous of judging, to enter into their instincts and habits, to espouse their sentiments, to re-think their thoughts, to reproduce within himself their inward condition, to represent to himself minutely and substantially their surroundings, to follow in imagination the circumstances and the impressions which, added to their innate tendency, have determined their actions and guided their lives. Such a course, in placing us at an artistic point of view, permits us better to comprehend them; and as it is composed of analysis, it is, like every scientific operation, capable of verification and perfectibility. By following this method, we have been able to approve and disapprove of this or that artist, to condemn one and praise another part of the same work, to determine the nature of values, to point out progress or decline, to recognize periods of bloom or decay, not arbitrarily, but according to a common criterion.

*Taine.*

LET us not fall into the vulgar whim and dishonor the century in which we live. Erasmus called the sixteenth century the "excrement of times;" Bossuet thus characterizes the seventeenth century: "A time wicked and small;" Rousseau stigmatizes the eighteenth century in these terms: "This great rottenness in which we live." Posterity has decided against these illustrious minds. She has said to Erasmus, "The sixteenth century is grand;" to Bossuet, "The seventeenth century is grand;" to Rousseau, "The eighteenth century is grand." The infamy of these centuries must have been real, yet these strong men were wrong in complaining. The thinker ought to accept with simplicity and calmness, the center in which Providence has placed him.

*Victor Hugo.*

THIS spirit of free thought may be seen in every department of active life and dry speculation. The most casual observer may detect its presence and recognize its influence in the sphere of civil government. First principles are called into question. The right of property is disputed. The supremacy of the state is made a fiction. The law is made void of authority without the unanimous consent of the governed. The whole machinery of civil government becomes dependent upon the changing whims of the masses, and the nation itself possesses no divine right except as derived from the people. The educational world is also subject to the inroads of the same rash mode of thought. Intellectual discipline is at a discount. Utilitarian instruction is in high demand. Classical lore is a useless fable. Mathematics is a torture to which no virtuous man should be condemned. Business colleges are crowded with young men hurrying into active life, and the whole tendency is to leave behind the standard means by which alone the intellect may be developed and the mind thoroughly strengthened.

*Henry C. Minton.*

It suppresses duration, it suppresses space, it suppresses suffering; it writes a letter from Paris to London, and it has the answer in ten minutes; it amputates a man's thigh while the man is singing and smiling. It has only to realize—and it is close upon it—a progress which is nothing at the side of the other miracles which it has already done; it has only to find the means to propel in a mass of air a bubble of air still lighter; it has already secured the air-bubble, and it holds it imprisoned; it has only to find the impelling force, only to make the vacuum before the balloon, for example, only to burn the air before it, as the rocket would; it has only to resolve in some such way this problem, and it will resolve it; and do you know what will happen? At that very instant frontiers will vanish, barriers will retire, everything which is a Chinese wall around thought, around commerce, around industry, around nationalities, around progress, will crumble.

*Victor Hugo.*

In spite of censorship, in spite of the Index; it will rain books and journals everywhere. Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, will fall in hail on Rome, on Naples, on Vienna, on St. Petersburg. Human speech is manna and the serf will pick it up in the furrows; fanaticisms will die, oppression will be impossible; man crawls along the earth, he escapes; civilization will make herself a flock of birds and fly away, and go whirling, and light joyously on all points of the globe at once. Stop! there she is, she is passing; point your cannon, old despotisms! she disdains you; you are the bullet, she is the lightning; no more hatreds, no more interests mutually annulling one another; no more wars; a sort of new life made up of concord and light, carries away and pacifies the world; the fraternity of peoples crosses space and communes in the eternal azure; men are mingled in the heavens until this last progress; see the point to which this century has brought civilization.

*Victor Hugo.*

THIS system and order everywhere forms the basis of all science, and is indeed the condition without which thought itself could no longer exist. The uniformity of universal law lies at the bottom of all rational thinking and intelligent acting. Whence it may be readily seen how vain and false is the boasted liberty of free thought. No thought is worthy of the name that does not conform itself to the rigid methods of regular law. The liberty of free thought is the thralldom of passion, prejudice and perverted reason, and the real dignity of the human mind is nowhere more worthily displayed than when reverently engaged in discovering to itself the laws by which the "Everlasting Gometer" of the created universe is pleased to execute His designs and accomplish His purposes.

*Henry C. Minton.*

BUT the higher departments of moral and religious thought are perhaps most seriously invaded by this modern spirit of free thinking. Here, as everywhere, freedom of thought is followed by freedom of action, and this ripens into the ranker fruits of libertinism and social anarchy. The family and all the sacred ties of the home circle are lost in the mazy mist of modern socialism. The Bible is a book fit only to be read by children. Revelation is a myth, and the dignity of mind is asserted in the motto: "Science and Reason are the highest powers in man." Paine's successors, gifted with his derisive satire without his power of reason, lecture in Christian cities to crowded and applauding audiences. Such are the actual and legitimate results of the so-called free thought of the nineteenth century. The popular disposition to drift away from the old landmarks of thought is justly considered one of the most alarming symptoms of the present era. The inventive genius of the American mind is indeed marvelous. The glory of our history is in the richness of our apt discoveries.

*Henry C. Minton.*

THE history of mankind as well shows forth the uniformity of law. Social science, yet in its infancy, will one day teach the laws and conditions of national success and social ruin, just as alchemy gave birth to the beautiful science of chemistry, and the mythical stories of ancient astrology to the demonstrations of Kepler's laws. Just as all physical energy may be reduced to the form of heat, so, at the magic touch of such men as the Herschels, Newton and La Place, all scientific truth seems to resolve itself into the chilling formulas of mathematical law.

*Henry C. Minton.*

THE age is tempestuous with speculation, and every new thinker seems to be the center of converging whirlwinds. This restless spirit of inquiry is not confined to those who have been trained in universities, and who are at the head of the world's marching columns, but, owing to the advance of science and the diffusion of knowledge, is to be found wherever the light of the press has penetrated, wherever man has been taught to think and to investigate.

While the great body of Christians throughout the world, hold with an ever tightening grasp to the vital truths of the Gospel, yet we find that among many whose opinions greatly influence, if they do not control the multitude, grave questions have sprung up and are now being hotly discussed, concerning the nature of Christ's redemptive work, the nature of inspiration, the unity and antiquity of the human race, the success of Protestantism, papal infallibility, the necessity for universal Christian union, concerning the relation of church and state; concerning hell and eternal punishment, concerning amusements, concerning baptism and the eucharist, concerning church government and church discipline and church psalmody and music; concerning revivals, the new birth and growth in grace, and the claims and advantages of an imposing liturgy and a splendid ritual service. Athletic minds are now grappling anew with these mighty subjects,

and with an honest aim, let us hope, are struggling forward again towards their just and final settlement. \_\_\_\_\_

The present age, exultant over the many recent wonderful triumphs in the field of natural science, almost unconsciously glides into a materialistic mode of thought, and perhaps too strongly demands that all accepted truth shall conform to the conditions upon which the physical world is found to exist. This tendency leads to endless confusion in all other than the physical sciences; this condition in turn invites the threatening state of the public mind so significantly designated by the term *free thought*.

This tendency to free thinking has been growing ever since the days of Kant, Hegel and Voltaire, and may be seen in the increasing disposition to popularize and simplify all their hidden doctrines and abstruse ideas. The great pendulum of human thought swings slowly; and, by the marvelous force of its own inertia, is always driven beyond the vertical line of absolute perfection.

*Henry C. Minton.*

THIS century is the grandest of centuries; and do you ask why? because it is the sweetest. This century, the immediate and first issue of the French Revolution, freed the slave in America, elevated the pariahs in Asia, extinguished the funeral pile in India, and crushed the last firebrands at the martyr's stake in Europe; is civilizing Turkey, is causing the Gospel to penetrate even to the refutation of the Koran; elevates woman, subordinates the right of might to the might of right; suppresses piracies, softens suffering, makes the galleys wholesome, throws the red branding-iron into the sewer, condemns the death penalty, takes the ball from the foot of the galley-slave, abolishes corporal punishment, degrades and dishonors war, takes the edge away from the Dukes of Alva and the Charles the Ninths, tears out the claws of tyrants.

*Victor Hugo.*



BUT there is a limit, both to the necessity and the capacity of this power of invention. Its needful and salutary exercise should not give it an impetus beyond the range of virtue and safety. In the fresh vigor of national youth, the American people should stand by the old and tested methods of thought and life that have availed the virtuous generations that have gone before, and take warning from the sudden and speedy fall that has uniformly marked the end of those nations that have been lured from the long-trod paths of homely truth and simple virtue.

The present age is certainly far enough down in the line of the world's history to perceive at a single retrospective glance, especially in the light of its eminent achievements in every department of scientific thought, that the great watchword of the entire universe is law—austere, changeless, unfailing law. The shooting grass in the sunny meadow, the surging wave on the mighty deep, the tall peak lifting its head high toward the blue sky above it, sublime with the gray wrinkles of the formative ages through which it has passed, the silvery clouds that float along over it, the sun that lights our day and the more distant suns that illuminate our night, and the yet more remote luminaries whose light, perchance, has never yet had time to wing its flight to this shady nook of the skies—all these bow their obeisance to their great Creator and delight to fulfill His mandates and exemplify His laws.

*Henry C. Minton.*

THIS century proclaims the sovereignty of the citizen and the inviolability of life; it crowns the people and consecrates man. In art it has all varieties of genius: writers, orators, poets, historians, publicists, philosophers, painters, statuaries, musicians, majesty, grace, power, strength, brilliancy, depth, color, form, style. It reinvigorates itself at once in the real and in the ideal; and carries in its hand these two thunderbolts—the true and the beautiful. In

science it performs every miracle: it makes saltpetre out of cotton; of steam, a horse; of the voltaic pile, a workman; of the electric fluid, a messenger; of the sun, a painter. It waters itself with subterranean waters till it warms itself with central fire; it opens on the two infinities those two windows—the telescope, on the infinitely great; the microscope, on the infinitely little; and it finds in the first abyss—stars, and in the second—insects, which prove God to it.

*Victor Hugo.*

WE live in the world's crisis. Never were such changes going on as now. The world never felt such thrills and throbs before. The hearts of men now harden or soften under the influence of the truth quicker than ever; character is now more rapidly formed than ever; opinions are shaking, and hoary errors are dying by sudden paralysis. Truth is crystalizing and asserting its power. We are lost in the whirl of the great agitation, and stunned by the noise of conflicting elements. Plunged in the midst of exciting events, we are bewildered by their novelty and rapidity. Men have forgotten to hope—almost forgotten to pray, but it is God who is shaking the world that false institutions may fall. Behold it in the social, political, financial and religious revolutions that are now taking place with almost dramatic suddenness! Behold it in the opening of iron doors whose creaking rings round the globe! Behold it in the overthrow of wrongs which have resisted the shock of centuries! Can Christianity stand in this hour of the world's trial? I believe she can, for her principles are righteous and immutable; but, with God's help, they must be lived and cherished, and preserved unsullied. What a grand, earnest thing it is to live at such an hour as this! with the roar of conflict all around us, with the graves of saints and martyrs behind us; with a glorious future and heaven before us, what a time for hope, and prayer, and effort!

## XVIII.

## VIOLET-FLAMES.

I DO love violets; they tell the history of woman's love.

*Letitia E. Landon.*

WOMAN must impose a restraint upon her affections until she is challenged. Like the violet, she hides her sweetness beneath the leaf until the hand is stretched to pluck her from concealment.

*B. M. Palmer, D.D.*

I HAVE always said it, nature meant to make woman as its masterpiece.

*Lessing.*

I AM prescient by the very hope  
And promise set upon me, that henceforth  
Only my gentleness shall make me great,  
My humbleness exalt me.

*Elizabeth B. Browning;*

(Eve, in "Drama of Exile".)

THE world is the book of women. Whatever knowledge they may possess is more commonly acquired by observation than by reading.

*Rousseau.*

WHAT causes the majority of women to be so little touched by friendship is, that it is insipid when they have once tasted of love.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

HER voice was ever soft,  
Gentle and low; an excellent thing in woman.

*Shakespeare.*

THE taste forever refines in the study of woman.

*N. P. Willis.*

MAN legislates; woman ornates.

*Eugene Benson.*

CONTACT with a high-minded woman is good for the life of any man.

*Henry Vincent.*

THE influence of poetry in literature is like the influence of true womanhood in society.

*Prof. Parsons.*

MEN like women to reflect them, but the woman who can only reflect a man and is nothing in herself, will never be of much service to him.

*George McDonald.*

To glorify the common offices of life, that is the grandest part of woman's work in this world.

*Joseph J. Duryea, D.D.*

A LOVELY countenance is the fairest of all sights, and the sweetest harmony in the world is the sound of the voice of her whom we love.

*La Bruyère.*

WOMAN has been faithful in a few things; now God is going to make her ruler over many things.

*Susan B. Anthony.*

FROM my experience, not one in twenty marries the first love. We build statues of snow and weep to see them melt.

*Walter Scott.*

LOVE has a way of cheating itself consciously, like a child who plays at solitary hide-and-seek; it is pleased with assurances that it all the while disbelieves.

*George Eliot.*

To be womanly is the greatest charm of woman.

*Gladstone.*

WE glorify the supremacy of a first love, as though the *heart* did not require a training as varied as the *intellect*.

*The Galaxy.*

WE seldom think how much we owe our first love.

*Goethe.*

How little flattering is a woman's love !  
Given commonly to whomsoever is nearest  
And propped with most advantage; outward grace  
Nor inward light is needful; day by day  
Men wanting both are mated with the best  
And loftiest of God's feminine creation,  
Whose love takes no distinction but of gender,  
And ridicules the very name of choice.

*Henry Taylor.*

LOVE is first inspired by a magnetism that has a locked door. It is what women withhold in the coloring of a thought or the tone of voice, the glance of an eye or the pressure of a hand, which ties the bandage over the first sentiment, and turns it into a Cupid.

*N. P. Willis.*

I DID not *fall* in love—I *rose* in love.

*Bulwer.*

THERE are souls that are created for one another in the eternities; hearts that are predestined each to each from the absolute necessities of their nature; and when this man and woman come face to face, these hearts throb and are one.

*Anna E. Dickinson.*

ONE of the most wonderful things in nature is a glance; it is the bodily symbol of identity.

*Emerson.*

I ASKED the Sun,  
 "Can 'st tell me what love is?"  
 He answered only by a smile  
 Of golden light.

I prayed the flowers,  
 "Oh, tell me, what is love?"  
 Only a fragrant sigh was wafted  
 Thro' the night.

"Is love the soul's true life,  
 Or is it but the sport  
 Of idle summer-hours?" I asked  
 Of Heaven above.

In answer, God sent *thee*,  
 Sweet heart, to me!  
 And I no longer question,  
 "What is love?"

*The Galaxy.*

HER eyes are homes of silent prayer.

*Tennyson.*

HAVE you ever thought of it? The memory of an eye is the most deathless of memories, because there, if anywhere, you catch a glimpse of the visible soul as it sits by the window.

*Donald G. Mitchell.*

LADIES, whose bright eyes rain influence.

*Milton.*

I AM not one of those who do not believe in love at first sight, but I believe in taking a second look!

*Henry Vincent.*

'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark  
 Our coming, and look brighter when we come.

*Byron.*

SOME day, some day of days, threading the street  
 With idle, heedless pace,  
 Unlooking for such grace,  
 I shall behold your face !

Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,  
 Or winter's icy chill  
 Touch whitely vale and hill ;  
 What matter ? I shall thrill

Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,  
 And for a moment there  
 I shall stand fresh and fair,  
 And drop the garment care ;

Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 't will be,—  
 How face to face each soul  
 Will slip its long control,  
 Forget the dismal dole

Of dreary fate's dark separating sea ;

And glance to glance and hand to hand in greeting,  
 The past with all its fears,  
 Its silence and its tears,  
 Its lonely yearning years,

Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

*Elizabeth S. Phelps.*

GLANCES are the first billets-doux of love.

*Ninon de l' Enclos.*

DISTANCE injures love less than nearness.

*Richter.*

THE soul is never so hampered by its enthrallment, with-  
 in the body, as when it loves.

*Prof. O. S. Fowler.*

THERE is an atmosphere in the letters of those we love  
which we alone—we who love—can feel.

*Marion Harland.*

WHEN love begins to sicken and decay  
It useth an enforced ceremony.

*Shakespeare.*

A MAN of sense may love like a madman, but never like  
a fool.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

EACH time we love,  
We turn a nearer and a broader mark  
To that keen archer, Sorrow, and he strikes.

*Alexander Smith.*

THE love of man, in his maturer years, is not so much a  
new emotion as a revival and concentration of all his de-  
parted affections for others.

*Bulwer.*

WE bury love;  
Forgetfulness grows over it like grass;  
That is a thing to weep for, not the dead.

*Alexander Smith.*

OH! sweet fond dream of human love!  
A rose-cloud dimly seen above,  
Melting in heaven's blue depths away.

*Whittier.*

LOVE is never lost. If not reciprocated it will flow back  
and soften and purify the heart.

*Irving.*

O, SHALLOW and mean heart! dost thou conceive so little  
of *love* as not to know that it sacrifices all—*love itself*—for  
the happiness of the one it loves?



I HOLD it true whate'er befall,  
I feel it when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost,  
Than never to have loved at all.

*Tennyson.*

THE beautiful are never desolate;  
Some one always loves them—God or man;  
If man abandons, God takes them.

*Bailey.*

SHE was like  
A dream of poetry, that may not be  
Written or told—exceeding beautiful!  
And so came worshipers.

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THE rose is fairest when 'tis budding new,  
And hope is brightest when it dawns from fears;  
The rose is sweetest wash'd with morning dew,  
And love is loveliest when embalm'd in tears.

*Scott.*

I HAVE made my choice, have lived my poems, and though  
youth is gone in wasted days,  
I have found the lover's crown of myrtle better than the  
poet's crown of bays.

*Oscar Wilde.*

BETTER trust all and be deceived,  
And weep that trust and that deceiving,  
Than doubt one heart that, if believed,  
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

Oh! in this mocking world too fast  
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth;  
Better be cheated to the last,  
Than lose the blessed hope of truth.

*Frances A. Kemble.*

BEWARE of her fair hair, for she excels  
All women in the magic of her locks;  
And if she wind them round a young man's heart,  
She will not ever let him go again.

*Shelley.*

MATCHES wherein one party is all passion, and the other all indifference, will assimilate about as well as ice and fire. It is possible that the fire will dissolve the ice, but it is most probable that it will be extinguished in the attempt.

*Colton.*

SHE was said to have made a brilliant match, whatever that may mean. One thing, however, it does not mean; to make a brilliant match is not another form of expression for marrying the man or woman you love.

*Harper's.*

LOVE weepeth always—weepeth for the past,  
For woes that are, for woes that may betide;  
Why should not hard ambition weep at last,  
Envy and hatred, avarice and pride?

*Tennyson.*

THERE, speak in whispers; fold me to thy heart,  
Dear love, for I have roamed a weary weary way;  
Bid my vague terrors with thy kiss depart!  
Oh, I have been among the dead to-day,  
And, like a pilgrim to some martyr's shrine,  
Awed with the memories that crowd my brain,  
Fearing my voice, I woo the charm of thine;  
Tell me thou livest, lovest, yet again.  
Not among graves, but letters old and dim,  
Yellow and precious, have I touched the past,  
Reverent and prayerful as we chant the hymn  
Among the aisles where saints their shadows cast;  
Reading dear names on faded leaves that here

Were worn with foldings tremulous and fond,  
These drowned in plashing of a tender tear,  
Or with death's tremble pointing "the beyond."

And love, there came a flutter of white wings,  
A stir of snowy robes from out the deep  
Of utter silence, as I read the things

I smiled to trace before I learned to weep;  
And hands, whose clasp was magic long ago,  
Came soft before me, till I yearned to press  
Mad kisses on their whiteness; then the woe,  
The sting of death, the chill of nothingness.

One was afar, where golden sands made dim  
The shining steps of the poor trickster Time;  
And one was lost. Ah bitter grief for him  
Who wrecked his manhood in the depths of crime!  
Another, beautiful as morning's beam  
Flushing the Orient, lay meekly down  
Among the daisies, dreaming love's glad dream;  
And one sweet saint now wears a starry crown.

And thus there stole delicious odors still  
From out those relics of the charmed past,  
Sighs from the lips omnipotent to will  
And win rich tribute to the very last;  
But death, or change, had been among my flowers,  
And all their bloom had faded, so that I  
Yield my sad thoughts to the compelling powers  
Of the bright soul I worship till I die.  
Nay, never doubt me, for, by love's divine  
And tearful past, I know my future thine.

---

WHAT greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent, unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting?

*George Eliot.*

THEN, too, I love thee  
 For having so adored me that my presence  
 Near thee was unto thee a sacred thing,  
 For having at my feet, as on an altar,  
 Sacrificed all the fury of thy hate.  
 I love thee for that perfect gentleness  
 That strove to win me, having conquered me;  
 For having set me free and made my fate  
 Depend upon the worthiest, not the strongest;  
 For having braved for me curses and storms,  
 And above all I love thee—for I love thee!  
 Dost thou believe me now?

*M. Lomin.*

OH! cast thou not  
 Affection from thee! In this bitter world,  
 Hold to thy heart that only treasure fast;  
 Watch, guard it—suffer not a breath to dim  
 The bright gem's purity.

*Felicia Hemans.*

LOVE not told,  
 And only born of absence and by thought,  
 With thought and absence may return to naught.

*Jean Ingelow.*

HE did not notice that I never spoke to her in the same  
 key of voice to which the conversation of others was at-  
 tuned. He saw not that while she turned to him with a  
 smile or a preparation to listen, she heard my voice as if  
 her attention had been arrested by distant music, with no  
 change in her features except a look more earnest; she  
 would have called him to look with her at a glowing sunset  
 or to point out a new corner in the road from the village;  
 but if the moon had gone suddenly into a cloud and sad-  
 dened the face of the landscape, or if the wind had sounded  
 mournfully through the trees as she looked out upon the  
 night, she would have spoken of that first to me!

*N. P. Willis.*

THEY sin who tell us love can die;  
With life all other passions fly;  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell.  
Earthly, these passions of low earth,  
They perish where they have their birth;  
But love is indestructible—  
Its holy flame forever burneth;  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times opprest,  
It here is tried and purified,  
And hath in heaven its perfect rest.  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of love is there.  
Oh! when a mother meets on high  
The babe she lost in infancy,  
Hath she not then for all her fears,  
The day of woe, the watchful night,  
For all her sorrows, all her tears,  
An over-payment of delight?

*Southey.*

THERE is not an hour  
Of day or dreaming night, but I am with thee;  
There's not a wind but whispers of thy name,  
And not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon,  
But in its hues or fragrance tells a tale of thee.

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SELDOM hath my tongue pronounced that name,  
But the dear love, so deeply wounded there,  
I, in my heart, with silent faith sincere,  
Devoutly cherish till we meet again.

*Southey.*

OH ! if thou lovest and art a woman,  
 Hide thy love from him whom thou dost worship—  
 Never let him know how dear he is ;  
 Flit like a bird before him,—  
 Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower,  
 But be not won, or thou mayest like that bird,  
 When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected  
 And perish in forgetfulness.

*Letitia E. Landon.*

THE night has a thousand eyes,  
 The day but one ;  
 Yet the light of the bright world dies  
 With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,  
 The heart but one ;  
 Yet the light of a whole life dies,  
 When love is done.

SAY never, ye loved *once*,  
 God is too near above, the grave below,  
 And all our moments go  
 Too quickly past our souls, for saying so.  
 The mysteries of life and death avenge  
 Affections light of range;  
 There comes no change to justify that change.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

I FAIN would ask thee to forget;  
 'T were best, perhaps, I were forgot;  
 I raise the pen to write—and yet  
 I write the words—"forget me not."  
 How can I ask thee to forget,  
 When 'tis so sweet to remembered be?  
 Then let me say without regret,  
 Think—yes, ofttimes think of me.

IF I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange  
And be all to me? Shall I never miss  
Home-talk and blessing, and the common kiss  
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange  
When I look up, to drop on a new range  
Of walls and floors—another home than this?  
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is  
Filled by dead eyes, too tender to know change?  
That's hardest. If to conquer love has tried,  
To conquer grief, tries more, as all things prove;  
For grief, indeed, is love and grief besides;  
Alas! I have grieved so, I am hard to love.  
Yet love me, wilt thou? Open thine heart wide  
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove!

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

THERE are many phases through which the soul must pass before it can attain even that approximation to the divine which is possible on earth. We cling to prop after prop; we follow longingly whichever of earth's beautiful and blessed things seems most to realize that perfect ideal which we call happiness. Of these joys the dearest, truest and most satisfying, is that which lifts us out of ourselves, and unites us in heart and soul—aye, and intellect too, for the spirit must find its mate to make the union perfect—with some other being. This we call love. But the chances of fortune come between us and our desires; the light passes, and we go on our way in darkness. We walk alone, and earth's deepest and most real joys float by like shadows. Alas! we can but stretch our arms toward that Infinite, which alone is able to fill the longings of an immortal spirit. Then, with wounded souls lying naked and open before the Beholder of all, we look yearningly toward the eternal and divine life, complete, unchangeable, and cry, with subdued voice, "O God! thy fullness is sufficient for me; O God! thy love is an all-boundless store!"

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I WAKE. Ah! would that I could sleep again!  
For in my slumber I had quite forgot  
The weariness, the heart-ache and the pain  
That makes the burden of my waking lot.  
I wake. Ah! would that, waking, I could live  
The dreams that slumber to my senses brought!  
Why not? Why may I not full freedom give  
To soul and sense, and, disregarding aught  
That frets and fetters individual life,  
Fill full my waking with the dream-life bliss,  
And count the ills, in waking moments rife,  
As only dreams? Ay, darling, even this  
I can and will, if only thou wilt take  
Thy path with me, from all the world aside,  
Content forevermore with me to make  
My dream our life, thy heart the only guide!

*"Montebello."*

You, O man! who with your honey words and your tender looks steal away a young girl's heart, for thoughtless or selfish vanity, do you know what it is you do? Do you know what it is to turn the precious fountain of woman's first love into a very Marah, whose bitterness may pervade her whole life's current, crushing her, if humble, beneath the torture of self-contempt, or, if proud, making her cold, heartless, revengeful, quick to wound others as she herself has been wounded? And if she marry, what is her fate? She has lost that instinctive worship of what is noble in man, which causes a woman gladly to follow out the righteous altar-vow, and in "honoring and obeying" her husband to create the sunshine of her home; and this is caused by your deed! Is not such a deed a sin? Aye, only second to that deadly one which ruins life and fame, body and soul! Yet man does both toward women, and goes smiling amidst the world, which smiles at him again.

*Miss Muloch.*



Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover, to remove.  
Oh, no! It is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests and is never shaken.  
*Shakespeare.*

Love is enough. Let us not seek for gold.  
Wealth breeds false aims, and pride and selfishness:  
In those serene, Arcadian days of old,  
Men gave no thought to princely homes and dress.  
The gods who dwelt in fair Olympia's height  
Lived only for dear love and love's delight ;  
Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we care for fame?  
Ambition is a most unpleasant guest:  
It lures us with the glory of a name  
Far from the happy haunts of peace and rest.  
Let us stay here in this secluded place,  
Made beautiful by love's endearing grace ;  
Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we strive for power?  
It brings men only envy and distrust ;  
The poor world's homage pleases but an hour,  
And earthly honors vanish in the dust.  
The grandest lives are oftentimes desolate ;  
Let me be loved, and let who will be great ;  
Love is enough.

Love is enough. Why should we ask for more?  
What greater gift have gods vouchsafed to men?  
What better boon of all their precious store  
Than our fond hearts that love and love again?  
Old love may die; new love is just as sweet;  
And life is fair, and all the world complete:  
Love is enough!  
*Ella Wheeler.*

“TILL death us part,”  
So speaks the heart,  
When each to each repeats the words of doom;  
Thro’ blessing and thro’ curse,  
For better and for worse,  
We will be one till that dread hour shall come.

Life, with its myriad grasp,  
Our yearning souls shall clasp,  
By ceaseless love, and still expectant wonder;  
In bonds that shall endure,  
Indissolubly sure,  
Till God in death shall part our paths asunder.

Till Death us join,  
O voice yet more divine!  
That to the broken heart breathes hope sublime;  
Thro’ lonely hours  
And shattered powers  
We still are one, despite of change and time.

Death, with his healing hand,  
Shall once more knit the band,  
Which needs but that one link which none may sever;  
Till thro’ the Only Good,  
Heard, felt and understood,  
Our life in God shall make us one forever.

*Dean Stanley.*

ALAS! how bitter are the wrongs of love!  
Life has no other sorrow so acute;  
For love is made of every fine emotion  
Of generous impulses and noble thoughts;  
It looketh to the stars, and dreams of heaven;  
It nestles mid the flowers and sweetens earth.  
Love is aspiring, yet is humble too;  
It doth exalt another o’er itself  
With sweet heart-homage, which delights to raise  
That which it worships, yet is fain to win

The idol to its lone and lonely home  
Of deep affection. 'Tis an utter wreck  
When such hopes perish. From that moment life  
Has in its depths a well of bitterness,  
For which there is no healing.

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O THE anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stunted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know.

*George Eliot.*

Love's arms were wreathed about the neck of Hope,  
And Hope kissed Love, and Love drew in her breath  
In that close kiss, and drank her whispered tales;  
They said that Love would die when Hope was gone,  
And Love mourn'd long, and sorrow'd after Hope;  
At last she sought out Memory, and they trod  
The same old paths where Love had walked with Hope,  
And Memory fed the soul of Love with tears.

*Tennyson.*

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## XIX.

### VIOLET FLAMES.

#### CONCLUDED.

THE most perfect thing in the world is a woman's temper, but I am bound to say I have seen some tempers better than others.

*Henry Vincent.*

THERE has nearly always been a good wife behind every great man, and there is a good deal of truth in the saying that a man can be no greater than his wife will let him.

*Edward Eggleston.*

A MAN cannot leave a better legacy to the world than a well educated family.

*Rev. Thomas Scott.*

HE travels safe, and not unpleasantly, who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

WOMAN! with that word,  
Life's dearest hopes and memories come;  
Truth, beauty, love, in her adored,  
And earth's lost paradise restored,  
In the green bower of home.

*Halleck.*

A MAN who has not some woman, somewhere, who believes in him, trusts him and loves him, has reached a point where self-respect is gone.

*Holland.*

UNTIL the ladies have recognized, or refused to recognize, a man's merit, his social position is not yet determined.

*London Saturday Review.*

WHAT gathering flowers in a wood is to children, that shopping in large cities is to women. To wander from shop to shop, to compare, to choose, to appropriate—it is like gathering flowers.

*Auerbach.*

HOME is the crystal of society, and domestic love and duty are the best security for all that is most dear to us on earth.

*Samuel Smiles.*

PUBLIC gossip is sometimes the best security for the fulfilment of engagements.

*Bulwer.*

THE hearthstone has ever been the corner-stone of the family and of society.

*Bellows.*

HOME 's not merely four square walls,  
Though with pictures hung and gilded;  
Home is where affection calls,  
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.

*Queen.*

IF the home-life is inharmonious, nothing can go well. The root of all, unless this is wholesome and firm, the flower must needs be poor and the fruit bad. Let us learn again the infinite importance of keeping the peace at home, and the need of cultivating the nobler qualities of mind and heart, if this is to be done well.

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Alas! for aught that ever I could read,  
Could ever hear by tale or history,  
The course of true love never did run smooth;  
But either it was different in blood,  
Or else misgraffed in respect to years,  
Or else it stood upon the choice of friends,  
Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
Nor death, or sickness did lay siege to it,  
Making it momentary as a sound,  
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream;  
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
That, in a spleen, enfolds both heaven and earth,  
And ere a man hath power to say, behold!  
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;  
So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Shakespeare.*

THAT which is nearest us touches us most. The passions rise higher at domestic than at imperial tragedies.

*Samuel Johnson.*

OH! man may bear with suffering; his heart  
Is a strong thing, and godlike in the grasp  
Of pain that wrings mortality; but tear  
One chord affection clings to, part one tie  
That binds him unto woman's delicate love,  
And his great spirit yieldeth like a reed.

*N. P. Willis.*

WE wind our life about another life,  
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;  
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,  
Leaving us stunned and stricken and alone;  
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn,  
This also can be borne.

*Florence Percy.*

AND still I changed; I was a boy no more,  
My heart was large enough to hold my kind,  
And all the world; as hath been oft before  
With youth, I sought, but I could never find  
Work hard enough to quiet my self-strife,  
And use the strength of action-crowning life.

*Jean Ingelow.*

WHEN he shall hear she died upon his word,  
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into the study of his imagination,  
And every lovely organ of her life  
Shall come appareled in more precious habit,  
More moving, delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she lived indeed.

*Shakespeare.*

THE modern Cupid is no longer blind, but clear-sighted, calculating and practical.

*William Black.*

FLIRTATION is attention without intention.

*Burdette.*

NATURAL selection—Marrying for Love. Struggle for existence—Marrying without money.

*Punch.*

IT is these invisible, subtle strokes at the unseen centers of hope and courage that are hard to bear.

*Chronicles of Carlingford.*

HE was not all unhappy. His resolve  
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore  
Prayer from a living source within the will,  
And beating up through all the bitter world,  
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,  
Kept him a living soul.

*Tennyson.*

IT is a dear delight for the soul to have trust in the fidelity of another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with tears and the touch of pain. It pours a balm into the very source of sorrow. It is a hope und deferred, a flowery seclusion, into which the mind, when weary of sadness, may retreat for a caress of constant love; a warmth in the hand of friendship for ever lingering on the hand; a consoling voice that dwells as with an eternal echo on the ear; a dew of mercy falling on the bruised and troubled hearts of this world. Bereavements and wishes long withheld descend sometimes as chastening griefs upon our nature; but there is no solace to the bitterness of broken faith.

*Harper's.*

EASY—crying widows take new husbands soonest; there is nothing like wet weather for transplanting.

*Holmes.*

To love satisfies one-half of our nature; to be loved satisfies the other half. But no human love can fully satisfy us, because man is so constituted that nothing finite can suffice him; his heart ever springs beyond the universe in search of an ideal of beauty, a perfect object of love and adoration; and no human love for us can make us perfectly happy, for no human heart is fully attuned to ours—no human heart can wholly understand or sympathize with our own.

*A. A. Hodge, D.D.*

WE walk alone through all life's various ways,  
Through light and darkness, sorrow, joy and change;  
And greeting each to each, through passing days—  
Still we are strange.

We hold our dear ones with a firm, strong grasp;  
We hear their voices, look into their eyes;  
And yet, betwixt us in that clinging clasp  
A distance lies.

We cannot know their hearts, howe'er we may  
Mingle thought, aspiration, hope and prayer;  
We cannot reach them, and in vain essay  
To enter there.

Still, in each heart of hearts a hidden deep  
Lies, never fathomed by its dearest, best;  
With closest care our purest thoughts we keep,  
And tenderest.

But, blessed thought! we shall not always so  
In darkness and in sadness walk alone;  
There comes a glorious day when we shall know  
As we are known.

*Eleanor Gray.*



THE man who truly loves, loves humbly and fears not that another may be preferred, but that another may be worthier of preference than himself.

*Miss Mulloch.*

*Adriana.*—Nay, said I not—  
And if I said it not, I say it now;  
I'll follow thee through sunshine and through storm;  
I will be with thee in thy weal and woe;  
In thy afflictions, should they fall upon thee,  
In thy temptations, when bad men beset thee;  
In all thy perils which must now press round thee,  
And should they crush thee, in the hour of death,  
Let but thy love be with me to the last.

*Artevelde.*—My love is with thee ever; that thou knowest.

*Henry Taylor.*

THESE longing eyes may never more behold thee,  
These yearning arms may never more enfold thee;  
To my sad heart I never more may press thee,  
But day and night I never cease to bless thee.

I do not envy those who may be near thee,  
Who have that joy supreme, who see thee, hear thee;  
I bless them also, knowing they, too, love thee,  
And that they prize no earthly thing above thee.

I do not even hope again to meet thee,  
I never dare to think how I should greet thee,  
Low in the dust should I fall before thee,  
And, kneeling there, for pardon should implore thee.

Alas! 't would be a sin to kneel before thee—  
A sin to let thee know I still adore thee,  
I kneel and pray that Heaven may bless and guide thee;  
Love of my life! to Heaven's care I confide thee.

*Blackwood's.*

LET fate do her worst, there are relics of joy,  
Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy,  
That come in the night time of sorrow and care,  
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.  
Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,  
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;  
You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still.

*Thomas Moore.*

LORD ! we would put aside  
The gauds and baubles of this mortal life—  
Weak self-conceit, the foolish tools of strife,  
The tawdry garb of pride—

And pray, in Christ's dear name,  
Thy grace to deck us in the robes of light;  
That at His coming we may stand aright,  
And fear no sudden shame.

*An Advent Carol.*

SWEET heart, good bye! that flut'ring sail  
Is spread to waft me far from thee,  
And soon, before the farth'ring gale,  
My ship shall bound upon the sea.  
Perchance, all des'late and forlorn,  
These eyes shall miss thee many a year;  
But unforgotten every charm—  
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.  
Sweet heart, good bye! one last embrace!  
Oh, cruel fate, two souls to sever!  
Yet in this heart's most sacred place  
Thou, thou alone, shalt dwell forever;  
And still shall recollection trace,  
In fancy's mirror, ever near,  
Each smile, each tear, that form, that face—  
Though lost to sight, to memory dear.

I HAD a friend once, and she was to me  
What fragrance is to flowers, or songs to birds—  
Part of my being; but there came a time—  
I cannot tell you how, or where, or when,—  
A time that severed us. There was no fierce,  
Hot trouble at our parting. It was calm,  
Because it was so gradual. Ere I knew,  
We had grown cold at meeting, colder still  
At our good-bye. But looking on it now,  
After weary days, I marvel at it all,  
And weep more tears than I did then, by far,  
Over this strange, sad parting; this blank wreck  
Of love, and hope, and friendship, and warm trust.  
Oh! it is pitiful—this breaking up  
Of human sympathy and sweet heart-tryst!  
Had we so many friends—this friend and I—  
That we could well afford to give the slip,  
Each to the other? drifting thus apart  
Like ships that meet upon some tropic sea  
For one brief, passing hour, exchange stale news,  
Gossip of cargoes, or the last made port,  
Then sail away, each on its separate course,  
And never dream, nor care, to meet again!

I think the heart grows chary of its friends,  
As years and death do steal them from our grasp;  
I could not let a friend go now, as I  
Did her; for I was young then—both were young.  
Ah, well! I wonder if she cares, or if  
She ever thinks of those old foolish days,  
When, with her hand in mine, we sat and talked,  
And kissed each other t'wixt our happy words,  
And vowed eternal friendship, endless trust.  
It may be so; and if this idle verse—  
Albeit, not so idle as it seems—  
Should meet her gaze—I would, I would it might—  
She, too, may give a sigh to those old days,

And wish, with me, that one had been more true,  
And both more patient—that the olden time  
Had less of bitterness mixed with its sweet,  
Making the after-draught so drugged with pain,  
That even now tears come because of it.

---

If there should come a time, as well there may,  
When sudden tribulation smites thine heart,  
And thou dost come to me for help and stay  
And comfort—how shall I perform my part?  
How shall I make my heart a resting place,  
A shelter safe for thee when terrors smite?  
How shall I bring the sunshine to thy face,  
And dry thy tears in bitter woe's despite?  
How shall I win strength to keep my voice  
Steady and firm, although I hear thy sobs?  
How shall I bid thy fainting soul rejoice,  
Nor mar the counsel of mine own heart-throbs?  
Love, my love, teaches me a certain way,  
So, if the dark hour comes, I am thy stay.

I must live higher, nearest the reach  
Of angels in their blessed truthfulness;  
Learn their usefulness, ere I can teach  
Content to thee whom I would gladly bless.  
Ah me! what woe were mine if thou should'st come  
Troubled, but trusting, unto me for aid,  
And I should meet thee, powerless and dumb,  
Willing to help thee, but confused, afraid?  
It shall not happen thus, for I will rise,  
God helping me, to higher life, and gain  
Courage and strength to give thee counsel wise,  
And deeper love to bless thee in thy pain;  
Fear not, dear love! thy trial hour shall be  
The dearest bond between my heart and thee.

*All the Year Round.*

SOME hearts go hungering through the world,  
And never find the love they seek;  
Some lips with pride or scorn are curled,  
To hide the pain they may not speak;  
The eye may flash, the mouth may smile,  
The voice in gladdest music thrill,  
And yet beneath them all the while,  
The hungry heart be pining still.

O, eager eyes which gaze afar!  
O, arms which clasp the empty air!  
Not all unmarked your sorrows are,  
Not all unpitied your despair,  
Smile, patient lips, so proudly dumb;  
When life's frail tent at last is furled,  
Your glorious recompense shall come,  
O hearts, that hunger through the world!

---

WHEN the pale wreath is laid upon the tomb,  
Love's last fond homage offered to the dead,  
And the bereft, with tears and drooping head,  
Bid mute farewell on sadly turning home,  
Sister and brother, widowed love and friend,  
Review, as in a solemn vision then,  
Their dear one's life, its bliss and bitter pain,  
Its restless hopes now ever at an end.  
The common thought lifts them above despair,  
One brief thanksgiving is on every tongue :  
That faithful heart shall never more be wrung  
With cold unkindness or with aching care ;  
That generous mind no stern rebuffs shall vex ;  
That busy brain no problems dire perplex.

---

It sometimes happens that two friends will meet,  
And, with a smile and touch of hands, again  
Go on their way along the noisy street.

Each is so sure of all the friendship sweet,  
The loving silence gives no thought of pain.  
And so, I think, those friends whom we call dead  
Are with us. It may be some quiet hour,  
Or time of busy work for hand or head—  
Their love fills all the heart that missed them so.

They bring a sweet assurance of the life  
Serene, above the worry that we know;  
And we grow braver for the comfort brought.  
Why should we mourn because they do not speak  
Our words that lie so far below their thought?

*Sunday Afternoon.*

AND this is life : to live, to love, to lose !  
To feel a joy stir, like an unsung song,  
The deep, unwrit emotions of our souls ;  
Then, when we fain would utter it, to find  
Our glad lips stricken dumb. To watch a hope  
Climb like a rising star, till from the heights  
Of fair existence, it sends luster down,  
Whose radiance makes earth's very shadows shine,  
Then suddenly to see it disappear,  
Leaving a bleak, appalling emptiness  
In all the sky it did illuminate.  
To build up, stone by stone, a temple fair,  
On whose white altars we do burn our days ;  
To form its arches of our dearest dreams ;  
To shape its pillars of our strongest strength,  
Then suddenly to see that temple fall,  
A broken and irreparable wreck—  
Its shape all shapeless, and its formless form  
In ruthless ruin's unrelenting grasp.  
To veil our shrinking eyes, lest they should see  
Life's grim appraisers, death and burial,  
Come down the path that leads across our hearts,

To write us paupers in the book of love.  
To dream, in all life's happy arrogance—  
Life's proud proportions limitless, then find  
Life's limit limited by one fresh grave—  
To stand beside that new-made mound, and feel  
Within that cell is locked forever up  
The precious honey, gathered drop by drop  
From out the fairest flower-fields of our souls ;  
Lonely and desolate to cast ourselves,  
In some white city of the silent, down  
Beside some cold, forbidding marble door,  
And feel ourselves forever shut away  
From that which was our dearest and our own ;—  
To know, however earnestly we knock,  
That door will ne'er be opened unto us—  
To know the dweller there will never step  
Beyond the boundary of that cruel gate ;  
To know, howe'er we plead, no lip therein  
Will break into its old accustomed smile,  
The folded hands stretch out no welcomings,  
The fastened eyelids never lift themselves  
Again in answering anguish, or glad love,  
From out the frozen bondage of their sleep.  
'Tis thus to love, and bury out of sight  
Some precious darling of our dearest years,  
Some far outstretched root of our own hearts,  
Some flowery branch that we had hoped to train  
Along the loftiest trellises of hope.  
Life, love and loss ! Three little words that make  
The compass of that varied road which lies  
Stretched out between our swaddles and our shroud !  
Life, love and loss ! Three ripples on one brook ;  
Three unstemmed currents emptying themselves  
Into one vast and vague eternity.

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GREAT, indeed, is the task assigned to woman. Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern enterprises; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies are led, empires are governed. To guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity, the frail, yet spotless creature, whose moral no less than physical being must be derived from her; to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, shall learn to bless: To soften firmness into mercy and chasten honor into refinement; to exalt generosity into virtue; by a soothing care to allay the anguish of the body and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil; to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away—such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Saviour—these are the theaters on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny: to visit the forsaken, to attend the neglected; when monarchs abandon, when counselors betray, when justice persecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged; and to exhibit in this lower world a type of that love, pure, constant and ineffable, which in another world we are taught to believe the test of virtue.

*Blackwood's.*

BUT time would fail to attempt to catalogue the grand women of the last twenty-five years alone, who, according to the generally recognized theory of woman's life, have been superfluous, because unmarried women—"social failures," as Sir Henry James calls them. All through the land, in homes and outside of them, I find these women, unwedded, in the vulgar parlance of everyday speech



called "old maids," with a shrug of the shoulder, and a slight dash of scorn; in the finer language of sociologists and essayists denominated "superfluous women." They have been brave enough to elect to walk through life alone, when some man has asked them in marriage, whom they could not love. With white lips they said "No," while their hearts have said "Yes," because duty demanded of them the sacrifice of their own happiness. Their lives have been the stepping stones for the advancement of younger sisters; they have earned the money to carry brothers through college into professions; like the caryatides of architecture, they stand in their places and uphold the roof over a dependent household; they invert the order of nature and become mothers to the aged, childish parents, fathers and mothers, whose failing feet they guide gently down the hill of life, and whose withered hands they, by and by, fold beneath the daisies; they carry words of cheer and a world of comfort to households invaded by trouble, sickness or death. The dusty years stretch far behind them; beauty and comeliness drop away from them, and they grow faded and careworn; they become nobodies to the hurrying, rushing, bustling world, and by and by they will slip out into the gloom—the shadows will veil them forever from earthly sight—the great surprise of joyful greeting will welcome them, and they will thrill to the embrace of the Heavenly Bridegroom.

*Mary A. Livermore.*

THEY were living to themselves; self, with its hopes and promises and dreams, still had hold of them: but the Lord began to fulfill their prayers. They had asked for contrition, and He sent them sorrow; they had asked for purity, and He sent them thrilling anguish; they had asked to be meek, and He had broken their hearts; they had asked to be dead to the world, and He slew all their living hopes; they had asked to be made like unto Him, and He had placed them in the furnace, sitting by as a "refiner of silver," till

they should reflect His image; they had asked to lay hold of His cross, and when He had reached it to them, it lacerated their hands.

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THROUGH court, and through mart, and through college,

The grand truth is working at length—

There's a purity wiser than knowledge,

There's a righteousness stronger than strength.

And though pride unto pride hath erected

The temple of state and the tower,

God again, what the builders rejected,

Uplifteth in honor and power.

And in woman unshackled—the token

That justice, faith, truth are to reign;

That the bow shall be shaftless and broken,

The scepter cast aside and the chain.

That no more to the loves and soft languor

Is fair Amaryllis to slave,

While wrongs front her impotent angers,

But the sword shall strike and shall save.

And her virtue, the Esau, the Nero,

The traitor, shall blast with its light;

Like the shield of the fabled Ruggero,

Its luster shall be for her might.

Then at last, from the deathful reposing,

Human hope shall awake to God's day;

And the stone, its cold sepulchre closing,

The angels of God roll away.

Then the nation shall gird for high duty,

And live to the purpose of God;

And the arm man has kissed but for beauty

Shall share with him balance and rod.

*Rev. R. R. McNulty.*

WITH gentle looks and hearts made calm by sorrow,  
I see them moving on their earthly way,  
They wait, in patience, what may come to-morrow,  
Faithful to all the duties of to-day;  
They watch around the bedsides of the dying,  
And soothe the sufferers with their quiet cares;  
They seek the homes where new-born grief is crying,  
And mingle service with their silent prayers.

The bloom of youth, the blush of early roses,  
Has faded long ago from off their cheek,  
But in its stead a holy peace reposes,  
A heavenly beauty, angel-like and meek;  
The mirth and song, the choral of the dances,  
Have died away amid departed years,  
The eyes look upward now, with loving glances,  
And death itself is shorn of all its fears.

It is the same old, ever-blessed story,  
Of holy women clinging round the cross;  
They had not seen the Lord's transfiguring glory,  
But they were with him in his shame and loss;  
Around his grave, with ointments and sweet spices,  
They hovered, as the birds about their nest;  
For love like theirs dies not in cold surmises,  
But kindles courage in the humblest breast.

The costliest service human hands can render  
Comes without cost—is never bought and sold;  
It flows from human hearts, by love made tender,  
And moves above the purchase power of gold.  
On the same paths where selfish greed is stalking,  
Rating all virtue at a market price,  
These saintly feet unselfishly are walking,  
To comfort pain and heal the wounds of vice.

Then tell me not that earth is wholly barren,  
While these angelic souls still linger here;  
Sweeter than roses in the vale of Sharon

Are their kind deeds, besprinkled with a tear;  
And heaven itself above their path is bending,  
To watch their acts of mercy, day by day;  
And angel bands are on their steps attending,  
To shed a glory o'er their shining way.

*Rev. J. N. Tarbox.*

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XX.

SUNBURSTS.

THE ocean stood like crystal. The soft air  
Stirred not the glassy waves, but sweetly there  
Had rocked itself to slumber. The blue sky  
Leaned silently above, and all its high  
And azure-circled roof, beneath the wave,  
Was imaged back, and seemed the deep to pave  
With its transparent beauty. While, between  
The waves and sky, a few white clouds were seen  
Floating upon their wings of feathery gold,  
As if they knew some charm the universe enrolled.

A holy stillness came, while, in the ray  
Of heaven's soft light, a delicate foam-wreath lay  
Like silver on the sea. Look ! look ! why shine  
Those floating bubbles, with such light divine?  
They break, and from their midst a lily form  
Rises from out the wave, in beauty warm.  
The wave is by the blue-veined feet scarce prest,  
Her silky ringlets float about her breast,  
Veiling its fairy loveliness. While her eye  
Is soft and deep as the blue heaven is high.  
The beautiful is born, and sea and earth  
May well revere the hour of that mysterious birth.

*R. C. W.*

WHAT shall we say of flowers—those flaming banners of the vegetable world, which march in such various and splendid triumph before the coming of its fruits?

*Duke of Argyle.*

OF too much beauty let us complain when we have had a spring day too delightful, a sunbeam too delicately spun, an autumn too abundant. The finest writers in the world have been the most luxuriant.

*Gilfillan.*

NATURE never did betray  
The heart that loved her. 'Tis her privilege,  
Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
From joy to joy ; for she can so inform  
The mind that is within us, so impress  
With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold,  
Is full of blessings.

Therefore let the moon  
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ;  
And let the misty mountain winds be free  
To blow against thee ; and, in after years,  
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
Into a sober pleasure ; when the mind  
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms ;  
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
For all sweet sounds and harmonies ; oh ! then,  
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
And these my exhortations !

*Wordsworth.*

FASTEN your souls sō high, that constantly  
The smile of your heroic cheer may float  
Above all floods of earthly agonies,  
Purification being the joy of pain.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

A THING of beauty is a joy forever;  
Its loveliness increases; it will never  
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.  
Therefore on every morrow are we wreathing  
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
Of all the unhealthy and o'erdarkened ways  
Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,  
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
From our dark spirits.

*Keats.*

My heart is awed within me, when I think  
Of the great miracle that still goes on  
In silence round me—the perpetual work  
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed  
Forever. Written on thy works I read  
The lesson of thy own eternity.  
Lo! all grow old and die—but, see again!  
How on the faltering footsteps of decay  
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth  
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees  
Wave not less proudly than their ancestors  
Moulder beneath them. Oh, there is not lost  
One of earth's charms; upon her bosom yet,  
After the fight of untold centuries,  
The freshness of her far beginning lies,  
And yet shall lie.

*Bryant.*

As nightingales do upon glow-worms feed,  
So poets live upon the living light of nature and beauty.

*Bailey.*

GOD has made this world very fair. He fashioned it in beauty when there was no eye to behold it but his own. All along the wild forest he has carved the forms of beauty. Every hill and dale and tree and landscape is a picture of beauty. Every cloud and mist-wreath and vapor-veil is a shadowy reflection of beauty. Every spring and rivulet, every river and lake and ocean, is a glassy mirror of beauty. Every diamond and rock and pebbly beach is a mine of beauty. Every sea and planet and star is a blazing face of beauty. All along the aisles of earth, all over the arches of heaven, all through the expanse of the universe, are scattered in rich and infinite profusion the life germs of beauty. All natural motion is beauty in action. From the mote that plays its little frolic in the sunbeam, to the world that blazes along the sapphire spaces of the firmament, are visible the ever varying features of the enrapturing spirit of beauty.

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ALL things have something more than barren use:

There is a scent upon the brier,

A tremulous splendor in the autumn dews;

Cold morns are fringed with fire.

The clodded earth goes up in sweet-breathed flowers;

In music dies poor human speech;

And in beauty blow those hearts of ours

When love is born in each.

Life is transfigured in the soft and tender

Light of love, as a volume dun

Of rolling smoke becomes a wreathed splendor

In the declining sun.

*Alexander Smith.*

Flow on forever, in thy glorious robe  
 Of terror and of beauty. God hath set  
 His rainbow on thy forehead, and the clouds  
 Mantled around thy feet; and he doth give  
 Thy voice of thunder power to speak of him  
 Eternally, bidding the lip of man  
 Keep silence, and upon thy rocky altar pour  
 Incense of awe-struck praise.

*Mrs. Sigourney,*  
 (Apostrophe to Niagara.)

THE flowers of rhetoric are only acceptable when backed  
 by the evergreens of truth and sense.

*Macaulay.*

EACH in his hidden sphere of joy or woe,  
 Our hermit-spirits dwell and range apart;  
 Our eyes see all around, in gloom or glow,  
 Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart.

---

I stood beside my window one stormy winter day,  
 And watched the light, white snow flakes flutter past;  
 And I saw, though each one wandered its silent, separate  
 way,  
 They all sank down upon the ground at last.  
 "So men must lie down, too," I said,  
 "When life is past."

From out the selfsame window, when soft spring days were  
 come,  
 I watched the fair, white clouds that sailed the blue;  
 Could those bright, pearly wonders far up in heaven's high  
 dome  
 Be the old, wintry snow-banks that I knew?  
 "So men shall one day rise again,"  
 I whispered, "too."

*Caroline Leslie.*



THE path of duty in this world is not all gloom or sadness or darkness. Like the roads of the South, it is hedged with everbloom, pure and white as snow. It is only when we turn to the right hand or the left that we are lacerated by piercing thorns and concealed dangers.

*Rev. James Dinsmore Kerr.*

SWEET day! so cool, so calm, so bright,  
The bridal of the earth and sky,  
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou must die.

*George Herbert.*

WHITHER amidst falling dew,  
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,  
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue  
Thy solitary way?

There is a power whose care  
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,  
The desert and illimitable air,  
Lone wandering, but not lost.

He who, from zone to zone,  
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,  
In the long way that I must tread alone  
Will lead my steps aright.

*Bryant,*  
(To a Water Fowl.)

Oh heart of God that pities all!  
Oh Love that gives and takes away!  
Confused and faint, on thee we call,  
Yet know not how we ought to pray.  
Save this, that in our doubt and fear,  
We wait as loving children should;  
We cannot see nor far nor near,  
But trust that somehow all is good.

*Tennyson.*

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore;  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

*Byron.*

AN hour of solitude, passed in sincere and earnest prayer  
 or conflict with, and conquest over, a single passion or sub-  
 tle bosom sin, will teach us more of thought, will more  
 effectually awaken the faculty, and form the habit of reflec-  
 tion than a year's study in the schools without them.

*Coleridge.*

NATURE denied him much,  
 But gave him at his birth what most he values—  
 A passionate love for music, sculpture, painting;  
 For poetry—the language of the Gods;  
 For all things here or grand or beautiful—  
 The setting sun, a lake among the mountains,  
 The light of an ingenuous countenance,  
 And what transcends them all—a noble action.

*Samuel Rogers.*

POET! I come to touch thy lance with mine;  
 Not as a knight, who on the listed field  
 Of tourney touched his adversary's shield  
 In token of defiance, but in sign  
 Of homage to the mastery, which is thine  
 In English song; nor will I keep concealed,  
 And voiceless as a rivulet frost-congealed,  
 My admiration for thy verse divine.  
 Not of the howling dervishes of song,  
 Who craze the brain with their delirious dance,  
 Art thou, O sweet historian of the heart!  
 Therefore to thee the laurel leaves belong,  
 To thee our love and our allegiance,  
 For thy allegiance to the poet's art.

*Henry W. Longfellow to Alfred Tennyson.*

To the pure mind alone hath solitude  
Its charms. To that base nature which  
Runs to daily riot in the carnival of  
Sin, there is no sweetness in the calm  
Seclusion of the forest shade.  
For the deep quiet that doth reign  
Around is but a torturing contrast  
To the sad turmoil within the breast,  
And there would conscience sting him to the quick.  
But, to the mind endued with nobler  
Aims, it is a treat, indeed, to seat one's  
Self upon some fallen trunk, which in  
Its palmy days upreared itself in stately  
Pride, and waived on high its vernal  
Branches in the summer breeze, and  
There to feast the eyes on the rich  
Landscape spread before our gaze, while  
On the listening ear doth fall the melody  
Of singing birds, the hum of insects, and  
The soft sound of tinkling bells, borne  
By the well-fed kine, as wandering  
Homewards they stoop to crop the dewy herbage by  
the way.

And though, perchance, we may not  
Own one foot of soil on which we look,  
Yet is the whole beauteous picture ours,  
Framed in its fair margin of shady  
Woods and sunlit skies. 'Tis from  
A scene like this, the soul doth rise  
On eager wings, to lay its tribute of  
Adoring praise before that Being bright,  
Who made the earth and clothed it with  
Its vernal robe, and spangled it with  
Perfumed flowers, decked it with the  
Golden light of day, and gave it as  
A heritage for man. To Him be all the praise !

WE will grieve not ; rather find  
Strength in what remains behind,  
In the primal sympathy,  
Which having been must ever be,  
In the soothing thoughts that spring  
Out of human suffering,  
In the faith that looks through death,  
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

*Wordsworth.*

COME ! for thy day, thy wasted day, is closing,  
With all its joy and sun;  
Bright, loving hours have pass'd thee by, unheeded;  
Thy work on earth undone—  
And all thy race unrun.

Folly and pleasure hast thou still been chasing,  
With the world's giddy throng;  
Beauty and love have been thy golden idols;  
And thou hast rushed along,  
Still list'ning to their song.

Sorrow and weeping thou hast cast behind thee;  
For what were tears to thee?  
Life was not life without the smile and sunshine;  
Only in revelry  
Did wisdom seem to be.

Unclasp, O man! the syren hand of pleasure;  
Let the gay folly go!  
A few quick years will bring the unwelcome ending;  
Then whither dost thou go—  
To endless joy, or woe?

Clasp a far truer hand, a kinder, stronger,  
Of Him, the crucified;  
Let in a deeper love into thy spirit—  
The love of Him who died,  
And now is glorified!

---

Do you see, my friend, that beautiful picture of Corregio, and again, that Venus of Titian, and that incomparable picture of Annibale Carracci? Ah! my poor friend, I must quit all that. Adieu, dear paintings that I have loved so much, and that have cost me so dear!

*Cardinal Mazarin.*

TEARS, idle tears—I know not what they mean—  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

*Tennyson.*

O PIETY! O heavenly piety!

She is not rigid, as fanatics deem,  
But warm as love, and beautiful as hope.

Prop of the weak, the crown of humbleness,  
The clue of doubt, the eyesight of the blind,  
The heavenly robe and garniture of clay.

He that is crowned with that supernal crown,  
Is lord and sovereign of himself and fate,  
And angels are his friends and ministers.

Clad in that raiment, ever white and pure,  
The wayside mire is harmless to defile,  
And rudest storms sweep impotently by.

The pilgrim wandering amid crags and pits,  
Supported by that staff shall never fall:  
He smiles at peril and defies the storm.

Shown by that clue, the doubtful path is clear;  
The intricate snares and mazes of the world  
Are all unlabyrinthed and bright as day.

Sweet piety! divinest piety!  
She has a soul capacious as the spheres,  
A heart as large as all humanity.

Who to his dwelling takes that visitant,  
Has a perpetual solace in all pain,  
A friend and comforter in every grief.

The noblest domes, the haughtiest palaces  
That know not her, have ever open gates  
Where misery may enter at her will.

But from the threshold of the poorest hut,  
Where she sits smiling, sorrow passes by,  
And owns the spell that robs her of her sting.

---

It is thy voice that floats above the din,  
Clear as a silver bell;  
We hear thee, Saviour ! through the strife of sin,  
Thy servants heed thee well;  
Beyond all others, through the upper air  
That voice comes pure and sweet,  
Like chimes, that from a steeple tall and fair,  
Break o'er the clamorous street.

Not all, O Lord ! may walk erect and know  
The music of that sound;  
Some cannot hear thee till their heads are low,  
Ay, level with the ground !  
And yet for them, heart-humbled and alone,  
Spurned as the crowds go by,  
There is a power in the royal tone  
To set them up on high.

Thy sheep shall hear thy voice, on plain or hill,  
Through flood or wilderness,  
In the green pastures, by the waters still,  
In joy or sharp distress,  
Thy call will reach them, sometimes loud and near,  
Then faint and far away;  
O thou good Shepherd ! grant that heart and ear  
May listen and obey !

*Sarah Doudney.*

MASTER ! to do great work for thee, my hand  
Is far too weak. Thou givest what may suit—  
Some little chips to cut with care minute,  
Or tint, or grave, or polish. Others stand  
Before their quarried marble, fair and grand,  
And make a life-work of the great design  
Which thou hast traced; or, many-skilled, combine  
To build vast temples, gloriously planned,  
Yet take the tiny stones which I have wrought,  
Just one by one, as they were given by thee,  
Not knowing what came next in thy wise thought.  
Set each stone by thy master hand of grace,  
Form the mosaic as thou wilt, for me,  
And in thy temple-pavement give it place.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

I THOUGHT to work for Him. "Master !" I said,  
"Behold how wide the fields, and the good seed  
How few to sow. For Thee all toil were sweet—  
Oh, bid me go!" He stayed my eager feet.  
"Not *that*, my child ! the task I have for thee."  
"Thou seest, Lord ! how white the harvest bends,  
How worn the reapers are. Their cry ascends  
For help, more help to garner up the grain—  
Here am I, Lord ! send me." Alas ! In vain !  
The Master saith, "Let others bind the sheaves."  
"Thy lambs, dear Lord ! are straying from the fold.  
Their feet are stumbling o'er the mountains cold.  
Far in the night I hear their piteous cry—  
Let me bring back the wanderers ere they die."  
"No. Other hands must lead them home again."  
"Dear Master ! dost thou see the bitter tears  
The mourners shed ? Through all the long sad years,  
Their wails ascend. Wilt thou not bid me say,  
Thy hand shall wipe each mourner's tears away !"  
"My child ! I know their griefs, and I will heal !"

"'Tis not for thee to sow the deathless seed,  
 Nor thine to bind the sheaves; nor thine to lead  
 The lost lambs back into their fold again,  
 Nor yet to soothe the heart sore crushed with pain;  
 For thee, my child ! another task is set."

And then He led me to my darkened room,  
 And there amid the silence and the gloom,  
 My task I found. But I am well content  
 To bear the pain and weakness He hath sent,  
 Rejoiced that I can suffer for His sake.

---

WHY shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow  
 About to-morrow,  
 My heart?

One watches all with care most true ;  
 Doubt not that He will give thee, too,  
 Thy part.

Only be steadfast; never waver,  
 Nor seek earth's favor,  
 But rest;  
 Thou knowest what God wills must be  
 For all his creatures, so for thee,  
 The best.

*Paul Fleming.*

THERE is no death ! what seems so is transition;  
 This life of mortal breath  
 Is but the suburb of the life elysian  
 Whose portals we call death.

*Longfellow.*

OUR dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them ; they can be injured by us, they can be wounded; they know all our penitence, all our aching sense that their place is empty, all the kisses we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence.

*George Eliot.*



HALT! Who passes, friend or foe?  
Friend? Advance! The countersign!  
What! No word? Surely I know  
That step of thine.

'T is mine ancient enemy,  
Woe betide his stealthy grace!  
Through the shadows I can see  
How he veils his face.

List the murmur of the pines,  
Like a dirge, mournful and low!  
How the dusky, clinging vines  
Waver to and fro!

Help! his hand is at my heart!  
Whither has my courage flown?  
Is there none to take my part?  
Must I fall alone?

I have fought thee long and well—  
All in vain! at last I yield!  
Lo! the mask that veiled him fell,  
And an angel stood revealed!

*A. H. S.*

THERE is no death! The stars go down  
To shine upon some fairer shore,  
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown  
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread  
Shall change beneath the summer showers  
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,  
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,  
The flowers may fade and pass away—  
They only wait through wintry hours  
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form  
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,  
He bears our best beloved away,  
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate,  
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers—  
Transplanted into bliss, they now  
Adorn immortal bowers.

The birdlike voice, whose joyous tones  
Make glad this scene of sin and strife,  
Sings now in everlasting song  
Amid the tree of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,  
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,  
He bears them to that world of light,  
To dwell in paradise.

Born into that undying life,  
They leave us but to come again;  
With joy we welcome them—the same  
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,  
The dear immortal spirits tread,  
For all the boundless universe  
Is life—there are no dead !

*Lord Lytton.*

THOU canst not frown, O Death! Thy sullen brow  
Is marble-cast; thine ear is deaf and dead  
To sound; thine eyes are blind, and thou art led  
By wandering chance, nor knowest where or how;  
Nor smile nor frown can move thy visage, now,  
To fill the cup of joy, or pain. 'Tis said  
Thou hast no touch of sorrow for the bed  
Of anguish; thou dost scorn both weal and woe,  
And, merciless and pitiless, dost change

The purposes of men, with frosted breath;  
 Dost snap sweet ties and gentle bonds of love,  
 And in thy prison-house—the grave—with strange,  
 Relentless hand, dost bind the soul, O Death!  
 And cheat the spirit of its home above.  
 Yet, Death! thou art not victor. Through the gloom  
 Of thy veiled face, like some dim-visioned height  
 In shadow, dawns the spirit's quenchless light—  
 The vast reality of love—to loom  
 Beyond the shuddering silence of the tomb!  
 O, Christly faith! but lift, in gentle might,  
 The standard of thy Master, and the night  
 Doth melt in day, sublimer thought doth bloom  
 And flower, and holier laws compel the heart,  
 Till, uncompelled, all souls, made true as free,  
 Shall hear, enwrapped, the voiceless, heavenly choirs,  
 In unimagined glorias, impart  
 The perfect song of immortality,  
 The full fruition of divine desires!

*S. H. Thayer.*

CALL me not dead when I, indeed, have gone  
 Into the company of the ever-living,  
 High and most glorious poets! Let thanksgiving  
 Rather be made. Say, "He at last hath won  
 Rest and release, converse supreme and wise,  
 Music and song and light of immortal faces.  
 To-day, perhaps, wandering in starry places,  
 He hath met Keats, and known him by his eyes.  
 To-morrow (who can say?) Shakespeare may pass,—  
 And our lost friend just catch one syllable  
 Of that three-centuried wit that kept so well.  
 Or Milton,—or Dante, looking on the grass,  
 Thinking of Beatrice, and listening still  
 To chanted hymns that sound from the heav-  
 enly hill.

*Scribner's.*

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan which moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not like the quarry-slave at night  
 Scourged to his dungeon ; but, sustain'd and sooth'd  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave  
 Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

*Bryant.*

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XXI.

ECHOES.

THERE are many echoes in the world, and but few voices.

*Goethe.*

TONES are the cadences which emotion gives to thought.

*Herbert Spencer.*

MUSIC is the inarticulate speech of the heart, which cannot be compressed into words, because it is infinite.

*Wagner.*

WORDS are not essential to the existence of thought—only to its expression.

*Dugald Stewart.*

THINKING is the talking of the soul with itself.

*Plato.*

WERE it not for music we might, in these days, say, the beautiful is dead.

*D'Israeli.*

MUSIC has a grammar and a syntax, but no speech. Harmony is the angelic and divine tongue. No words are necessary to ecstasy. When the soul speaks its syllables are sighs, and its eloquence the melody of the birds.

*John W. Forney.*

THE music of art is but the imitation of the music of nature; there are voices of grief in the winds, joy in the songs of spring and melody in the rippling stream. These *Æolian* strains God employs to educate the finer feelings; and man, conspiring to the same result, adds these artificial charms, which elevate the sentiment, quicken the imagination, touch the heart, transport the soul and draw the finite closer to the infinite.

*W. H. Robertson.*

MUSIC, as it rises from the family altar or echoes from the sanctuary, addresses the highest and holiest emotions of the soul.

*Rev. J. M. Smith.*

WHEN music grieves, the past  
Returns in tears.

*Alexander Smith.*

MUSIC, in its highest form, seems a pensive memory.

*David Swing.*

THE foot always steps more lightly and willingly when there is a band of music in front.

*David Swing.*

MUSIC should strike fire from the heart of man, and bring tears from the eyes of woman.

*Beethoven.*

SONG shall be heard as long as fields are green, and skies are blue, and woman's face is fair.

*Alexander Smith.*

POETRY is the marriage of music to passionate sentiment.

---

MUSICAL! how much lies in that. A musical thought is one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the innermost heart of the thing, detected the inmost mystery of it, namely, the melody that lies hidden in it, the inward harmony of coherence which is its soul, whereby it exists, and has a right to be in this world. All inmost things, we may say, are melodious, naturally utter themselves in song. The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that in logical words can express the effect music has on us. A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that.

*Carlyle.*

WHEN troubles come, go at them with songs. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. They sing in heaven, and among God's people on earth; song is the appropriate language of Christian feeling.

*Beecher.*

THE devil cannot stand music.

*Luther.*

THE man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved by concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

\* \* \* \*

Let no such man be trusted.

*Shakespeare.*

THIS is the luxury of music. It touches every key of memory, and stirs all the hidden springs of sorrow and of joy. I love it for what it makes me forget, and for what it makes me remember.

*Belle Brittain.*

WHAT martial music is to marching men, should song be to humanity.

*Alexander Smith.*

THE musician by profession hears, in an orchestral performance, every instrument, and every single tone, whilst one unacquainted with the art is wrapped up in the massive effect of the whole.

*Goethe.*

WHAT is commonly called musical criticism is a misnomer. If we have heard a piece of music before, if it be pleasantly associated in our history, if it recall fond scenes of the past, which we would fain renew, we love it, we praise its every repetition, the merits of the tune being measured by the amount of emotion it has stirred within us. Now all this is purely personal, and, in truth, not far from selfish. Such judgments are worthless, being often unsound in fact, and always unsafe in principle.

*Jonathan Edwards, D.D.*

POETRY, and its twin-sister, Music, are the most sublime and spiritual of arts, and are much more akin to the genius of Christianity, and minister far more copiously to the purposes of devotion and edification than Architecture, Painting or Sculpture. They employ word and tone, and can speak thereby more directly to the spirit than the plastic arts by stone and color, and give more adequate expression to the whole wealth of thought and feeling.

*Schaff.*

MUSIC hath an impressive, as well as an expressive, power and purpose.

*Ira D. Sankey.*

MUSIC! we love it for the buried hopes, the garnered memories, the tender feelings, it can summon at a touch.

*Miss L. E. Landon.*

AND the night shall be filled with music,  
 And the cares that infest the day  
 Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,  
 And as silently steal away.

*Longfellow.*

MUSIC washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life.

*Auerbach.*

OH, let us carry hence, each one,  
 Some kindly word, some look, some tone,  
 Into his after-life, to be  
 Treasured heart-deep and carried home—  
 An echo from the distant sea,  
 A thing of joy to memory,  
 In all the years to come!

---

I STAND by every word I utter when I sing, and feel I must to the death. It is not alone song with me—melodious sounds—it is the lesson inculcated: hope in the future, bright joys to come, the mercy of an all-wise God. I would not sing a wicked or a frivolous word before my audience for anything on earth.

*Madame Antoinette Sterling.*

It does seem that God in His mystery has some time put out the eyes of poets, and stopped the ears of musicians, to admit them to glimpses of His own glories, and whisper to them His own harmonies.

*A. P. Russell.*

LITERATURE is the immortality of speech.

*Schlegel.*

THE literature of an age is but the mirror of its prevalent tendencies.

*The Nation.*



THE literature of the age is the photograph of its leading men and women.

*David Swing.*

SOME people exclaim, "Give me no anecdotes of an author, but give me his works;" and yet I have often found that the anecdotes are more interesting than the works.

*D'Israeli.*

I HAVE never met but one man who knew how to read Emerson intelligently, and that is James A. Garfield. He says that the way to understand Emerson's writings is to begin at the end and read backwards.

*Bronson Alcott.*

THE true test of poetry is the substance which remains when the poetry is reduced to prose.

*Goethe.*

OF every noble work the silent part is best;  
Of all expression, that which cannot be expressed.

*W. W. Story.*

HIS choicest verse is harsher-toned than he.

*Lowell (On Longfellow).*

EVERY man has some peculiar train of thought which he falls back upon when alone. This, to a great degree, molds the man.

*Dugald Stewart.*

YOU don't want a diction gathered from the newspapers, caught from the air, common and unsuggestive; but you want one whose every word is full-freighted with suggestion and association, with beauty and power.

*Rufus Choate.*

THOSE that think must govern those that toil.

*Goldsmith.*

DEEP feeling is contagious. Words poured forth from burning hearts are sure to kindle the hearts of others. Hearts that can stand everything else are often melted by a tear. Let the heart palpitate in every line, and burn in every word.

---

A LITTLE said and truly said  
Can deeper joy impart  
Than hosts of words that reach the head,  
But never touch the heart.

---

MINDS that have nothing to confer  
Find little to perceive.

*Wordsworth.*

NOTHING will make a man more persuasive than to really need a thing, and to be determined to have it.

---

I HAVE always dreaded to provoke reason, but never individuals.

*Mirabeau.*

FICTION hath in it a higher end than fact. 'Tis the possible when compared with the merely positive.

*Bailey.*

WE represent our fictions as though they were realities, while you preach your realities as though they were fictions.

*An Actor to a Minister.*

ACCUSTOM thyself carefully to attend to what is said by another, and, as much as possible, be in the speaker's mind.

*Marcus Aurelius.*

WE can refute assertions, but who can refute silence?

*Dickens.*

WRITER! whoso'er thou art,  
Speaker! on whatever theme,  
Write and speak from heart to heart,  
Truly being what you seem.

*Tupper.*

NEVER act in the heat of emotion; let reason answer first.

*Richter.*

THE greatest element of criticism is taste.

*Sainte Beuve.*

A BOLD surprise at a belief is sometimes the best argument against it.

*London Quarterly.*

THE more we study human nature, the less we think of men, the more of man.

*Theodore Tilton.*

IT is a matter of the simplest demonstration that no man can be really appreciated but by his equal or superior.

*Ruskin.*

SHAKESPEARE, with all his genius, failed to create any great religious character.

*Atlantic Monthly.*

THE painter has but one sentence to utter, but one moment to exhibit; he cannot like the poet or historian expatiate and impress.

*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

IT is easy enough to draw an eye; the difficulty is to paint a look.

*Auguste Prévault.*

A PICTURE is a poem without words.

*Horace.*

BEFORE the close of this century, pictures will be as much used in the preaching of sermons as are manuscripts.

*President Hitchcock.*

PICTURES are the consolers of loneliness.

*Irving.*

EVERY man carries in his own head more pictures than are to be found in all the galleries of the world.

*Beecher.*

THE Jew is the pilgrim of commerce, trading with every nation and blending with none.

*Conybeare & Howson.*

No nation has treated in poetry moral ideas with more energy and depth than the English. There, it seems to me, is the great merit of the English poets.

*Voltaire.*

WHEN you see me lounging about the garden, and pruning a rosebush, you probably suppose that I am thinking of nothing else, when, perhaps, I am deliberating on some weighty matter on which I have to decide.

*Archbishop Whately.*

GENIUS is only a superior power of seeing.

*Ruskin.*

DUTY and to-day are ours; results and futurity belong to God.

*Horace Greeley.*

IF there is any person whom you dislike, that is the very person of whom you ought never to speak.

*Cecil.*

THE next dreadful thing to a battle lost is a battle won.

*Wellington.*

PERISH policy and cunning,  
Perish all that fears the light;  
Whether losing, whether winning,  
Trust in God, and do the right.

Some will love thee, some will hate thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight;  
Cease from man, and look above thee,  
Trust in God, and do the right.

*Norman Macleod.*

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## XXII.

### FIREFLIES.

THE firefly only shines when on the wing;  
So with the mind ; when once we rest, we darken.

*Bailey.*

IN life we always believe that we are seeking repose,  
while, in reality, all that we ever seek is agitation.

*Pascal.*

IT is ever the contest that pleases us, and not the victory. Thus it is in play ; thus it is in hunting ; thus it is in the search of truth ; thus it is in life. The past does not interest us, the present does not satisfy, the future alone is the object which engages us.

*Sir William Hamilton.*

OUR hopes like towering falcons aim  
At objects in an airy height,  
But all the pleasure of the game  
Is afar off—to view the flight.

WEEP not that the world changes ; did it keep  
A stable, changeless state, 't were cause indeed to weep.  
*Bryant.*

BEWARE of getting into a rut from which it may be difficult for you to extricate yourself.  
*Rev. Noah M. Price.*

WHEN we see the dishonor of a thing, then it is time to renounce it.  
*Plutarch.*

THE mattock will make a deeper hole in the ground than lightning.  
*Horace Mann.*

Do not wait for extraordinary opportunities for good actions, but make use of common situations. A long-continued walk is better than a short flight.  
*Goethe.*

MAINTAIN the place where thou standest.  
*Goethe.*

A MAN'S best friends are his ten fingers.  
*Robert Collyer.*

A MAN living amid the advantages and activities of the nineteenth century is a condensed Methuselah.  
*Chapin.*

THE only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but, in the course of time, truth will find a place to break through.  
*Bryant.*

PARLOR feasts extinguish kitchen fires.  
*Proverb.*

THERE is no policy like politeness, since a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed.

*Mayoon.*

THERE is in human nature a general inclination to make people stare.

*Samuel Johnson.*

THE sword is but a hideous flash in the darkness—right is an eternal ray.

*Victor Hugo.*

WORDS are keener than steel,  
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

*Joaquin Miller.*

WHILE Thanksgiving has its foundation on Plymouth Rock, Christmas rests upon the Rock of Ages.

*Charles Dudley Warner.*

CHANCE is the best introducer.

*Turkish Proverb.*

EVERY wind is fair,  
When we are flying from misfortune.

*Sophocles.*

THE English people are like a barrel of their own ale—on the top froth, on the bottom dregs, but in the middle excellent.

*Voltaire.*

I WISH you not only a happy New Year, but a happy eternity.

*W. S. Plumer, D.D.*

THERE is that in some men, which, if not chilled by adversity, would give to the world grand thoughts.

WHAT we strove after yesterday, that our hearts begin again to-day.

*Paul Cassel.*

A THEME for angels when they celebrate  
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth  
has witnessed.

---

WELCOME !

A curse begin at the very root of his heart  
That is not glad to see thee!

*Shakespeare.*

THE earth and air feed the plants, the plants feed the animals, the animals feed the earth and air. This is the great circle of nutrition in nature.

*J. F. Whittaker, M. D.*

TIME and patience will change the mulberry leaf to satin.

*Eastern Proverb. —*

THERE are some deeds so grand  
That their mighty doers stand  
Ennobled, in a moment, more than kings.

*Baker.*

THE surest way of making a dupe is to let your victim suppose that you are his.

*Bulwer.*

THOSE who have finished by making all others think with them, have usually been those who began by daring to think for themselves.

*Colton.*

IT is a great matter to be in the way of accident, and to be watchful and ready to take advantage of it.

*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*



It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,  
 If any man obtain that which he merits,  
 Or any merit that which he obtains.

*Coleridge.*

FOLLOW up advantages.

*Napoleon. ~*

THE use of character is to be a shield against calumny.

*Burke.*

EACH one sees what he carries in his heart.

*Goethe.*

You will find poetry nowhere, unless you bring some  
 with you.

*Joubert.*

WHEN a man seeks your advice, he generally wants  
 your praise.

*Chesterfield,*

THE best thing one can do is to cultivate one's garden.

*Voltaire.*

HE who has most of heart knows most of sorrow.

*Bailey.*

ROSES have thorns and silver fountains mud.

*Shakespeare.*

WHY all this toil for triumph of an hour?

*Young.*

Life's a short Summer, man a flower.

*Johnson.*

By turns we catch the vital breath and die—

*Pope.*

The cradle and the tomb, alas ! so nigh.

*Prior.*

To be is better than not to be,

*Sewell.*

Though all man's life may seem a tragedy.

*Spencer.*

BUT light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb,

The bottom is but shallow whence they come.

*Raleigh.*

YOUR fate is but the common fate of all; *Longfellow.*  
 Unmingled joys here to no man befall. *Southwell.*

NATURE to each allots his proper sphere; *Congreve.*  
 Fortune makes folly her peculiar care. *Churchill.*

CUSTOM does often reason overrule, *Rochester.*  
 And throws a cruel sunshine on a fool. *Armstrong.*

LIVE well ; how long or short permit to heaven; *Milton.*  
 They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. *Bailey.*

SIN may be clasped so close we cannot see its face, *Trench.*  
 Vile intercourse where virtue has no place. *Somerville.*

THEN keep each passion down, however dear, *Thomson.*  
 Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear. *Baron.*

HER sensual snare let faithless pleasure lay, *Smollett.*  
 With craft and skill to ruin and betray. *Crabbe.*

SOAR not too high to fall, but stoop to rise ; *Massenger.*  
 We masters grow of all that we despise. *Cowley.*

THEN I renounce that impious self-esteem; *Beattie.*  
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream. *Cowper.*

THINK not ambition wise because 't is brave; *Davenant.*  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave. *Gray.*

WHAT is ambition? 'T is a glorious cheat! *Willis.*  
 Only destructive to the brave and great. *Addison.*

WHAT's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? *Dryden.*  
 The way to bliss lies not on beds of down. *Quarles.*

How long we live, not years but actions tell ; *Watkins.*  
 That man lives twice who lives the first life well. *Herrick.*

THE trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just, *Dana.*  
 For, live we how we can, yet die we must. *Shakespeare.*

(Compiled by MRS. H. A. DEMING.)

I CANNOT praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary.

*Milton.*

A CORDIAL, warm shake of the hand takes my heart.

*N. P. Willis.*

MAN'S best powers point him godward.

*Spurgeon.*

MEN are naturally tempted by the devil, but an idle man positively tempts the devil.

*Spanish Proverb.*

It is remarkable with what Christian fortitude and resignation we can bear the sufferings of other people.

*Dean Swift.*

WHEN the world frowns we can face it, but let it smile, and we are undone.

*Bulwer.*

GOOD temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil and the soother of disquietude.

*Irving.*

THE greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.

*Charles Lamb.*

THAT is ever the difference between the wise and the unwise; the latter wonders at what is unusual, the wise man wonders at the usual.

*Emerson.*

HEALTH is the soul that animates all the enjoyments of life.

*Sir W. Temple.*

SELF-LOVE is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

*Shakespeare.*

FORTY years is the old age of youth, while fifty is the youth of old age.

*Victor Hugo.*

RECALL to mind the heavier trials of others, that you may bear more lightly your own little troubles.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

THERE is something still more to be dreaded than a Jesuit, and that is a Jesuitess.

*Eugene Sue.*

THE human heart refuses to believe in a universe without a purpose.

*Kant.*

YOU may depend upon it, there are as good hearts to serve men in palaces as in cottages.

*Robert Owen.*

THE most skillful flattery is to let a person talk on, and be a listener.

*Addison.*

THINGS that never happen are often as much realities to us in their effects as those that are accomplished.

*Dickens.*

THOSE with whom we can apparently become well acquainted in a few moments, are generally the most difficult to rightly know and understand.

*Hawthorne.*

THE fretful stir,  
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world  
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart.

*Wordsworth.*

WE are shaped and fashioned by what we love.

*Goethe.*

OUR enemies speak of us as they hear; we judge of ourselves as we feel.

*Hannah More.*

THERE is a serious and resolute egotism that makes a man interesting to his friends, and formidable to his opponents.

*E. P. Whipple.*

A JUDICIOUS reticence is hard to learn, but it is one of the great lessons of life.

*Chesterfield.*

I HAVE lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to let your energies stagnate.

*Adam Clarke.*

ALL persons are not discreet enough to know how to take things by the right handle.

*Cervantes.*

THE negative part of a conversation is often as important as its positive.

*Theodore Winthrop.*

A MAN behind the times is apt to speak ill of them, on the principle that nothing looks well from behind.

*Holmes.*

ALWAYS be as solicitous to shun applause as assiduous to deserve it.

*Chesterfield.*

NOT for art, not for truth, not for God, will we give up our ease. We will only give it up for money, and that to purchase future ease.

*Round Table.*

OUR antagonist is often our helper.

*Burke.*

WE cannot expect perfection in any one; but we may demand consistency of every one.

*Hannah More.*

A NAME, though it seem but a superficial matter, yet carrieth much impression and enchantment.

*Lord Bacon.*

EVERY man who rises in any profession must tread a path more or less bedewed by the tears of those he passes on his way.

*Peter Bayne.*

IF a man has any brains at all, let him hold on to his calling, and in the grand sweep of things, his turn will come at last.

*Walter McCune.*

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## XXIII.

### LIFE-MOTTOES.

ALL may have,  
If they dare choose, a glorious life or grave.

*George Herbert.*

To live in hearts we leave behind  
Is not to die.

*Campbell.*

HOWE'ER it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good.

*Tennyson.*

PROCRASTINATION is the thief of time;  
 Year after year it steals till all are fled,  
 And, to the mercies of a moment, leave  
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.

*Young.*

Not yet dead,  
 But in old marbles ever beautiful.

*Keats.*

It is infamy to die and not be missed.

*Wilcox.*

'T is late before  
 The brave despair.

*Thompson.*

THROW time away,  
 Throw empires, and be blameless—  
 Moments seize.

---

EVERY one has his day from which he dates.

*Proverb.*

WE should go into the world with small expectations  
 and infinite patience.

*Good Words.*

BE good, my dear, let who will be clever;  
 Do noble things, not dream them all day long;  
 And so make life, death, and the vast forever,  
 One grand, sweet song.

*Charles Kingsley.*

GET into the habit of looking for the silver lining of the  
 cloud, and when you have found it continue to look at it,  
 rather than at the leaden gray in the middle. It will help  
 you over many hard places.

*A. A. Willits, D.D.*

PERSEVERANCE is a Roman virtue  
That wins each godlike act, and plucks success  
Even from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger.  
*Hazard.*

STILL I am learning!  
*Michael Angelo.*

I CANNOT help suspecting that those who abuse themselves are in reality angling for approbation.  
*Zimmerman.*

THERE is a past which is gone forever, but there is a future which is still our own.  
*F. W. Robertson.*

HE is a wise man who always knows what to do next.  
*Proverb.*

WHO best can suffer, best can do.  
*Milton.*

'T is man's nature  
To make the best of a bad thing once past,  
A bitter and perplexed "What shall I do?"  
Is worse to man than worst necessity.  
*Schiller.*

NO conflict is so severe as his who labors to subdue himself.  
*Thomas à Kempis.*

IF you want to succeed in the world you must make your own opportunities as you go on. The man who waits for some seventh wave to toss him on dry land, will find that the seventh wave is a long time coming. You can commit no greater folly than to sit by the roadside until some one comes along and invites you to ride with him to wealth or influence.

*John B. Gough.*



IT is impious in a good man to be sad.

*Shakespeare.*

THE superior man will watch over himself when he is alone. He examines his heart that there may be nothing wrong there, and that he may have no cause for dissatisfaction with himself.

*Confucius.*

EACH soul redeemed from self and sin  
Must know its Calvary.

*Cobbe.*

SHOW me the man you honor; I know by that symptom better than by any other, what kind of a man you are yourself; for you show me what your ideal of manhood is, what kind of a man you long to be.

*Carlyle.*

IN the moral life conscience predominates.

*Phillips Brooks.*

HE that respects not is not respected.

*Herbert.*

I AM so much a utilitarian that I prefer the useful to the useless.

*Sir William Hamilton.*

No one should blame Neptune for a second shipwreck.

*Auguste Prévault.*

WE must go head-foremost toward the world, but heart-foremost toward God.

*J. W. Scott, D.D.*

MY heart and mind and self never in tune;  
Sad for the most part; then in such a flow  
Of spirits—I seem now hero—now buffoon.

*Leigh Hunt.*

KEEP thy spirit pure from worldly taint by the repellant strength of virtue.

*Bailey*

WE live in the consequences of past action.

*A. A. Hodge, D.D.*

VICE stings us even in our pleasures, but virtue consoles us even in our pains.

*Colton.*

BE ashamed of nothing but sin.

*John Wesley.*

METHOD in study, with a proper division of labor, will give us time for leisure and recreation.

*Alfred Nevin, D.D.*

WHAT I don't see  
Don't trouble me;  
And what I see  
Might trouble me,  
Did I not know,  
That it must be so.

*Goethe.*

As you ascend the road of prosperity, may you never meet a friend coming down.

---

UNLESS a man has trained himself for his chance, the chance will only make him ridiculous. A great occasion is worth to a man exactly what his antecedents have enabled him to make of it.

*William Mathews.*

IN deciding questions of truth and duty, remember that the wrong side has a crafty and powerful advocate in your own heart.

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A MAN'S happiness and success in life will depend not so much upon what he has, or upon what position he occupies, as upon what he is, and the heart he carries into his position.

*S. J. Wilson, D.D.*

THE higher the sphere of life, the more fully does it hold good that particular individuals must be many things to many men, as Aristotle, Leibnitz, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Calvin, Napoleon.

*Martensen.*

LOGICAL men, dogmatic men, rule the world. Aristotle, Kant, Augustine, Calvin—these are the names that instantly suggest systems, and systems that are exact, solid, and that maintain their place from century to century.

*Shedd.*

CURVED is the line of beauty,  
Straight is the line of duty;  
Follow the last and thou shalt see  
The other ever following thee.

---

WHEN a man is born from above, this world is spoiled for him.

*Moody.*

FROM the grave of a dead hope we may rise to newness of life. Let us be thankful for the pangs by which God brings us to Himself.

*Herrick Johnson, D.D.*

THE greatest men have been those who have cut their way to success through difficulties.

*F. W. Robertson.*

THE heaven-sent man is always successful.

*Moody.*

A CHRISTIAN is really what he is when alone, and so a rainy Sunday may be a heaven-sent test to leave us to the discovery of ourselves.

*Christian at Work.*

WHEN a man can live apart  
From works on theologic trust,  
I know the blood about his heart  
Is dry as dust.

---

EVERY event of life points, if it does not carry us on, to the cross.

*Jonathan Edwards, D.D.*

MANY of our cares are but a morbid way of looking at our privileges.

*Walter Scott.*

LORD, what is man—what the best of men—but man at the best?

*Whitefield.*

GOOD will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

*Jeffrey.*

THE ends of culture, truly conceived, are best attained by forgetting culture and aiming higher.

*Shairp.*

HAPPINESS is the congruity between a creature's nature and its circumstances.

*Bishop Butler.*

PLEASURE is the reflex of unimpeded energy.

*Sir William Hamilton.*

THE best throw with the dice is to throw them away.

*Proverb.*

THE serene, silent beauty of a holy life is the most powerful influence in the world, next to the might of the Spirit of God.

*Spurgeon.*

THE health of a community, is an almost unfailing index of its morals.

*Martineau.*

THE worst of all knaves are those who can mimic their former honesty.

*Lavater.*

So strong the zeal t' immortalize himself  
Beats in the breast of man, that even a few,  
Few transient years, won from the abyss abhorr'd  
Of blank oblivion, seem to be a glorious prize.

---

BE like the bird, that, halting in her flight  
Awhile on boughs too slight,  
Feels them give way beneath her and yet sings,  
Knowing that she hath wings.

*Victor Hugo.*

THE drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame than shedding seas of gore.

*Byron.*

I LIVE for those that love me,  
For those that know me true,  
For the heaven that smiles above me  
And waits my coming too;  
For the cause that needs assistance,  
For the wrongs that need resistance,  
For the future in the distance,  
For the good that I can do.

---

Do to-day thy nearest duty.

*Goethe.*

If you wish to win bright laurels,  
Ere to God you yield your life;  
If while on through years you journey,  
You'd be valiant in each strife;  
If you'd nobly do your duty,  
Or the "still, small voice" obey;  
Sit not idly thinking, dreaming,  
But work earnestly to-day.

There are roads where you can travel,  
There are seas where you can sail,  
You can beautify the wayside,  
Or with life-boats face the gale,  
You can help raise lofty temples,  
To show straying souls the way  
To win crowns of matchless glory;  
So work earnestly to-day.

*Lucette.*

Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt  
sell thy necessities.

*Franklin.*

FAIL not in the harder trial;  
Faint not in the greater struggle.

---

HE either fears his fate too much,  
Or his deserts are small,  
Who fears to put it to the touch,  
To win or lose it all.

*Montrose.*

THE worst is not,  
So long as we can say, This is the worst.

*Shakespeare.*

EVERY man's life is a plan of God.

*Horace Bushnell.*

WHO will speak the solvent word for all these problems?

*Emerson.*

PRIZE respect more than affection.

*Channing.*

IT is a very great thing to be able to bear the absence of both human and divine consolation, and for the love of God cheerfully to accept inward desolation, and never to seek nor reflect upon one's deserts.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

OH, what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive!

*Scott.*

WHEN our hatred is too keen, it places us beneath those we hate.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

PAINTING is my wife, and my works are my children.

*Michael Angelo.*

THE least error should humble, but we should never permit even the greatest to discourage us.

*Bishop Potter.*

FROM torch reversed the flame  
Still streameth, rising straight;  
So struggleth up the brave man  
Stricken down by fate.

---

Do you ask me in general what will be the end of the conflict? I answer, victory. But if you ask me in particular, I answer, death.

*Savonarola.*

ALL of us pay a high price for the manhood we obtain—nothing less than the sweet faith of childhood; all along the way, from morning to high noon, robbers exact the toll of life.

*George D. Prentice.*

AMONG the pitfalls in our way,  
The best of us walk blindly;  
So, man, be wary, watch and pray,  
And judge your brother kindly.

*Alice Cary.*

GET leave to work;  
In this world 't is the best you get at all;  
For God, in cursing, gives us better gifts  
Than man in benediction. God says, "Sweat  
For foreheads;" men say "crowns," and so we are crowned—  
Ay, gashed by some tormenting circle of steel  
Which snaps with a secret spring. Get work, get work;  
Be sure 't is better than what you work to get.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

THERE is a grandeur in the soul that dares  
To live out all the life God lit within;  
That battles with the passions hand to hand,  
And wears no mail, and hides behind no shield;  
That plucks its joy in the shadow of death's wing,  
That drains with one deep draught the wine of life,  
And that with fearless foot and heaven-turned eyes  
May stand upon a dizzy precipice,  
High over the abyss of ruin, and not fall.

*Sara J. Clarke.*

FEW men die when or where they expect to.

*W. Goodwyn, D.D.*

A DYING man can do nothing easy.

*Benjamin Franklin.*



MUCH had he read,  
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,  
And in the original perused mankind.  
Versed in the woes and vanities of life,  
He pitied man.

*Armstrong.*

THIS monument does not make thee famous, O Euripides!  
but thou makest this monument famous.

*Epitaph of Euripides.*

So, when a good man dies,  
For years beyond his ken,  
The light he leaves behind him lies  
Upon the paths of men.

*Longfellow.*

THE best of all is, God is with us.

*John Wesley.*

PRAY more and worry less.

*Moody.*

REVERE thyself, and yet thyself despise;  
His nature no man can o'errate, and none  
Can underrate his merit.

*Young.*

By all means, use sometime to be alone;  
Salute thyself, see what thy soul doth wear;  
Dare to look in thy chest; for 't is thine own—  
And tumble up and down what thou findest there.

*Herbert.*

HOPE, though your sun is hid in gloom,  
And o'er your careworn, wrinkled brow,  
Grief spreads his shadows—'t is the doom  
That falls on many now.

---

OUR life was but a battle and a march;  
And, like the wind's blast, never resting, homeless,  
We stormed across the war-convulsed earth.

*Schiller.*

LOOKING calmly yet humbly for the close of my mortal career, which cannot be far distant, I reverently thank God for the blessings vouchsafed me in the past, and with an awe that is not fear, and a consciousness of demerit that does not exclude hope, await the opening before my steps of the gates of the eternal world.

*Horace Greely.*

WE are what the past has made us. The results of the past are ourselves. The perishable emotions, and the momentary acts of bygone years, are the scaffolding on which we built up the being that we are. As the tree is fertilized by its own broken branches and fallen leaves, and grows out of its own decay, so is the soul of man ripened out of broken hopes and blighted affections.

*F. W. Robertson.*

WHO ne'er his bread in sorrow ate,  
Who ne'er the mournful midnight hours  
Weeping upon his bed hath sate,  
He knows ye not, ye Heavenly Powers!

---

MY half-day's work is done,  
And this all my part,  
I give a patient God  
My patient heart,

And clasp his banner still,  
Though all the blue be dim;  
These stripes, no less than stars,  
Lead after him.

---

HE wrought in sad sincerity;  
Himself from God he could not free.  
                  *Emerson on Michael Angelo.*

LEAVE God to order all thy ways,  
And hope in Him whate'er betide;  
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days  
An all-sufficient strength and guide;  
Who trusts in God's unchanging love  
Builds on a rock that naught can move.  
                  *George Newman.*

I know the hand that is guiding me through the shadow to  
the light,  
And I know that all betiding me is meted out aright;  
I know that the thorny path I tread is ruled by a golden  
line,  
And I know that the darker life's tangled thread, the richer  
the deep design.  
                  *British Evangelist.*

YOUNG men, you are the architects of your own fortunes.  
Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for  
your star, self-reliance. Don't take too much advice—keep  
at your helm and steer your own ship, and remember that  
the great art of commanding is to take a fair share of the  
work. Think well of yourself. Strike out. Assume your  
own position. Put potatoes in a cart over a rough road,  
and the small ones go to the bottom. Rise above the envi-  
ous and jealous. Fire above the mark you intend to hit.  
Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are  
the levers that move the world. Be in earnest. Be self-  
reliant. Be generous. Be civil. Read the papers. Ad-  
vertise your business. Make money, and do good with it.  
Love your God and fellow-men. Love truth and virtue.  
Love your country and obey its laws.

*President Porter.*

He liveth long who liveth well!

All other life is short and vain;

He liveth longest who can tell

Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!

All else is being flung away;

He liveth longest who can tell

Of true things only done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to Him

Who freely gave it, freely give;

Else is that being but a dream,

'T is but to be, and not to live.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well;

Who wisdom speaks must live it too;

He is the wisest who can tell

How first he lived, then spoke the true.

Be what thou seemest; live thy creed,

Hold up to earth the torch divine;

Be what thou prayest to be made;

Let the great Master's step be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;

Buy up the moments as they go;

The life above when this is past

Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth if thou the truth wouldst reap;

Who sows the false shall reap the vain;

Erect and sound the conscience keep,

From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;

Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;

Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,

And find a harvest home of light.

*H. Bonar.*

I WOULD give nothing for a young man who did not begin life with an enthusiasm of some kind; it shows at least, that he had faith in some thing good, lofty and generous from his own standpoint.

*Buffon.*

It may be glorious to write  
Thoughts that shall glad the two or three  
High souls, like those far stars that come in sight  
Once in a century.

But better far it is to speak  
One simple word, which now and then  
Shall waken their free nature in the weak  
And friendless sons of men.

To write some earnest verse or line,  
Which, seeking not the praise of art,  
Shall make a clearer faith and manhood smile  
In the untutored heart.

He that doth this, in verse or prose,  
May be forgotten in his day,  
But surely shall be crowned at last with those  
Who live and speak for aye.

*James Russell Lowell.*

I LOVE poverty, because Jesus Christ loved it. I love wealth, because it gives me the means of assisting the wretched. I keep faith with all men. I do not render evil to those who do it to me; but I desire a state for them like to my own, in which I receive neither evil or good from the hand of man. I endeavor to be just, truthful, sincere and faithful to all men; and I have a tenderness of heart for those to whom God has united me more closely; and whether I am alone or in the sight of men, in all my actions I have in sight God, who must judge them, and to whom I have consecrated them all.

*Pascal's Profession of Faith.*

As other men have creed, so have I mine;  
I keep the holy faith in God, in man,  
And in the angels ministrant between;  
I hold to one true church of all true souls,  
Whose churchly seal is neither bread nor wine,  
Nor laying on of hands, nor holy oil,  
But only the anointing of God's grace;

I hate all kings and caste and rank of birth,  
For all the sons of man are sons of God;  
Nor limps a beggar but is nobly born,  
Nor wears a slave a yoke, nor czar a crown,  
That makes him more or less than just a man;  
I love my country and her righteous cause,  
So dare I not keep silent of her sin;  
And after freedom may her bells ring peace!

I love one woman with a holy fire,  
Whom I revere as priestess of my house;  
I stand with wondering awe before my babes  
Till they rebuke me to a nobler life;  
I keep a faithful friendship with a friend,  
Whom loyally I serve before myself;  
I lock my lips too close to speak a lie,  
I wash my hands too white to touch a bribe;  
I owe no man a debt I cannot pay,  
Save only of the love men ought to owe;  
Withal, each day, before the blessed Heaven,  
I open wide the chambers of my soul  
And pray the Holy Ghost to enter in.

Thus reads the fair confession of my faith,  
So crossed with contradictions of my life,  
That now may God forgive the written lie!  
Yet still, by help of Him who helpeth men,  
I face two worlds, and fear not life nor death.  
O, Father, lead me by Thy hand! Amen.

*Theodore Tilton.*

BEAUTIFUL is young enthusiasm; keep it to the end, and be more and more correct in fixing on the object of it. It is a terrible thing to be wrong in that—the source of all our miseries and confusions whatever.

*Carlyle.*

BE not amazed at life. 'T is still  
The mode of God with his elect,  
Their hopes exactly to fulfill,  
In times and ways they least expect.

*Dean Alford.*

THE romantic vision of the first half of a man's life is the most real survey of earth he will ever make.

*David Swing.*

THE silent sympathy of love  
To me is dearer now than praise.

*Whittier.*

A HEART within blood-tinctured with a  
Veined humanity.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

OH, may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence ; live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like  
stars,  
And with their mild persistence urge man's  
search  
To vaster issues !

So to live is heaven ;  
To make undying music in the world,

Breathing as beauteous order that controls  
With growing sway the growing life of man,  
So we inherit that sweet purity  
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized,  
With widening retrospect that dread despair—  
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,  
A vicious parent shaming still its child;  
Poor, anxious penitence is quick dissolved,  
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,  
Die in the large and charitable air.

And all our rarer, better, truer self,  
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,  
That watched to ease the burden of the world,  
Laboriously tracing what must be,  
And what may yet be better,—saw within  
A worthier image for the sanctuary,  
And shaped it forth before the multitude  
Divinely human, raising worship so  
To higher reverence more mixed with love—  
That better self shall live till human time  
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky  
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb,  
Unread forever.

This is the life to come,  
Which martyred men have made more glorious  
For us who strive to follow. May I reach  
That purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony;  
Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty;  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense;  
So shall I join the choir invisible  
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

*George Eliot.*



Look not mournfully into the past; it comes not back again. Wisely improve the present; it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

*Longfellow.*

We lead two lives, the outward seeming fair,  
And full of smiles that on the surface lie ;  
The other spent in many a silent prayer,  
With thoughts and feelings hidden from the eye.

The weary, weary hours of mental pain,  
Unspoken yearnings for the dear ones gone ;  
The wishes half defined, yet crushed again,  
Make up the silent life we lead alone.

And happy visions we may never show  
Gild all this silent life with sweet romance ;  
That they will fade like sunset's clouds we know,  
Yet life seems brighter for each stolen glance.

This silent life, we little reck its power  
To strengthen us for either good or ill ;  
Whether we train our thoughts like birds to soar,  
Or let them wander wheresoe'er they will.

This silent life, not those we love may share,  
Though day by day we strive to draw them close ;  
Our secret chamber—none may enter there,  
Save that one Eye that never seeks repose.

And if beneath that Eye we do not quail,  
Though all the world may turn from us aside,  
We own a secret power that shall prevail,  
When every motive of our life is tried.

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## XXIV.

## FLYING EMBERS.

How many will say "forgive," and find  
A sort of absolution in the sound  
To hate a little longer!

*Tennyson.*

FORGIVENESS to the injured does belong;  
But they never pardon who have done the wrong.

*Dryden.*

To pardon an old injury is to provoke a new one.

*Auguste Prévault.*

He who puts up with insult invites injury.

*Proverb.*

BE assured those will be thy worst enemies, not to whom thou hast done evil, but who have done evil to thee. And those will be thy best friends, not to whom thou hast done good, but who have done good to thee.

*Lavater.*

A LYING tongue hateth those that are afflicted by it.

*Solomon.*

FRIENDSHIP which flows from the heart cannot be frozen by adversity, as the water that flows from the spring does not congeal in Winter.

*Fenimore Cooper.*

A MAN ought to keep his friendships in constant repair. I look upon a day as lost in which I do not make a new acquaintance.

*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

WHAT makes us like new acquaintances is not so much any weariness of our old ones, or the pleasures of change, as disgust at not being sufficiently admired by those who know us too well, and the hope of being more so by those who do not know so much of us.

*La Rochefoucauld.*

HEAVEN knows what would become of our society, if we never visited people we speak ill of; we should all live, like Egyptian hermits, in crowded solitude.

*George Eliot.*

CHILDREN always turn to the light; O, that grown-up men would do likewise!

*Julius Hare.*

THE great man down, you mark his favorite flies;  
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies,  
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;  
For who not needs shall never lack a friend,  
And who in want a fellow-friend doth try  
Directly sees in him an enemy.

*Shakespeare.*

"LOOK on your best friends with the thought that they may one day become your worst enemies," was an ancient maxim of worldly prudence. It is for us to reverse this maxim, and rather say: "Look on your worst enemies with the thought that they may one day become your best friends."

*Dean Stanley.*

NOTHING so soon mortifies as to spend one's scorn in vain.

*John Foster.*

UNPOPULARITY or popularity is utterly worthless as a test of manhood's worth.

*F. W. Robertson.*

RASHLY, nor oftentimes truly, doth man pass judgment on his brother.

*Tupper.*

HE seemed to be a soul that by accident had met with a body and tried to make the best of it.

*Joubert.*

HE was the soul of goodness,  
And all our praises of him are like streams  
Drawn from a spring, that still rise full, and leave  
The part remaining greatest.

*Shakespeare.*

How often have I lamented that his powers should have wanted the influence of an unsullied reputation!

*Dumont, on Mirabeau.*

No one is a more dangerous enemy to all that is sweet and good in human life, than the one who lends to impurity the sanction of splendid talents.

*Wendell Phillips.*

TIE down a hero, and he feels the puncture of a pin; throw him into battle, and he is almost insensible to pain.

*John C. Calhoun.*

STRENGTH of character is not mere strength of feeling; it is the resolute restraint of strong feeling. It is unyielding resistance to whatever would disconcert us from without or unsettle us from within.

*Dickens.*

EACH is bound to all.

*Herbert Spencer.*

THE public are served not by what the lord mayor feels, who rides in his coach, but by what the apprentice boy feels, who looks at him.

*Colton*

POWER comes from persistent and repeated effort. When you can do something better than anybody else, you are acquiring power; and if you can do this easily and pleasantly, that is your calling.

*Hon. D. P. Baldwin.*

THE apple falls near the tree.

*Spanish Proverb.*

SOULS agree but minds discuss.

*Auguste Prévault.*

IN the subtle alchemy of hope the slightest possibilities are ever transmuted into golden probabilities and inevitable certainties.

*Round Table.*

Do something worth living for, worth dying for; do something to show that you have a mind, and a heart, and a soul within you.

*Dean Stanley.*

DICKENS set out on the literary theory that in life everything is better than it looks; Thackeray with the impression that everything was worse.

*Justin McCarthy.*

WE must love the Lord, if we would learn to serve him and win others to him.

*Wm. Ormiston, D.D.*

ONE hand ought to wash the other.

*Latin Proverb.*

THE best of men  
That e'er wore earth about him was a Sufferer;  
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit—  
The first true gentleman that ever lived.

*Deekar.*

To be free-minded and cheerfully disposed at hours of meal, and of sleep, and of exercise, is one of the best precepts of long-lasting.

*Bacon.*

If we are God's children, we need not fear the developments of his providence.

*Richard Newton, D.D.*

MAKE but few explanations; the character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindicating.

*F. W. Robertson.*

THERE is no funeral so sad to follow as the funeral of our own youth, which we have been pampering with fond desires and ambitious hopes, and all the bright berries that hang in poisonous clusters over the path of life.

---

I CANNOT despair of the ultimate conversion of the heathen, when I remember the power of the Gospel upon myself.

*John Newton, D.D.*

It is well known that he seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal, and they that trust her promises make little scruple of reveling to-day on the profits of the morrow.

*Samuel Johnson.*

ANNUAL income £20, annual expenditure £19 19s. 6d.; result happiness; annual income £20, annual expenditure £20 0s. 6d.; result misery.

*Micawber.*

HAL! I am heinously unprovided to-day, \* \* \* and I do suspect you grievously; \* \* \* you promise me so infinitely.

*Falstaff.*

FROM indolence, despondency and indiscretion, may I specially be preserved.

*John Quincy Adams.*

PUT not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

*Holmes.*

I HAVE discovered the philosopher's stone that turns everything into gold ; it is—"Pay as you go!"

*John Randolph.*

EARTHLY treasures are disappointing in pursuit, dissatisfying in enjoyment, and uncertain in possession.

*Blair's Rhetoric.*

MODERN criticism discloses that which it would fain conceal, but conceals that which it professes to disclose; it is, therefore, read by the discerning not to discover the merits of an author, but the motives of his critic.

*Colton.*

NOTHING ages like laziness.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

PLEASURES are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed ;  
Or like the snow-falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts forever.

*Burns.*

MELANCHOLY is the convalescence of grief.

*Madame Dubrenoy.*

As old as the centuries and as young as the future.

*Bulwer, (on the Christian Church).*

EARNEST work for Christ is the best means of spiritual culture.

*Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., D.D.*

SILENCE is the virtue of the feeble.

*Auguste Prévost.*

THE best of men and the most earnest workers will make enough of mistakes to keep them humble. Thank God for mistakes and take courage. Don't give up on account of mistakes !

*Moody.*

MY greatest sorrows are those of my own heart. Outward troubles serve rather to steady than to disconcert me.

*Rev. George Paul.*

It is the little rift within the lute,  
That by and by will make the music mute,  
And, ever widening, slowly silence all.

*Tennyson.*

WE are all wicked; what one of us blames in another each will find in his own breast.

*Seneca.*

THE conjurer does not deceive the man who beats the gong for him.

*Chinese Proverb.*

To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones.

*Trublet.*

To contemplate things lovely is always an ascent.

*David Swing.*

MAN is by nature a fighting and quarreling animal.

*Lord Palmerston.*

PLANTING colleges and filling them with studious young men and women, is planting seed-corn for the world.

*Rev. Dr. Judson.*



THE imagination is the retina of the universe.

*Ruskin.*

TASTE and smell are chemical, touch is mechanical, the ear is emotive, and the eye is intellectual.

*Tyndall.*

THE strangeness of foreign life throws one back into himself.

*John Henry Newman.*

NOTHING sharpens the arrow of sarcasm so keenly as the courtesy that polishes it; no reproach is like that we clothe with a smile and present with a bow.

*Chesterfield.*

SARCASM is the natural language of the devil.

*Carlyle.*

A DECENT boldness ever meets with friends.

*Pope.*

A LETTER shows the man it is written to, as well as the man it is written by.

*Chesterfield.*

EDUCATION is the cheap defense of nations.

*Burke.*

POVERTY is the sixth sense.

*German Proverb.*

IN many things, a comprehensive survey of a subject is the shortest way of getting at a precise knowledge of a particular division of it.

*Princeton Review.*

It seems to be nearly impossible to be moderate. If we are calm and deliberate enough to be just, we are almost sure to be indifferent.

*A. P. Russell.*

MYTHOLOGY is religion growing wild.

*Schelling.*

STATEMENT is argument.

*Shedd.*

A GARBLED quotation may be the most effectual perversion of an author's meaning; and a partial representation of an incident in a man's life may be the most malignant of all calumnies.

*McCosh.*

THE double sense of prophesy is aptly illustrated by mountain-peaks or gas-lights seeming as one in the distance.

*Charles Wordsworth, D.D.*

"WHAT a fool you are, Paley," said a young man in a British university, "to be wasting your time in idleness and dissipation. You have talents which might raise you to eminence. I have none; and it is of no consequence how I act." Paley took the hint, though roughly made, laid it to heart, and rose like a clear light, and shed a lustre on the age and the literature of his nation.

*Albert Barnes.*

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## XXV.

## NUT-SHELLS.

THE fourth gospel is written by the hand of an angel.

*Herder.*

THE fourth gospel is the heart of Christ.

*Ernesti.*

YOU shall see a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall meander through a meadow of margin.

*Sheridan.*

I BELIEVE Plato and Socrates; I believe in Jesus Christ.

*Coleridge.*

THE material universe is so great that the highest intelligence in heaven can never fully grasp or know it. Through all eternity, should its limits ever be found, the mind would be shocked.

*John Foster.*

A GOOD library is a statesman's workshop.

*John Randolph.*

SOME books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.

*Bacon.*

OF all those arts in which the wise excel,  
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.

*Sheffield.*

TEN censure wrong, for one that writes amiss.

*Pope.*

IF Adam fell in the days of innocency,  
How could you expect Falstaff to stand  
In the days of villainy?

*Shakespeare.*

ONE that would peep and botanize  
Upon his mother's grave!

*Wordsworth.*

THE negro is the image of God cut in ebony.

*Fuller.*

THE task-master is the image of the devil cut in ivory.

*Horace Smith.*

SOME people have the negro question on the brain, but not much brain on the negro question.

*George D. Prentice.*

THE largest funeral procession known carries its genuine grief in one coach, and fortunate is the man who leaves behind enough real mourners to fill one hack. From this we must not jump to the conclusion that the world is so bad, but we are all so occupied with our own troubles that we have not time nor inclination for those of others.

*Donn Piatt.*

SENSE shines with a double lustre when it is set in humility.

*William Penn.*

I HAVE no fear for England; she will stand till the day of judgment

*William Pitt.*

WHAT I fear for England is the day of judgment.

*Edmund Burke.*

IN all our decisions and actions, it would be well for us to remember the suggestive inscription that was written on the gates of Busrane. As the traveler entered that ancient city, he read on the first gate, "Be bold;" and on the second gate, "Be bold, be bold and evermore be bold;" and then he paused as he read on the third gate, "Be not too bold!" A man's strength should be like the momentum of a falling planet, and his discretion like the return of its due and perfect curve.

*Emerson.*

MEN give me credit for genius; but all the genius I have lies in this: when I have a subject on hand I study it profoundly. The effect I make, they call the fruit of genius; it is, however, the fruit of labor and thought.

*Alexander Hamilton.*

A MOSQUITO is the concrete incarnation of the mystery of evil.

*Prof. Llewellyn J. Evans.*

THERE is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottoms are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater.

*M. F. Maury.*

THERE is in every animal's eye a dim image and gleam of humanity, a flash of strange light through which their life looks out and up to our great mystery of command over them, claiming the fellowship of the creature, if not of the soul.

*Ruskin.*

THE motives of conscience, as connected with repentance and the feeling of duty, are the most important differences which separate man from the animal.

*Darwin.*

A SEARED conscience is like a tympanum without resonance.

*Theo. Cuyler, D.D.*

THERE is, between the whole animal kingdom on the one side, and man, even in his lowest state, on the other, a barrier which no animal has ever crossed, and that barrier is—language. By no effort of understanding, by no stretch of imagination, can I explain to myself how language could have grown out of anything which animals possess, even if we granted them millions of years for that purpose.

*Max Mueller.*

QUOTATION, sir, is a good thing ; there is a community of mind in it. Classical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world.

*Samuel Johnson.*

AN apt quotation is as good as an original remark.

*Proverb.*

STYLE is the gossamer on which the seeds of truth float through the world.

*Bancroft.*

FLOWERS are the smiles of God's goodness.

*Wilberforce.*

THE moon is the flatterer of decay.

*Bulwer.*

TAKE me, for I come to Thee.

*Last words of John Bunyan.*

O Lord! is this the way?

*Among the last words of Rev. E. R. Beadle, D.D.*

GOD often works more by the life of the illiterate, seeking the things which are His, than by the ability of the learned, seeking the things that are their own.

*Anselm.*

RELIGION is assent through conscience to God.

*Martineau.*

A PERSON is always startled when he hears himself seriously called old for the first time.

*Holmes.*

WHO can blame me if I cherish the belief that the world is still young—that there are great possibilities in store for it?

*Tyndall.*

THERE is no process of evolution or development that can ever span the chasm between the organic and the inorganic, between the living and the lifeless, between animal instinct and reflective consciousness.

*Liddon.*

HHE who was the holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy, has, with His pierced hand, lifted heathenism off its hinges, and turned the dolorous and accursed centuries into new channels, and now governs the ages.

*Richter.*

IN proportion as nations become more corrupt, more disgrace will attach to poverty and more respect to wealth.

*Colton.*

THE pupil of the eye is the portal through which light brings in all the riches and glories of the earth and heaven to adorn the inner chambers of the soul. The mind sits enthroned as a sovereign in its secret place, and this swift-winged messenger comes flying with intelligence from every point in the whole landscape, and from the far distant orbs of heaven. The mind has only to lift the curtain of the eye, and millions of bright heralds rush in to describe the form, and hue and order of everything in the world of vision. Some of these messengers have brought their tidings in an instant, and some have been on their way a million of years, to tell me where of old the breath of God blew a million suns into flame, and sent them forth to sing and shine among the rival spheres of heaven. And as I stand gazing from some giddy height, it is as if all this vast and varied scene were the creation of light itself. Take from me the faculty of vision, or, what would be the same thing, destroy the light, and in place of all this wondrous world of beauty, a blank and pitiless wall of darkness shuts me in on every side.

*Rev. Dr. March.*

THE face of a loving old man is always to me like a morning moon, reflecting the yet unseen sun of the world, yet fading before its approaching light, until, when it does rise, it fades and withers away from our gaze, absorbed in the source of its own beauty.

*George McDonald.*

IN the Mammoth Cave, where the light of day never enters, the fish are eyeless, having lost their organ of sight from long disuse; but the slave in his captivity, enveloped in worse than cavern darkness, and shut out from all the privileges which a man formed in the image of God has a right to enjoy, has retained his capacity for liberty, education and religion.

*J. B. Bittinger, D.D.*

WE have no reason to fear that the poor and unfortunate will ever receive too much attention, either at home or abroad.

*Mrs. E. C. Stanton.*

THE great face was so sad, so earnest, so longing, so patient. There was a dignity not of earth in its mien, and in its countenance a benignity, such as never anything human wore. It was stone, but it seemed sentient. If ever image of stone thought, it was thinking. It was looking toward the verge of the landscape, but looking at nothing, nothing but distance and vacancy. It was looking over and beyond everything of the present, and far into the past. It was gazing over the ocean of time, over lines of century waves, which, farther and farther receding, closed nearer and nearer together, and blended at last into one unbroken tide, away toward the horizon of a remote antiquity. It was the type of an attribute of man—of a faculty of his heart and brain. It was memory—retrospection, wrought into visible, tangible form.

*Mark Twain, (On the Sphinx).*



YET still there whispers the small voice within,  
 Heard through gain's silence and o'er glory's din :  
 Whatever creed he taught or land he trod,  
 Man's conscience is the oracle of God.

*Byron.*

HAVE you ever seen those marble statues in some public square or garden which art has so finished into a perennial fountain that through the lips or through the hands the clear water flows in perpetual stream, on and on and on forever; and the marble stands there, passive, cold, making no effort to arrest the gliding water? It is so that time flows through the hands of men—swift, never pausing, till it has run itself out; and there is the man petrified into a marble sleep, not feeling what it is which is passing away forever. It is so that the destiny of nine men out of ten accomplishes itself—slipping away from them, aimless, useless till it is too late.

*F. W. Robertson.*

COME, my friends, souls that have toiled and  
 Wrought and thought with me,\* \* \* \* \*  
 'T is not too late to seek a newer world.

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## XXVI.

### KEY-NOTES.

'T is a very good world we live in,  
 To lend, or to spend, or to give in ;  
 But to beg, or to borrow, or get a man's own,  
 'T is the very worst world that ever was known.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

STRENGTH for the day ! At early dawn I stand  
 Helpless and weak, and with unrested eyes,  
 Watching for day. Before its portal lies  
 A low, black cloud—a heavy, iron hand,  
 Slowly the mist is lifted from the land,  
 And pearl and amber gleam across the skies,  
 Gladdening my upward gaze with sweet surprise !  
 I own the sign; I know that He whose hand  
 Hath fringed these somber clouds with ruby ray,  
 And changed that iron bar to molten gold,  
 Will to my wandering steps be guide and stay;  
 Breathe o'er my wavering heart his rest for aye,  
 And give my waiting, folded palms to hold  
 His blessed morning boon—strength for the day !

*Scribner's.*

THAT which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations.

*Emerson.*

LET us wipe our tears, lift up our heads, and gird ourselves for brave and cheerful toil. In due time the release will come; rest so sweet after the toil is over; glory so bright after the darkness is passed; victory so grand, that we shall not wish the conflicts to have been less fierce, or the perils of the way less numerous or painful.

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EVERY kindness done to others in our daily walk, every attempt to make others happy, every prejudice overcome, every truth more clearly perceived, every difficulty subdued, every sin left behind, every temptation trampled under foot, every step forward in the cause of what is good, is a step nearer the cause of Christ, through which only death can be really a gain to us.

*Dean Stanley.*

OH, if the selfish knew how much they lost,  
What would they not endeavor, not endure,  
To imitate, as far as in them lay,  
Him, who his wisdom and his power employs  
In making others happy !

*Samuel Rogers.*

MY reason yields her hand to faith,  
And follows meekly where the angel leads.

*Holland.*

SAVING faith is the flight of a penitent sinner to the  
mercy of God in Christ.

*Mestrezat.*

RELIGION is never fashionable. The way of peace is not  
the broad way superintended by Paris, but the narrow way  
watched by the Redeemer.

*Moody.*

I PITY the man who has never, in his best moods, felt his  
life consoled and comforted in its bitterness by the larger  
lives that he could look at and know that they too were men  
living in the same humanity with himself, only living in it  
much more largely. So much of our need of consolation  
comes from the bitterness of our life, its pettiness and  
weariness insensibly transferring itself to all life, making us  
skeptical about anything great or worth living for in life at  
all. It is our rescue from this debilitating doubt that is the  
blessing which falls upon us when, leaving our own insigni-  
ficance behind, we let our hearts rest with comfort on the  
mere fact that these men are of great, broad, generous and  
healthy lives—men like the greatest that we know.

*Phillips Brooks.*

THE past is past; I see the future stretch  
All dark and barren as a rainy sea.

*Alexander Smith.*

PLATE sin with gold, and the strong lance of justice hurt-  
less breaks;

Arm it in rags—a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

*Shakespeare.*

A PEOPLE that gives up God is like a people that gives up a territory; it is a lost people. There is only one greater folly than that of the fool who says in his heart, "there is no God," and that is the folly of a people that says in its heart that it does not know whether there is a God or no.

*Bismarck.*

HEARTS, like apples, are hard and sour,  
Till crushed by pain's resistless power;  
And yield their juices rich and bland  
To none but sorrow's heavy hand.

*Holland.*

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.  
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
And drinking largely sobers us again.

*Pope.*

CANST thou not minister to a mind diseased;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And with some sweet, oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the stuffed bosom of that perilous stuff  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Shakespeare.*

SAVING faith is not an intellectual assent to a system of doctrine superior to reason, but a personal trust on God in Christ, appropriation of God's personal word and promise of redeeming love.

*Luther.*

SOME faithful eulogist may say,  
 He sought not praise, and praise did overlook  
 His unobtrusive merit; but his life,  
 Sweet to himself, was exercised in good  
 That shall survive his name and memory.

*Wordsworth.*

WHEN loss of property and loss of repute are come, when the severance of friendships has come, when the future is overcast with disappointment, and hopes are shattered, and we know nothing of what is to come except simply this, that we know God's will must be done, and try to do what is pleasing in His sight, and leave all to Him, the endurance which then reveals itself is the masterful power of the human will. Men trained in this experience cannot be frightened nor disheartened by troubles, however great.

*R. S. Storrs, D.D.*

VICE is a monster of so frightful mien,  
 As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;  
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

*Pope.*

IN men whom men pronounce as ill,  
 I find so much of goodness still;  
 In men whom men pronounce divine,  
     I find so much of sin and blot;  
 I hesitate to draw the line  
     Between the two, when God has not.

*Joaquin Miller.*

THERE are points from which we can command our life,  
 When the soul sweeps the future like a glass;  
 And coming things, full-freighted with our fate,  
 Jut out dark on the offing of the mind.

*Shelley.*

ARE there not lofty moments when the soul  
 Leaps to the front of being, casting off  
 The robes and clumsy instruments of sense,  
 And, pastured in its immortality,  
 Reveals its independence of the clod  
 In which it dwells?

*Holland.*

IT must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well,  
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
 This longing after immortality?  
 Or whence the secret dread and inward horror  
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on itself, and startles at destruction?  
 'T is the divinity that stirs within us;  
 'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter  
 And intimates eternity to man.

*Addison.*

IT is success that colors all in life;  
 Success makes fools admired, makes villains honest;  
 All the proud virtue of this vaunting world  
 Fawns on success and power, however acquired.

*Thomson.*

HAD I miscarried, I had been a villain;  
 For men judge actions always by events;  
 But, when we manage by a just foresight,  
 Success is prudence, and possession right.

*Higgins.*

THE feeling of a direct responsibility of the individual to  
 God is almost wholly a creation of Protestantism.

*John Stuart Mill.*

THE soul forgets nothing, save through its vices, worthy  
 of lasting remembrance.

*A. Bronson Alcott.*

GEOLOGY gives us a key to the patience of God.

*Holland.*

THEY are poor  
That have lost nothing; they are poorer far  
Who, losing, have forgotten; they most poor  
Of all who lose and wish they might forget.

*Jean Ingelow.*

OH, it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take His part  
Upon this battle-field of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart.  
He hides Himself so wondrously,  
As though there was no God;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us in the hour,  
The fight is all but lost,  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need Him most.

Workman of God, Oh, lose not heart!  
But learn what God is like;  
And in the darkest battle-field,  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

For right is right, since God is God,  
And right the day must win.  
To doubt would be disloyalty;  
To falter would be sin.

*Songs of Devotion.*

WHERE is the fiery furnace hot enough to burn despair  
into our souls, so long as we see walking with us the form  
of one like unto the Son of God?

*Bishop Huntington.*

HE walked attended  
By a strong-aiding champion, conscience.

*Milton.*

I NOW see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, and I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine.

*Richard Baxter.*

THEN gently scan your brother man,  
Still gentler sister woman;  
Though they may gang a kennin' wrang,  
To step aside is human.  
One point must still be greatly dark,  
The moving why they do it;  
And just as lamely can ye mark  
How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 't is He alone  
Decidedly can try us;  
He knows each chord—its various tone,  
Each spring—its various bias;  
Then at the balance let's be mute,  
We never can adjust it.  
What's done we partly may compute,  
But know not what's resisted.

*Burns.*

WE on this globe are like insects in a garden; those who live on an oak seldom meet those who pass their short lives on an ash.

*Voltaire.*

I WOULD rather sit on a pumpkin and have it all to myself, than to be crowded on a velvet cushion.

*Thoreau.*



WE are poor, silly animals; we live for an instant upon a particle of a boundless universe, and are much like a butterfly that should argue about the nature of the seasons, and what creates their vicissitudes, and does not exist itself to see an annual revolution of them.

*Horace Walpole.*

UNLESS we are accustomed to them from early youth, splendid chambers and elegant furniture had best be left to people who neither have nor can have any thoughts.

*Goethe.*

FOR my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my own time than wear a diadem.

*Bishop Berkeley.*

CAN anything be so elegant, as to have few wants and serve them one's self? Parched corn, and a house with one apartment, that I may be free of all perturbations, that I may be serene and docile to what the mind shall speak, and girt and road-ready for the lowest mission of knowledge or goodness, is frugality for gods and heroes.

*Emerson.*

BEYOND the farthest glimmering star  
That twinkles in the arch above,  
There is a world of truth and love  
Which earth's vile passions never mar.  
Oh! could I snatch the eagle's plumes  
And soar to that bright world above,  
Which God's own holy light illumines  
With glories of eternal day,  
How gladly every lingering tie  
That binds me down to earth I'd sever,  
And leave for that blest home on high  
This hollow-hearted world forever!

*George D. Prentice.*

HUMILITY is the base of every virtue,  
And they who dig the deepest build the safest.  
God keeps all His pity for the proud.

*Bailev.*

TEACH me to live! 'Tis easier far to die—  
Gently and silently to pass away—  
On earth's long night to close the heavy eye,  
To waken in the realms of glorious day.

Teach me that painful lesson, how to live,  
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;  
Arm me for conflict, and fresh vigor give,  
And make me more than conqueror in the strife.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more,  
But use the time remaining to me yet;  
Not mine own pleasure seeking, as before,  
Wasting no precious hours in vain regret.

Teach me to live!—no idler let me be,  
But in Thy service hand and heart employ;  
Prepared to do Thy bidding cheerfully—  
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live!—my daily cross to bear,  
Nor murmur though I bend beneath its load;  
Only be with me. Let me feel Thee near;  
Thy smile sheds gladness on the darkest road.

Teach me to live!—and find my life in Thee,  
Looking from earth and earthly things away;  
Let me not falter, but untiringly  
Press on, and gain new strength and power each day.

Teach me to live!—with kindly words for all,  
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of gloom;  
Waiting, with cheerful patience, till Thy call  
Summons me to my heavenly rest and home.

*Hymnal.*

I DO not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

*Newton.*

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XXVII.

MEMORY GEMS.

FROM childhood's hour I have not been  
As others were; I have not seen  
As others saw; I could not bring  
My passions from a common spring.  
From the same source I have not taken  
My sorrow; I could not awaken  
My heart to joy at the same tone;  
And all I loved, I loved alone.  
Then, in my childhood—in the dawn  
Of a most stormy life—was drawn,  
From ev'ry depth of good and ill,  
The mystery which binds me still;  
From the torrent, or the fountain,  
From the red cliff of the mountain,  
From the sun that 'round me roll'd  
In its autumn tint of gold;  
From the lightning in the sky  
As it pass'd me flying by—  
From the thunder and the storm;  
And the cloud that took the form,  
When the rest of heaven was blue,  
Of a demon in my view.

*Edgar A. Poe.*

WE will revive those times, and in our memories preserve and still keep fresh, like flowers in water, those happier days.

*Richter.*

Who art thou, shadowy passer-by?

I feel I know thee well,

But because thou art shadow, cloud,

With neither sex nor age avowed,

Thy name I cannot tell.

Who art thou, ghostly passer-by?

"On earth thy mother—I."

And thou, whose fluttering wing droops low

And faintly beats the air,

Whose eyes are wet with tender tears,

And dimmed with memories of past years;

Who art thou? Speak and spare.

"Thy sister, then, dost thou not know?

Surely the dead forgotten go."

Another follows; who art thou,

So meek and mild of mien?

"Thy daughter once, thy angel now,

I think of thee as low I bow

The shining ranks between.

I watch thee still"—Now heaven be kind

And make my guardian angel blind.

And thou? "Recall thy early love,

For I am she." And thou?

"The shadow of a soul am I,

The ghost of thine own heart; the cry

Of conscience, visible, who now

Stand ready to accuse in sight

Of heaven."

Hide me, profoundest night!

*Victor Hugo.*

THERE are recollections as pleasant as they are sacred and eternal. There are words and faces and places that never lose their hold upon the heart. They may be words that we seldom hear amid the whirl of life; faces that we may never see on earth again; places that we are but seldom permitted to re-visit; but they were once the scenes, the associates, the joy of our life; they had a controlling influence in training our aspirations and in shaping our destinies, and they can never be wholly forgotten. The flight of years cannot sully their innocence, nor diminish their interest, and eternity will preserve them among the dearest reminiscences of earth. We may meet and love other faces, we may treasure other words, we may have other joys, we may mingle in other scenes and form other associations, but these old familiar faces, and these dear old familiar scenes, remain invested with a fadeless beauty, sacred in their exemption from oblivion and decay.

Our youthful troubles and their sources are soon forgotten, but the objects of beauty which gladden the early life never cease to yield us delight. They become the stars in the firmament of youth, lighting up the pathway of the past, and when in later years the night of sorrow gathers round the soul, memory, like the astronomer's tube, piercing the surrounding gloom, sweeps that distant sky, and reveals those stars still shining with undiminished lustre. The heart renews its youth, and the whole man is cheered and invigorated by the contemplation of those things of beauty that were the delight of earlier days.

*Henry A. Walker.*

FAIR are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer;

RARE is the rose-burst of dawn, but the secret that clasps it is rarer;

SWEET the exultance of song, but the strain that precedes it is sweeter;

And never was poem yet writ, but the meaning outmastered  
the metre.

Never a daisy that grows, but a mystery guideth the growing;  
Never a river that flows, but a majesty sceptres the flowing;  
Never a Shakespeare that soared, but a stronger than he  
did enfold him;

Nor ever a prophet foretells, but a mightier seer hath fore-  
told him.

Back of the canvas that throbs, the painter is hinted and  
hidden;

Into the statue that breathes, the soul of the sculptor is  
bidden;

Under the joy that is felt, lie the infinite issues of feeling;  
Crowning the glory revealed, is the glory that crowns the  
revealing.

Great are the symbols of being, but that which is symbolized  
is greater;

Vast the create and beheld, but vaster the inward creator.  
Back of the sound broods the silence, back of the gift  
stands the giving;

Back of the hand that receives, thrill the sensitive nerves  
of receiving.

Space is as nothing to spirit, the deed is outdone by the doing;  
The heart of the wooer is warm, but warmer the heart of  
the wooing.

And up from the pits where these shiver, and up from the  
heights where those shine,

Twin voices and shadows swim starward, and the essence  
of life is divine.

*Richard Realf.*

MEMORY seizes the passing moment, fixes it upon the  
canvas, and hangs the picture on the soul's inner chambers,  
for her to look upon when she will.

*Haven.*

OH, thou to-morrow ! Mystery !  
Oh, day that ever runs before !  
What has thy hidden hand in store  
For mine, to-morrow, and for me ?  
Oh, thou to-morrow ! What hast thou  
In store to make me bear the now ?

Oh, day in which we shall forget  
The tangled troubles of to-day !  
Oh, day that laughs at duns, at debts !  
Oh, day of promises to pay !  
Oh, shelter from all present storm !  
Oh, day in which we shall reform.

Oh, safest, best day for reform !  
Convenient day of promises !  
Hold back the shadow of the storm,  
Oh, blest to-morrow ! Chiefest friend,  
Let not thy mystery be less  
But lead us blindfolded to the end !

*Joaquin Miller.*

I KNOW not of the dark or bright  
Shall be my lot;  
If that wherein my hopes delight,  
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years  
Toil's heavy chain;  
Or day and night, my meat be tears,  
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth  
With smile and glee,  
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth  
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand  
By breath divine.

And on the helm there rests a Hand  
Other than mine.

One who has known to sail  
I have on board;  
Above the raging of the gale  
I hear my Lord.

He holds me; when the billows smite  
I shall not fall;  
If sharp, 't is short; if long, 't is light;  
He tempers all.

Safe to the land, safe to the land!  
The end is this;  
And then with Him go hand in hand,  
Far into bliss.

*Dean Alford.*

WHEN Goethe's death was told, we said:  
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head;  
Physician of the iron age,  
Goethe has done his pilgrimage,  
He took the suffering, human race,  
He read each wound, each weakness clear;  
And struck his finger on the place,  
And said: Thou ailest here, and here!  
He looked on Europe's dying hour  
Of fitful dream and feverish power;  
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,  
The turmoil of expiring life—  
He said: The end is everywhere;  
Art still has truth, take refuge there!  
And he was happy, if to know  
Causes of things, and far below  
His feet to see the lurid flow  
Of terror, and insane distress,  
And headlong fate, be happiness.

*Matthew Arnold.*



PLAN not, nor scheme, but calmly wait;  
His choice is best,  
While blind and erring is thy sight;  
His wisdom sees and judges right;  
So trust and rest.

Strive not, nor struggle; thy poor might  
Can never wrest  
The meanest thing to serve thy will;  
All power is His alone; be still,  
And trust and wait.

What dost thou fear? His wisdom reigns  
Supreme, confessed;  
His power is infinite; His love  
Thy deepest, fondest dreams above;  
So trust and rest.

*Macduff.*

AN! when will all be ended? If the dead  
Have unto them some little memory left  
Of things that, while they lived, fate from them reft,  
Ere life itself was reft them at last,  
Yet would to God these days at least were past,  
And all be done that here must needs be done.  
Ah! shall I, living underneath the sun,  
I wonder, wish for anything again,  
Or ever know what pleasure means, and pain?

*William Morris.*

THERE is a time, we know not when,  
A point, we know not where,  
That marks the destiny of men,  
To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,  
That crosses every path;  
The hidden boundary between  
God's patience and his wrath.

To pass that limit is to die—

To die as if by stealth ;

It does not quench the beaming eye,

Nor pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,

The spirits light and gay ;

That which pleases still may please,

And care be thrust away ;

But on that forehead God has set

Indelibly a mark,

Unseen by man, for man as yet

Is blind, and in the dark.

Indeed, the doomed one's path below

May bloom as Eden bloomed ;

He did not, does not, will not know

Or feel that he is doomed.

He feels perchance, that all is well,

And every fear is calmed ;

He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell,

Not only doomed, but damned !

Oh ! where is that mysterious bourne

By which our path is crossed,

Beyond which, God himself hath sworn

That he who goes, is lost ?

How long may we go on in sin ?

How long will God forbear ?

Where does hope end, and where begin

The confines of despair ?

An answer from the skies is sent :

Ye who from God depart,

While it is called to-day, repent,

And harden not your heart !

*Attributed to Addison Alexander, D.D.*

THERE is a fine passage in Sir Henry Taylor's "Philip van Artevelde," in which Van Ryk says to the hero of the drama—

"If you mark, my lord,

Mostly a rumor of such things precedes  
The certain tidings."

And Philip musingly answers—

"It is strange, yet true,  
That doubtful knowledge travels with a speed  
Miraculous, which certain cannot match.  
I know not why, when this or that has chanced,  
The smoke outruns the flash, but so it is."

*Justin Mc Carthy.*

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,  
Nor any unproportioned thought his act;  
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;  
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,  
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;  
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,  
Bear 't that the opposer may beware of thee.  
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;  
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.  
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,  
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy,  
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.

\* \* \* \* \*

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be,  
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.  
This above all—to thine own self be true;  
And it must follow, as the night the day,  
Thou canst not then be false to any man;  
Farewell! my blessing season this in thee.

*Polonius to Laertes.*

How many times, as through the rooms I hasten,  
Without a thought of other days at all,  
I lift my eyes, and straightway I am standing  
Before her picture, hanging on the wall.

Almost it seems her pleasant voice is calling,  
And I am going to answer, "Yes, I hear;  
All earthly sounds shall be to me as silence,  
If you will speak, O mother, mother dear!"

No answer comes! I hush my breath to listen,  
But still the eyes, with patient, steadfast gaze,  
Look into mine; they pierce through flesh and spirit;  
I bow my head and blush beneath their rays.

For she is wise with wisdom that appalls me;  
The solemn secrets of the grave she knows;  
And high o'er me, by God's own hand uplifted,  
Through wondrous ways of His own heaven, she goes.

Beyond all change, and safe from time's mutation,  
And grieved no more by earth's forlorn complaints,  
Thou pictured face! dim semblance of my mother!  
How dost thou look among the crowned saints?

So far! so far! Once if I faintly called you,  
Or laughed, or wept, you were so quick to know;  
All else might fail, my mother's love was certain;  
Now, dying, e'en your touch I must forego.

Thou there, I here, and I know not what spaces  
Beyond the grave's green width divide us two,  
Nor of the times, uncounted and unmeasured,  
That must go o'er me ere I look on you.

But I shall find you! I am coming, mother!  
Sometime, somewhere, when His great will is done,  
And I am fit to stand once more beside you,  
To your high place I shall have leave to come.

*Ellen M. H. Gates.*

A MAN'S value and progress in this life must be measured, not by what he gets outwardly, but by what he gains inwardly. The beauty of a rose lies not in its encasements, but in the delicacy of its leaf-tinting and the delicious sweetness which rises out of its blushing bosom. So with man. It is the color and fragrance of his nature within, it is the richness of his inward experience, and not the grandeur and quality of his surroundings, which constitute his real glory and charm.

*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

If there be memory in the world to come,  
If thought recur to some things silenced here,  
Then shall the deep heart be no longer dumb,  
But find expression in that happier sphere;  
It shall not be denied the utmost sum  
Of love to speak without or fault or fear,  
But utter to the harp, with changes sweet,  
Words that, forbidden still, then heaven were incomplete.  
*Jean Ingelow.*

At the end of life a man finds himself rich, not so much by his fortunes as by his misfortunes. The Persians had a vase of glass which when empty was colorless, but when filled with wine, flashed forth many rare pictures. So a bosom empty of a heart of pain makes a lustreless life; but a bosom in which a heart bleeds reveals hidden virtues.

*Theodore Tilton.*

How much so ever in this life's mutations  
We seek our shattered idols to replace,  
Not one in all the myriads of the nations  
Can ever fill another's vacant place.

Each has its own, the smallest and most humble,  
As well as he, revered the wide world through;  
With every death some love and hope must crumble,  
Which strive to build themselves anew..

If the fair face of violets should perish  
 Before another springtime had its birth,  
 Could all the costly blooms which florists cherish  
 Bring back its April beauty to the earth?

Not the most gorgeous flower that uncloses  
 Could give the olden grace to vale and plain,  
 Not even Persia's gardens full of roses,  
 Could ever make the world so fair again.

And so with souls we love; they pass and leave us—  
 Time teaches patience at a bitter cost;  
 Yet all the new loves, which the years may give us,  
 Fill not the heart-place aching for the lost.

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## XXVIII.

### RARE BRILLIANTS.

THE life is measured by the soul's advance.

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LIFE has been awfully injured when it looks only back.  
*David Swing.*

OFT in my way have I stood still, though but a casual  
 passenger, so much I felt the awfulness of life.  
*Wordsworth.*

THE line of life is a ragged diagonal between duty and  
 desire.  
*W. R. Alger.*

YOUTH should be a saving's bank.  
*Madame Swetchine.*

LIFE, whether in this world or any other, is the sum of our attainment, our experience, our character. The conditions are secondary. In what other world shall we be more surely than we are here.

*Chapin.*

LIFE is a dream, and death an awakening.

*Beaumelle.*

LIFE's evening will take its character from the day which has preceded it.

*Bishop Shuttleworth.*

A VERY little part of our life is so vacant from uneasiness as to leave us free to the attraction of remoter good.

*Locke.*

NOTHING can be so sad as confinement for life, nor so sweet, please your honor, as liberty.

*Sterne.*

LIFE, like a dome of many-colored glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity.

*Shelley.*

A WIDE, rich heaven hangs above you, but it hangs high; a wide, rough world is around you, and it lies very low.

*Donald J. Mitchell.*

LIFE, like the waters of the seas, freshens only when it ascends towards heaven.

*Richter.*

THE woof of life is dark, but it is shot with a warp of gold.

*F. W. Robertson.*

WHILE we are reasoning concerning life, life is gone.

*Hume.*

LIFE is a crucible. We are thrown into it, and tried. The actual weight and value of a man are expressed in the spiritual substance of the man. All else is dross.

*Chapin.*

LIFE went a-maying with nature, hope and poesy, when I was young.

*Coleridge.*

PLUNGE boldly into the thick of life! Each lives it. Not to many is it known; and seize it where you will, it is interesting.

*Goethe.*

INSPECT the neighborhood of thy life; every shelf, every nook of thy abode; and, nestling in, quarter thyself in the farthest and most domestic winding of thy snail-house.

*Richter.*

MAN carries under his hat a private theater, wherein a greater drama is acted than is ever performed on the mimic stage, beginning and ending in eternity.

*Carlyle.*

WE paint our lives in fresco. The soft and fusile plaster of the moment hardens under every stroke of the brush into eternal rock.

*Sterling.*

ALL die who have lived; all have not lived who died.

*Zimmerman.*

THERE are some men formed with feelings so blunt that they can hardly be said to be awake during the whole course of their lives.

*Burke.*

THE truest end of life is to know the life that never ends.

*William Penn.*



O that I less could fear to lose this being, which, like a snow-ball in my coward hand, the more it's grasped the faster melts away!

*Dryden.*

GOD proves us in this life, that he may the more plentifully reward us in the next.

*Wake.*

LIFE appears to me too short to be spent in nursing animosity or registering wrongs. We are, and must be, one and all, burdened with faults in this world, but the time will come when, I trust, we shall put them off in putting off our corruptible bodies; when debasement and sin will fall from us with this cumbrous frame of flesh. \* \* \* It is a creed in which I delight, to which I cling. It makes eternity a rest, a home—not a terror and an abyss. With this creed, revenge never worries my heart, degradation never too deeply disgusts me, injustice never crushes me too low; I live in calm, looking to the end.

*Charlotte Brontë.*

ALL common things, each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end,  
Our pleasures and our discontents,  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

*Longfellow.*

It is impossible for that man to despair who remembers that his Helper is omnipotent.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

No story is the same to us after the lapse of time; or rather, we who read it are no longer the same interpreters.

*George Eliot.*

SOLICITUDE is the audience-chamber of God.

*Landor.*

BETTER to mourn a blossom snatched away  
Before it reached perfection, than behold,  
With dry, unhappy eyes, day after day,  
The fresh bloom fade and the fair leaf decay.  
Better to lose the dream with all its gold,  
Than keep it till it changes to dull gray.

*Ella Wheeler.*

WHEN a man feels the reprehension of a friend seconded  
by his own heart, he is easily heated into resentment.

*Samuel Johnson.*

EVERY man who lives in the habitual practice of any voluntary sin, cuts himself off from Christianity.

*Addison.*

TEACH self-denial and make its practice pleasurable,  
and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever  
issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.

*Walter Scott.*

DIVISION is never so agonizing as when it pounces on  
the wanderings of misguided sensibility.

*Lord Jeffrey.*

IT is the special privilege of truth always to grow on  
candid minds.

*Scrivener.*

PRAISE undeserved is satire in disguise.

*Broadhurst.*

LITTLE things console us because little things afflict us.

*Pascal.*

MANNERS are the ornament of action.

*Samuel Smiles.*

GUILT is a spiritual Rubicon.

*Jane Porter.*

NOTHING is so hard but search will find it out.

*Herrick.*

TRUE joy is only hope put out of fear.

*Lord Brooke.*

IF integrity were made the pride of the government,  
the love of it would soon spring up among the people.

*David Swing.*

COURAGE is boldness built of moral timber.

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As in the fable, the wolf preached against sheep-stealing,  
so very many hunt down those sins in others which they  
shelter in themselves.

*Spurgeon.*

WHEN a woman hath ceased to be quite the same to us,  
it matters little how different she becomes.

*Landor.*

MAXIMS are the condensed good sense of nations.

*Sir J. Mackintosh.*

A CROWD always thinks with its sympathy, never with  
its reason.

*W. R. Alger.*

WHEN you find your antagonist beginning to grow warm,  
put an end to the dispute by some genteel badinage.

*Chesterfield.*

CONVERSATION is the music of the mind; an intellectual  
orchestra, where all the instruments should bear a part, but  
where none should play together.

*Colton.*

WHEN truth, in its forward flow, joins beauty, the two  
rivers make a new flood called "Letters."

*David Swing.*

THERE is not a moment without some duty.

*Cicero.*

DESERTION of a calumniated friend is an immoral action.

*Samuel Johnson.*

CREDITORS have better memories than debtors; and creditors are a superstitious sect—great observers of set days and times.

*Franklin.*

I HAVE lived long enough to know what I did not at one time believe—that no society can be upheld in happiness and honor without the sentiment of religion.

*Laplace.*

A BODY may as well lay too little, as too much, stress upon dreams, but the less we heed them the better.

*L'Estrange.*

NATURE has caprices which art cannot imitate.

*Macaulay.*

HE who proposes to be an author should first be a student.

*Dryden.*

RAW and injudicious writers propose one thing for their subject, and run off to another.

*Felton.*

TEN censure wrong for one who writes amiss.

*Pope.*

WE are only vulnerable and ridiculous through our pretensions.

*Madame de Girardin.*

HE who gives himself airs of importance, exhibits the credentials of impotence.

*Lavater.*

THERE is but one book for genius—nature.

*Madame Delusy.*

ROMANCE is the poetry of literature.

*Madame Necker.*

IF men are so wicked with religion, what would they be without it?

*Franklin.*

THIS country is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden.

*Longfellow.*

THE press is the foe of rhetoric, but the friend of reason.

*Colton.*

THE productions of the press, fast as steam can make and carry them, go abroad through the land, silent as snow-flakes, but potent as thunder.

*Chapin.*

WHAT gunpowder did for war, the printing-press has done for the mind ; and the statesman is no longer clad in the steel of special education, but every reading man is his judge.

*Wendell Phillips.*

THE Reformation was cradled in the printing-press, and established by no other instrument.

*Agnes Strickland.*

THE invention of printing added a new element of power to the race. From that hour, weapons, forged in the mind, keen-edged and brighter than the sunbeam, were to supplant the sword and the battle-axe.

*Whipple.*

FOUR hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

*Napoleon.*

WHAT we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.

*F. H. Hedge.*

THOUGH I am always in haste I am never in a hurry.

*John Wesley.*

SEEK not to know

What pleaseth Heaven to hide;

Dark is the abyss of time,

But light enough to guide our souls is given;

Whatever weal or woe betide,

Turn never from the path of truth aside,

And leave the event, in holy hope, to Heaven.

---

As in this life we woke into consciousness in the arms of loving friends, so we may venture to hope our next waking will be bosomed by that eternal love which provided this shelter for us here.

*F. H. Hedge.*

I KNEW a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.

*Fletcher.*

FORCE yourself to reflect on what you read, paragraph by paragraph.

*Coleridge.*

TALK often, but not long. The talent of haranguing in private company is insupportable.

*Bishop Horne.*

THEY were young and inexperienced; and when will young and inexperienced men learn caution and distrust of themselves?

*Burke.*

By all human laws, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed on as the greatest crime.

*Sir W. Temple.*

MEN are apt to prefer a prosperous error to an afflicted truth.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

ALL of us who are worth anything spend our manhood in unlearning the follies or expiating the mistakes of our youth.

*Shelley.*

THE having turned many to righteousness shall confer a starlike and immortal brightness.

*Boyle.*

A LITTLE bitter mingled in our cup leaves no relish of the sweet.

*Locke.*

IN the loss of an object we do not proportion our grief to its real value, but to the value our fancies set upon it.

*Raleigh.*

ENTHUSIASTS soon understand each other.

*Irving.*

ENTHUSIASM is that temper of mind in which the imagination has got the better of the judgment.

*Warburton.*

THE truly brave are soft of heart and eyes.

*Byron.*

NOTHING is so contagious as enthusiasm; it is the real allegory of the lute of Orpheus; it moves stones; it charms brutes. Enthusiasm is the genius of sincerity, and truth accomplishes no victories without it.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

EVERY great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.

*Emerson.*

CUSTOM will often blind one to the good as well as to the evil effects of any long-established system.

*Whately.*

THERE is a respect due to mankind which should incline even the wisest of men to follow innocent customs.

*Watts.*

WHAT we call our despair is often only the painful eagerness of unfed hope.

*George Eliot.*

MARK this well, ye proud men of action! Ye are, after all, nothing but unconscious instruments of the man of thought.

*Heinrich Heine.*

CHARACTER is the diamond that scratches every other stone.

*Bartol.*

I ALWAYS think the flowers can see us and know what we are thinking about.

*George Eliot.*

NOTHING makes the earth seem so spacious as to have friends at a distance; they make the latitudes and longitudes.

*Thoreau.*

THE best preparation for the future is the present well seen to, the last duty done.

*George McDonald.*

FALSE modesty is the last refinement of vanity.

*Bruyère.*



NOTHING has ever remained of any revolution but what was ripe in the conscience of the masses.

*Rollin.*

EARNEST men never think in vain, though their thoughts may be errors.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

I CONSIDER the temperance cause the foundation of all social and political reform.

*Cobden.*

TEMPERANCE puts wood on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the back, and vigor in the body.

*Franklin.*

VIRTUE dwells at the head of a river, to which we cannot get but by rowing against the stream.

*Feltham.*

BE broad and tolerant; all wisdom is not in your brain; exploded errors have had their dogmatists. Be a follower of the Golden Rule; it is not only the highest morality, but is a fruitful source of true politeness, and is withal but simple justice.

*J. D. O'Connor.*

THE fortunate circumstances of our lives are generally found at last to be of our own producing.

*Goldsmith.*

APPLICATION is the price to be paid for mental acquisition. To have the harvest we must sow the seed.

*Bailey.*

AGITATION is the marshalling of the conscience of a nation, to mold its laws.

*Sir Robert Peel.*

WHAT is true of the individual is true of the whole community; and no wide-spread or permanent improvement of society can be expected until Total Abstinence becomes the accepted faith of the millions.

*J. D. O'Connor.*

AGITATION is the method that plants the school by the side of the ballot-box.

*Wendell Phillips.*

ALL bow to virtue, and then walk away.

*De Finod.*

EXPERIENCE is the extract of suffering.

*Arthur Helps.*

No one is a hero to his valet.

*Madame de Sévigné.*

IN the ardor of pursuit, men soon forget the goal from which they start.

*Schiller.*

THE saddest thing under the sky, is a soul incapable of sadness.

*Countess de Gasparin.*

WHAT women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows! What poor, defenseless creatures they would be!

*Douglas Jerrold.*

LEARN to say no! and it will be of more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

*Spurgeon.*

ALL that is human must retrograde, if it do not advance.

*Gibbon.*

SILENCE is the sanctuary of prudence.

*Balthasar Gracian.*

THE impromptu reply is precisely the touchstone of the man of wit.

*Molière.*

TRIFLES make perfection, but perfection is no trifle.

*Michael Angelo.*

THE smallest children are nearest to God, as the smallest planets are nearest the sun.

*Richter.*

THAT farewell kiss which resembles greeting, that last glance of love which becomes the sharpest pang of sorrow.

*George Eliot.*

SLEEP, the type of death, is also like that which it typifies, restricted to the earth. It flies from hell, and is excluded from heaven.

*Colton.*

A SINGLE type is often equal to ten thousand tongues in spreading the truth.

*Theo. L. Cuyler.*

THE public is always even with an author who has not a just deference for them ; the contempt is reciprocal.

*Addison.*

TAKE a walk to refresh yourself with the open air, which, inspired fresh, doth exceedingly recreate the lungs, heart, and vital spirits.

*Dr. W. Harvey.*

YOU will never live to my age without you keep yourself in breath with exercise.

*Sir Philip Sidney.*

ONE who is contented with what he has done will never become famous by what he will do.

*Bovee.*

THE most brilliant qualities become useless when they are not sustained by force of character.

*Segur.*

To me more dear, congenial to my heart,  
One native charm than all the gloss of art.

*Goldsmith.*

LOVE strong as death—nay, stronger,  
Love mightier than the grave,  
Broad as the earth, and longer  
Than ocean's widest wave ;  
This is the love that sought us,  
This is the love that bought us,  
This is the love that brought us  
To gladdest day from saddest night,  
From deepest shame to glory bright,  
From depths of death to life's fair height ;  
This is the love that leadeth  
Us to his table here,  
This is the love that spreadeth  
For us the royal cheer.

---

You who keep account  
Of crisis and transition in this life,  
Set down the first time Nature says plain 'no'  
To some 'yes' in you, and walks over you  
In gorgeous sweeps of scorn. We all begin  
By singing with the birds, and running fast  
With June days hand in hand ; but, once for all,  
The birds must sing against us, and the sun  
Strike down upon us like a friend's sword, caught  
By an enemy to slay us, while we read  
The dear name on the blade which bites at us.

*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

## XXIX.

## SUMMER DRIFTWOOD.

ADVERSITY is the trial of principle.

*Fielding*

LIFE is a short day; but it is a working day.

*Hannah More.*

HE is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.

*Socrates.*

JUST in proportion as a man becomes good, divine, Christ-like, he passes out of the region of theorizing, of system-building, and hireling service, into the region of beneficent activities. It is well to think well; it is divine to act well.

*Horace Mann.*

REST not! Life is sweeping by;  
Go and dare before you die.

*Goethe.*

TALK not of talents; what hast thou to do?

Thy duty, be thy portion five or two.

Talk not of talents; is thy duty done?

Thou hadst sufficient, were they ten or one.

*Montgomery.*

THERE is transcendent power in example. We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.

*Madame Swetchine.*

UNTIL reason be ripe, examples direct more than precepts.

*Quarles.*

WE can do more good by being good than in any other way.

*Rowland Hill.*

EXAMPLE is more forcible than precept. People look at me six days in the week, to see what I mean on the seventh.

*Cecil.*

THOSE who give not till they die, show that they would not then, if they could keep it any longer.

*Bishop Hall.*

IF happiness has not her seat  
And center in the breast,  
We may be wise, or rich, or great,  
But never can be blest.

*Burns.*

CAST forth thy act, thy word, into the ever-living, ever-working universe. It is a seed-grain that cannot die; unnoticed to-day, it will be found flourishing as a banyan-grove, perhaps, alas! as a hemlock-forest after a thousand years.

*Carlyle.*

GENUINE witticisms surprise those who say them as much as those who listen to them.

*Joubert.*

KNOWLEDGE is proud that he knows so much; Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

*Cowper.*

Too many people mistake impudence for independence.

---

LABOR to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.

*Washington.*

JUSTICE is truth in action.

---

FIDELITY is the sister of Justice.

*Horace.*

NOT only to say the right thing in the right place, but, far more difficult still, to leave unsaid the wrong thing at the tempting moment.

*George A. Sala.*

JUDGE not; the workings of his brain  
And of his heart thou canst not see;  
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,  
In God's pure light may only be  
A scar, brought from some well-won field,  
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

*Adelaide A. Procter.*

I HAVE no respect for that self-boasting charity, which neglects all objects of commiseration near and round it, but goes to the end of the earth in search of misery, for the purpose of talking about it.

*George Mason.*

THE charities that soothe, and heal and bless, are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers.

*Wordsworth.*

I NEVER knew a child of God being bankrupted by his benevolence. What we keep we may lose, but what we give to Christ we are sure to keep.

*Theo. L. Cuyler.*

LET thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate open for thee, or both may come too late.

*Herbert.*

REAL glory springs from the silent conquest of ourselves.

*Thomson.*

Nothing is so wholesome, nothing does so much for people's looks, as a little interchange of the small coin of benevolence.

*Ruffini.*

He sat among his bags, and, with a look  
Which hell might be ashamed of, drove the poor  
Away unalmsed ; and 'midst abundance died—  
Sorest of evils—died of utter want.

*Pollock.*

I COUNT this thing to be grandly true :  
That a noble deed is a step toward God,  
Lifting the soul from the common sod  
To a purer air and a broader view.

*Holland.*

How far that little candle throws its beams !  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

*Shakespeare.*

Nothing, except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing.

*Blair.*

It is not money, nor is it mere intellect that governs the world; it is moral character; it is intellect associated with moral excellence.

*Ex-President Woolsey.*

To the generous mind, the heaviest debt is that of gratitude, when it is not in our power to repay it.

*Franklin.*

THESE are the great of earth—  
Great, not by kingly birth,  
Great in their well-proved worth—  
Firm hearts and true.

*Pierpont.*



GOOD qualities are the substantial riches of the mind;  
but it is good breeding that sets them off to advantage.

*Locke.*

A SINGLE bad habit in an otherwise faultless character,  
as an ink-drop, soileth the pure white page.

*Ballou.*

THE most happy man is he who knows how to bring into  
relation the end and the beginning of his life.

*Goethe.*

REFLECTED in the lake, I love  
To mark the star of evening glow;  
So tranquil in the heaven above,  
So restless on the wave below!  
Thus heavenly hope is all serene;  
But earthly hope, how bright soe'er,  
Still fluctuates o'er this changing scene,  
As false and fleeting as 't is fair.

*Townshend.*

THE greatest events of an age are its best thoughts. It  
is the nature of thought to find its way into action.

*Bovee.*

It is one thing to be tempted, another thing to fall.

*Shakespeare.*

AN effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above  
ourselves.

*Lydia Maria Child.*

No man is born into the world whose work  
Is not born with him; there is always work,  
And tools to work withal, for those who will;  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

*Lowell.*

SELF-EASE is pain; thy only rest  
Is labor for a worthy end;  
A toil that gains with what it yields,  
And scatters to its own increase;  
And hears, while sowing outward fields,  
The harvest song of inward peace.

*Whittier.*

WHEN'ER a noble deed is wrought,  
When'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts in glad surprise  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

*Longfellow.*

WE rise by things that are 'neath our feet,  
By what we have mastered of good and gain,  
By the pride deposed and passion slain,  
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.

*Holland.*

A SCENT, a note of music, a voice long unheard, the stirring of the summer breeze, may startle us with the sudden revival of long-forgotten thoughts and feelings.

*Talfourd.*

WHAT you keep by you, you may change and mend,  
But words once spoken can never be recalled.

*Roscommon.*

GET but the truth once uttered, and 'tis like a star new born, that drops into its place, and which, once circling in its placid round, not all the tumult of the earth can shake.

*Lowell.*

SENSE is our helmet, wit is but the plume,  
The plume exposes, 't is our helmet saves.  
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound;  
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam;  
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.

*Young.*

THE only amaranthine flower on earth  
Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.

*Cowper.*

LIKE an inundation of the Indus is the course of time.  
We look for the homes of our childhood—they are gone !  
for the friends of our childhood—they are gone ! The  
loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept  
away like the camps that had been pitched in the sandy bed  
of the river.

*Longfellow.*

HOURS are golden links, God's token,  
Reaching heaven; but one by one  
Take them, lest the chain be broken,  
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

*Adelaide A. Procter.*

THE veil which covers the face of futurity, is woven by  
the hand of Mercy.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy  
Like the wideness of the sea;  
There's a kindness in His justice  
Which is more than liberty.  
For the love of God is broader,  
Than the measures of man's mind;  
And the heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

*F. W. Faber.*

WE mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes.

*Alcott.*

ONE of the best rules in conversation is, never to say a thing which any of the company can reasonably wish had been left unsaid.

*Swift.*

NEVER hold any one by the button, or the hand in order to be heard out; for, if people are unwilling to hear you, you had better hold your tongue than them.

*Chesterfield.*

EDUCATION is a better safeguard of liberty than a standing army. If we retrench the wages of the schoolmaster, we must raise those of the recruiting sergeant.

*Edward Everett.*

JAILS and prisons are the complement of schools; so many less as you have of the latter, so many more you must have of the former.

*Horace Mann.*

IF you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.

*Franklin.*

IF we are at peace with God and our own conscience, what enemy among men need we fear?

*Ballou.*

IN every sphere of life "the post of honor is the post of duty."

*Chapin.*

LET me be strong among my constituents, and I can stand against the world.

*John Randolph.*

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good wagoner who can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance is the praise of the estate, not of the person.

*Bishop Hall.*

WHOEVER makes a great fuss about doing good does very little ; he who wishes to be seen and noticed when he is doing good will not do it long.

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THE world is out of tune, and our hearts are out of tune, and the more our souls vibrate to the music of heaven, the more must they feel the discords of earth.

---

MERE sensibility is not saving. Many are affected by the tragedy of the cross who will not receive its doctrines or deny themselves a single indulgence for His sake who hung thereon.

---

WE should not despair for the goodness of the world if we do not happen to see it immediately around us. The atmosphere is still blue, though so much of it enclosed in our apartment is colorless.

---

WOULDST thou from sorrow find a sweet relief ?

Or is thy heart oppressed with woe untold ?

Balm wouldst thou gather for corroding grief ?

Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.

*Charles Wilcox.*

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave

To do the like ; our bodies but forerun

The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave

Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun.

*H. Vaughan.*

IF there is a virtue in the world at which we should aim, it is cheerfulness.

*Bulwer Lytton.*

BREVITY is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes.

*Shakespeare.*

IF you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.

*James Burgh.*

HARSH counsels have no effect; they are like hammers which are always repulsed by the anvil.

*Helvetius.*

EVERY man, however wise, requires the advice of some sagacious friend in the affairs of life.

*Plautus.*

OH, how many deeds  
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime,  
The world had wanted, had the actor said,  
“I will do this to-morrow!”

*Lord John Russell.*

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming—  
In doing each day that goes by  
Some little good—not in dreaming  
Of great things to do by and by;  
For whatever men say in their blindness,  
And spite of the fancies of youth,  
There is nothing so kingly as kindness,  
And nothing so royal as truth.

*Alice Cary.*

GOD is glorified, not by our groans, but our thanksgivings; and all good thought and good action claim a natural alliance with good cheer.

*Whipple.*

GIVE words, kind words, to those who err;  
Remorse doth need a comforter.  
Though in temptation's wiles they fall,  
Condemn not—we are sinners all.  
With the sweet charity of speech,  
Give words that heal, and words that teach.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

A LITTLE word in kindness spoken,  
A motion or a tear,  
Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
And made a friend sincere.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
Full many a budding flower,  
Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing  
A pleasant word to speak;  
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
A heart may heal or break.

*Colesworthy.*

Is thy cruse of comfort failing ?  
Rise and share it with another,  
And through all the years of famine  
It shall serve thee and thy brother;  
Love divine will fill thy storehouse,  
Or thy handful still renew;  
Scanty fare for one will often  
Make a royal feast for two.

*Mrs. Charles.*

HIS words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;  
His tears pure messengers sent from the heart;  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

*Shakespeare.*

HE that was taught only by himself had a fool for a master.

*Ben Jonson.*

WHY work I not? The veriest mite that sports its one-day life within the sunny beam has its stern duties.

*Alexander Smith.*

To me the meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

*Wordsworth.*

SUNDAY is the golden clasp that binds the volume of the week.

*Longfellow.*

THE best way in the world to seem to be anything is really to be what we would seem to be.

*Tillotson.*

A GREAT man is always willing to be little. While he sits on the cushion of advantages he goes to sleep. When he is pushed and disappointed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something. He has been put on his wits, but he has gained facts; he has learned his ignorance, he is cured of the insanity of conceit, has got moderation and real skill.

*Emerson.*

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of a great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.

*Froude.*

WERE I, O God! in churchless lands remaining,  
Far from all voice of teachers or divines,  
My soul would find, in flowers of thy ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines.

*Horace Smith.*



THERE is a certain noble pride through which merits shine brighter than through modesty.

*Richter.*

SWEET is the breath of praise when given by those whose own high merit claims the praise they give.

*Hannah More.*

TROUBLE and perplexity drive me to prayer, and prayer drives away perplexity and trouble.

*Melanchton.*

IN all the affairs of human life, social as well as political, I have remarked that courtesies of a small and trivial character are the ones that strike deepest to the grateful and appreciating heart.

*Henry Clay.*

THERE is nothing more to be esteemed than a manly firmness and decision of character. I like a person who knows his own mind and sticks to it; who sees at once what is to be done in given circumstances and does it.

*William Hazlitt.*

WITH white wings spread she bounded o'er the deep,  
Home from the tossings of a stormy sea,  
Where waves had yawned, and winds howled fearfully;  
And where the harbor's waters seemed to sleep  
In breezeless calm, and deep, untroubled rest,  
She glided in, furling her weary wing,  
Dropping her anchor down, and like a living thing,  
Settling securely on the water's breast.

So, Oh, my God! from the rough sea of life,  
Driven by doubt and fear and haggard care,  
Let me my worn and weary spirit bear,  
Far from its rage and noise and stormy strife,  
Into the haven of Thy sheltering love,  
And find an anchorage no storm can move.

*Mary A. Livermore.*

THE soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;  
Stronger by weakness wiser men become,  
As they draw near to their eternal home,  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

*Edmund Waller.*

IN His death Christ is a sacrifice, satisfying for our sins;  
in the resurrection, a conqueror; in the ascension, a king,  
in the intercession, a high-priest.

*Luther.*

CHRISTIAN faith is a grand cathedral with divinely pictured windows. Standing without, you see no glory nor can possibly imagine any; standing within, every ray of light reveals a harmony of unspeakable splendors.

*Hawthorne.*

I HAVE read the Bible through many times. It is a book of all others for lawyers, as well as divines, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule of conduct.

*Daniel Webster.*

WHEN a book raises your spirits and inspires you with noble and courageous feelings, seek for no other rule to judge the work by; it is good, and made by a good workman.

*Bruyère.*

NEVER burn kindly written letters; it is so pleasant to read them over when the ink is brown, the paper yellow with age, and the hands that traced the friendly words are folded over the hearts that prompted them. Keep all loving letters. Burn only the harsh ones, and in burning, forgive and forget them.

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THE books which help you most are those which make you think the most. The hardest way of learning is by easy reading.

*Theodore Parker.*

BOOKS are the true levelers. They give to all who faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the greatest and best of our race.

*Channing.*

PEOPLE talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay? Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter? Away with the word in such a view, and with such a thought.

*Dr. Livingstone.*

“WHAT shall I do?” My boy, don’t stand asking;

Take hold of something—whatever you can,  
Don’t turn aside for the toiling or tasking;

Idle, soft hands never yet made a man.

Grasp with a will whatever needs doing;

Still stand ready, when one work is done,  
Another to seize, then still pursuing

In duty your course, find the victory won.

Do your best for to-day, trust God for to-morrow;

Don’t be afraid of a jest or a sneer;  
Be cheerful and hopeful, and no trouble borrow;  
Keep the heart true, and the head cool and clear.

If you can climb to the top without falling,

Do it. If not, go as high as you can.

Man is not honored by business or calling;

Business and calling are honored by man.

*Mrs. Gage.*

O MOTHERS whose children are sleeping,  
Thank God by their pillows, to-night;  
And pray for the mothers now weeping  
O'er pillows too smooth and too white;  
Where bright little heads oft have lain,  
And soft little cheeks have been pressed;  
O mothers who know not this pain,  
Take courage and bear all the rest!  
For the sombre-winged angel is going  
With pitiless flight o'er the land,  
And we wake in the morn, never knowing  
What he, ere the night, may demand.  
Yes, to-night, while our darlings are sleeping,  
There's many a soft little bed,  
Whose pillows are moistened with weeping  
For the loss of one dear little head.  
There are hearts on whose innermost altar  
There is nothing but ashes, to-night;  
There are voices whose tones sadly falter,  
And dim eyes that shrink from the light.  
O mothers whose children are sleeping,  
As ye bend to caress the fair heads,  
Pray, pray, for the mothers now weeping  
O'er pitiful, smooth little beds!

*Christian Union.*

MAN is naturally so stupid, that he must be amazed before he will wake up and see anything. It is only when the Macaulays and the Lamartines and the Dantes and Homers come along, that the human family will really confess that there is anything of value or of beauty taking place in the world.

*David Swing.*

THEY are slaves who dare not be  
In the right with two or three.

*Lowell.*

BE it a weakness, it deserves some praise,  
 We love the play-place of our early days;  
 The scene is touching, and the heart is stone  
 That feels not at that sight, and feels at none.

*Cowper.*

DEATH is another life; we bow our heads  
 At going out, we think, and enter straight  
 Another golden chamber of the King's,  
 Larger than this we leave, and lovelier.

*Bailey.*

How sweet in winter-time we feign the spring,  
 How fair by night we dream the day shall be?  
 Can any April-tide such freshness bring,  
 Our eyes on any morn such brightness see?  
 Half heedlessly we hear the first bird sing,  
 Behold the first shoots breaking on the tree;  
 And when we wake, our reason fain would cling  
 Prisoners to fancy, fearing to be free.

For like the crossing leaves, that day by day  
 Grow larger, till they weave the linden shade,  
 Our pleasures so are woven to a whole;  
 Not in the part we see how glad are they,  
 But after find ev'n fairer than we prayed—  
 Their dreams and memories left within the soul.

---

Nor yet, O friend! not yet;  
 The patient stars  
 Lean from their lattices content to wait;  
 All is illusion till the morning bars  
 Slip from the levels of the eastern gate.  
 Night is too young, O friend! day is too near;  
 Wait for the day that maketh all things clear—  
 Not yet, O friend! not yet.

Not yet, O friend! not yet;  
All is not true;  
All is not ever as it seemeth now;  
Soon shall the river take another blue,  
Soon dies yon light upon the mountain brow;  
What lieth dark, O love! bright day will fill;  
Wait for thy morning, be it good or ill—  
Not yet, O love! not yet.

*Bret Harte.*

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XXX.

SMOLDERING FRAGMENTS.

EVERY absurdity has a champion to defend it, for error is always talkative.

*Goldsmith.*

REASON is the test of ridicule—not ridicule the test of truth.

*Bishop Warburton.*

THERE are men of concealed fire that doth not break out in the ordinary circumstances of life.

*Addison.*

A MAN should never be ashamed, to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.

*Pope.*

SCIENCE—in other words, knowledge—is not the enemy of religion; for, if so, then religion would mean ignorance; but it is often the antagonist of school-divinity.

*Holmes.*

WE do not become righteous by doing what is righteous, but having become righteous we do what is righteous.

*Luther.*

HUMAN government is a necessary evil built upon the ruins of the bowers of paradise.

*Thomas Paine.*

DREAD more the blunderer's friendship than the calumniator's enmity.

*Lavater.*

*Nil admirari* is the motto which men of the world always affect; they think it vulgar to wonder or to be enthusiastic. They have so much corruption and so much charlatanism that they think the credit of all high qualities must be delusion.

*Sir Egerton Brydges.*

SCIENCE is the natural ally of religion.

*Theodore Parker.*

THE tallest trees are most in the power of the wind.

*William Penn.*

THE ablest pilots are willing to receive advice from passengers in tempestuous weather.

*Cicero.*

NATURE'S tears are reason's merriment.

*Shakespeare.*

STERN winter loves a dirge-like sound.

*Wordsworth.*

THERE is none so homely but loves a looking-glass.

*South.*

GOLD,—the picklock that never fails.

*Massinger.*

WE read on the forehead of those who are surrounded by luxury, that fortune sells what she is thought to give.

*La Fontaine.*

How sad a sight is human happiness to those whose thoughts can pierce beyond an hour!

*Young.*

WHEN a man pursues money only, his features become narrowed; his eyes shrink and converge; his smile, when he has any, hardens; his language fails of poetry and ornament; his letters to a friend dwindle down to a telegraphic dispatch; he seems to have no time for anything, because his heart has only one thing for which it wishes time.

*David Swing.*

THE indiscriminate defense of right and wrong contracts the understanding, while it hardens the heart.

*Junius.*

PATIENCE and gravity of bearing are an essential part of justice; and an over-speaking judge is no well-tuned cymbal.

*Lord Bacon.*

LET the student often stop and examine himself upon what he has read. Let him cultivate intercourse with others pursuing the same studies, and converse frequently upon the subject of their reading.

*George Sharswood.*

THERE is perhaps no profession, after that of the sacred ministry, in which a high-toned morality is more imperatively necessary than that of the law.

*George Sharswood.*

FRETFULNESS of temper will generally characterize those who are negligent of order.

*Blair.*



MORALITY is but the vestibule of religion.

*Chapin.*

IF you would convince a person of his mistakes, accost him not upon that subject when his spirit is ruffled.

*Isaac Watts.*

A CROWD is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, where there is no love.

*Lord Bacon.*

A JEST is a very serious thing.

*Churchill.*

SCIENCE is the topography of ignorance.

*Holmes.*

THE value of a thought cannot be told.

*Bailey.*

TRUTH is everlasting, but our ideas of truth are not. Theology is but our present ideas of truth classified and arranged.

*Beecher.*

ORTHODOXY is the Bourbon of the world of thought. It learns not, ne ther can it forget.

*Professor Huxley.*

A ROGUE is a roundabout fool.

*Coleridge.*

SHALLOW men believe in luck; strong men believe in cause and effect.

*Emerson.*

THE man who always demands that you shall "stick to the facts," means that you shall accept his theory; and the man who says that "it stands to reason," usually cannot reason.

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WITH me it is always the unexpected which happens.

*James A. Garfield.*

THE flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

*Wordsworth.*

A TEDIOUS person is one a man would leap a steeple from.

*Ben Jonson.*

A MAN of letters is often a man with two natures—one a book nature, the other a human nature. These often clash sadly.

*Whipple.*

LOVE's sweetest meanings are unspoken; the full heart knows no rhetoric of words.

*Bovee.*

CURSED be the social lies that warp us from the living truth!

*Tennyson.*

THERE is one art of which every man should be master, the art of reflection.

*Coleridge.*

AH! surely nothing dies but something mourns.

*Byron.*

INTO the path of sin  
One step may take you,  
For wrong lies near  
To the path of right;  
But lower down,  
From right to wrong,  
The way descends;  
But back again to right  
'T is steep and rugged.

---

A MAN who is not able to make a bow to his own conscience every morning is hardly in a condition to respectfully salute the world at any other time of the day.

*Douglas Jerrold.*

HEROES have gone out; quacks have come in; the reign of quacks has not ended with the nineteenth century. The sceptre is held with a firmer grasp; the empire has a wider boundary. We are all the slaves of quackery in one shape or another. Indeed, one portion of our being is always playing the successful quack to the other.

*Carlyle.*

COULD I obtain a hearing of the young men and young women who thus seek the city, I would say to them, not as some might, "Flee for your lives back to your homesteads and villages," for theirs is a noble and a worthy ambition. But I would say to them, "Put on the whole armor of God, seek out the society and sustaining friendship of the virtuous, attend the house of God and cling to that teacher who most sensibly touches your soul. Devote yourself in busy hours to the interests of your employer, or to the needs of your business if you are your own employer, and in your leisure moments seek the libraries and picture galleries; or, better still, pursue in the privacy of your own chamber a course of solid reading, which in itself offers a stronger security than anything else, except religious training, against the wiles and temptations of sin in a great city. Keep strictly to the early teachings of religious parents, forget not your early prayers; and, in company where there may be sneerers, sceptics or atheists, who disdain the acknowledgment of a Supreme Being, have the courage and resolution to proclaim your belief, and in reply to their taunts and sneers show them that you can be more affable, more agreeable, and more attractive company with your belief, than they with theirs.

DEATH is a friend of ours, and he that is not ready to entertain him is not at home.

*Bacon.*

Not here, not here! not where the sparkling waters  
Fade into mocking sands, as we draw near;  
Where in the wilderness each footstep falters:  
I shall be satisfied—but oh, not here!

Not here, where every dream of bliss deceives us,  
Where the worn spirit never gains its goal;  
Where haunted ever by the thought that grieves us  
Across us floods of bitter memory roll.

There is a land where every pulse is thrilling  
With rapture earth's sojourners may not know;  
Where heaven's repose the weary heart is stilling,  
And peacefully life's time-tossed currents flow.

Far out of sight, while yet the flesh enfolds us,  
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,  
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us  
Than these few words, "I shall be satisfied!"

Satisfied, satisfied! the spirit's yearning  
For sweet companionship with kindred minds,  
The silent love that here meets no returning,  
The inspiration which no language finds—

Shall they be satisfied? the soul's vague longing,  
The aching void which nothing earthly fills?  
O, what desires upon my soul are thronging,  
As I look upward to the heavenly hills!

Thither my weak and weary feet are tending;  
Savior and Lord! with thy frail child abide;  
Guide me toward home, where, all my wanderings ending,  
I then shall see Thee and "be satisfied."

---

Tired! well, and what of that?

Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,  
Fluttering the rose-leaves scattered by the breeze?  
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day;  
Coward, arise, go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! and what of that?

Some must be lonely; 't is not given to all  
To feel a heart responsive rise and fall—  
To blend another life into its own;  
Work may be done in loneliness; work on!

Dark! well, and what of that?

Didst fondly dream that sun would never set?  
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!  
Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight,  
Thy steps will guided be and guided right.

Hard! well, and what of that?

Didst fancy life one Summer holiday,  
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?  
Go, get thee to thy task. Conquer or die!  
It must be learned; learn it then patiently.

No help! nay, 't is not so;

Though human help be far, thy God is nigh;  
Who feeds the ravens, hears His children's cry;  
He's near thee wheresoe'er thy footsteps roam,  
And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home.

---

“LET us pass over!” We were far astray;  
Between us and our home the sea was wide;  
When He, who is himself the blessed way,  
Bade us cross over and with Him abide.

Faith wavered, and temptation lured us on;  
Too fair, this world, for mortal to withstand;  
Yet came His voice, though from Him we had gone;  
“Let us pass over to a better land.”

Again our hearts were torn with grief and pain;  
Our eyes tear-blinded; life seemed only loss!  
When calling us to His pierced side again,  
Christ showed to us the crown beyond the cross!

And now life wanes. We stand by the dark river,  
With none beside save Him the crucified.  
Gently He calls, whose love is joy forever;  
“Let us pass over to the other side.”

*Friends' Review.*

THE look of sympathy, the gentle word,  
Spoken so low that only angels heard;  
The secret art of pure self-sacrifice,  
Unseen by men, but marked by angels' eyes—  
These are not lost.

The sacred music of a tender strain,  
Wrung from a poet's heart by grief and pain,  
And chanted timidly, with doubt and fear,  
To busy crowds, who scarcely pause to hear—  
These are not lost.

The silent tears that fall at dead of night  
Over soiled robes, that once were pure and white;  
The prayers that rise like incense from the soul,  
Longing for Christ to make it clean and whole—  
These are not lost.

The happy dreams that gladdened all our youth,  
When dreams had less of self and more of truth;  
The childhood's faith, so tranquil and so sweet,  
Which sat like Mary at the Master's feet—  
These are not lost.

The kindly plans devised for others' good,  
So seldom guessed, so little understood;  
The quiet, steadfast love that strove to win  
Some weary wanderer from the ways of sin—  
These are not lost.

Not lost, O Lord! for, in thy city bright,  
Our eyes shall see the past by clearer light,  
And things long hidden from our gaze below,  
Thou wilt reveal, and we shall surely know—  
These are not lost.

---

THERE's many a life chained down by circumstance  
And tethered to a close and narrow scope,  
That wildly throbs impatient to advance,  
And soar to join its dear desire and hope ;  
Yet brooding in the realms of hope's expanse,  
Falls down within its narrow beaten track,  
And wakes at last from out a lifelong trance  
To find in death each hope turned empty back.

It is not only to the scroll of fame,  
Nor to the sculptur'd stone to honor raised,  
Is limited the noble deed and name ;  
These, in their greatness known, the world has praised ;  
But many a life has been whose dying flame  
Has flickered dimly to a lowly end,  
Whose noble deeds a deathless name might frame,  
Yet died, unknown, unhonored, with no friend.

There have been heroes more than battles make,  
Whose greatness never reached a herald's ears ;  
There have been martyrs, never at the stake,  
Who suffered martyrdom thro' lingering years ;  
As noiseless as the snow falls, flake by flake,  
And melts unseen upon the rolling wave,  
So their pure lives in silent actions spake,  
Their virtues mute went down into the grave.

The ills of life are manifold—they come  
Upon the righteous and the bad the same,  
The rich and poor alike must take their sum,  
For trouble knows no station, caste or name ;

In life's great camp, above the merry hum  
Of thoughtful life, steals in the solemn tone  
Of sorrow, beating his low muffled drum,  
And the tramping on, with rendering wail and moan.

Time creeps upon us unawares ; the years  
Like ocean waves roll up, and onward go.  
The burdens of the day, joys, hopes and fears,  
Move ever with a ceaseless ebb and flow ;  
Look back upon the rolling past, that rears  
Its waves in silent tempest, and behold !  
It fills the mind with many mingled fears,  
Fears for the things the future may behold.

And shall we wail and sorrow for the dead ?  
Nay, rather for the living drop a-tear !  
Their's is the moist eye, their's the heart of lead,  
Their's the drooping soul that needeth cheer.  
Then weep—weep for the living—their's the woe,  
The ills of life are ended with the dead !  
They leave their sorrows and their griefs below,  
The living have life's future to dread !

We know the present, and the bygone, too ;  
We know what we have been and what we are ;  
But, oh ! that we the unborn future knew !  
Would it the present's sweet contentment mar ?  
Alas ! we know not, death alone is true ;  
But what shall fill the space that lies between ?  
We cannot say, we may not catch the clue,  
Or know our parts in each succeeding scene !

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SWEET hand that, held in mine,  
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,  
The soul's one anchorage in this storm and doubt,  
I take thee as a sign



Of sweeter days in store  
For life, and more than life, when life is done,  
And thy soft pressure leads me gently on  
To Heaven's own evermore.

I have not much to say,  
Nor that much in words, at such fond request,  
Let my blood speak to thine, and hear the rest  
Some silent heartfelt way.

Thrice blest the faithful hand  
Which saves e'en while it blesses; hold me fast;  
Let me not go beneath the floods at last,  
So near the better land.

Sweet hand that, thus in mine,  
Seems the one thing I cannot live without,  
My heart's one anchor in the storm and doubt,  
Take this, and make me thine.

*Frazier's Magazine.*

WILD raged the tempest,  
Fierce was the blast,  
Bright gleamed the lightning,  
Fell the rain fast;  
High rolled the billows,  
Crested with white,  
Gleaming like phantom forms  
In the dark night.

See that lone ship afar ;  
Waves wash its deck,  
Tossed by the angry sea,  
Almost a wreck.  
Still sleeps the Pilot,  
Danger so near,  
How can He slumber thus,  
Without a fear?

Loud call the fishermen,  
    "Master, we die!  
Look on the tempest wide,  
    Hear Thou our cry,  
Hear we the ocean's roar,  
    Filled with alarm;  
Rise from Thy slumber sweet,  
    Save us from harm! "

Then rose the Master up,  
    Sad beamed His eye,  
"Fear ye the roaring sea,  
    When I am nigh?  
Oh, ye of little faith,  
    Weak, weak your will,  
Cease, thou wild raging sea,  
    Peace, be still! "

Tossed on temptation's sea,  
    Lord, hear my cry;  
All seems so dark around,  
    Still art Thou nigh?  
High roll the billows,  
    Fierce is the fight; .  
Lord, Thou hast left me  
    Alone in the night!

Hush, thou of little faith,  
    Cry not so wild,  
Know that I slumber not,  
Thou art my child:  
    And when the trouble comes,  
    Bend to my will;  
I bid the wildest storm:  
    Peace, be still!

*Annie Laura Matthews.*

YES, I shall sleep! Some sunny day,  
When blossoms in the wind are dancing,  
And children at their cheerful play  
Heed not the mournful crowd advancing,  
Up through the long and busy street,  
They'll bear me to my last retreat.

Or else—it matters not—may rave  
The storm, and sleet, and wintry weather  
Above the bleak and new-made grave,  
Where care and I lie down together.  
Enough that I shall know it not,  
Beneath, in that dark, narrow spot.

For I shall sleep! As sweet a sleep  
As ever graced a babe reposing  
Awaits me in the cell so deep,  
Where I, my weary eyelids closing,  
At length shall lay me down to rest,  
Heedless of clods above my breast.

Asleep! how still this pulse will lie,  
Rid of life's throb that beats so wildly!  
How calm will be this restless eye,  
Erst bright with tears, now closed so mildly!  
For not one dream of earth will come  
To haunt the quiet of that home!

Oh, sweet repose! Oh, slumber blest!  
Oh, night of peace!—no storm, no sorrow—  
No heavy stirring in my rest,  
To meet another weary morrow!  
I shall not note or night or dawn,  
But still, with folded hands, sleep on.

Sleep on, though just above my head  
Scowl sin and misery's haggard faces—  
For the dull slumber of the dead

All sense of human woe erases;  
Palsies the heart and cures the brain  
Of every fever-throb of pain.

Armies above my rest may tramp—  
'T will not disturb one rigid muscle;  
I should not heed their iron stamp  
More than a leaf's complaining rustle:  
Nay, were the world convened to break  
My leaden sleep, I should not wake.

And yet, methinks, if steps of those  
I've known and loved on earth were round me,  
'T would tame the might of my repose,  
Shiver the iron cords that bound me—  
Save that I know this could not be,  
For death disowns all sympathy.

Well, be it so; since I should yearn,  
And weep, and watch for their appearing—  
Chiding each ling'ring, late return,  
Forever sad, forever fearing—  
Living life's drama o'er again,  
Its tragedy of hope and pain.

Then weep not, friends, what time ye lay  
The warm, moist earth above my ashes;  
Think what a rest awaits my clay,  
And smooth the mound with tearless lashes—  
Glad that the wasted form within  
Has done at length with care and sin.

Think that with him the strife is o'er,  
Life's stormy, struggling battle ended;  
Hope that his soul has gained that shore  
To which, though weak, his footsteps tended;  
Breathe the dear hope above his sod,  
And leave him to his rest—and God!

*W. A. Urquhart.*

LIFE is a mystic flame,  
An upward fierce endeavor,  
That through the boundless frame  
Of nature, burns forever.

And as the quiv'ring fire  
Springs to its native skies,  
So kindled with desire,  
Man's restless thoughts arise.

Ever eager still,  
Fed with good or ill,  
Man's unbaffled will  
For new achievement tries;

Man doth pleasure gain,  
Yet, in secret pain,  
Stung with new disdain  
For new enjoyment sighs.

But oft the proud endeavor  
No leaf of laurel crowns,  
The heart's sincerest yearning  
Ruthless oblivion drowns.

Why, ah ! why this ceaseless striving?  
Life is but a narrow span,  
Fleeting, fleeting as a zephyr  
Are the hopes and deeds of man;

Care and sorrow sadly lead us  
'Long our life's dim forest way;  
Life is but a trembling shadow,  
Checkered with few flecks of day.

What avail our tiny strivings?  
Death will crush our puny pride;  
Better, like the yielding lily,  
Sway upon the fickle tide.

Death, the gloomy cloud, shall swallow  
This our life's dim passing gleam;  
All our hopes, our joys, our passion,  
Vanish like a fitful dream.

Yes, onward to the vast unknown,  
Thro' the black gate of death we go,  
Trembling, shiv'ring, and alone,  
Whither we know not—who can know?

Quenched like the flashing torch that falls  
Into the blank dark of a cave,  
All that the soul of man appalls,  
Stands threat'ning round the dreadful grave!

Why must man die? It is not just  
That he should crumble into dust!  
Our hopes that link us with the sky,  
Mere rings of smoke—why must we die?  
The blossom touched with blighting frost,  
Shrivels and falls, faded in death;  
And must man's radiant dreams be lost,  
Frail as the morning's misty breath?

No longer with vain doubts contend,  
Nor let grim death thy soul affright;  
We have an ever living friend  
In Him who dwells above all height,  
Hope is the spirit's azure sky  
Sublime, star fill'd, it springs above,  
Joy, my soul! thou canst not die!  
Thou hast a God—and God is love!

The sun that fades in western skies,  
Uplifts the radiant rim of morn  
The while, elsewhere, to other eyes;  
So, we in other worlds are born.

Man shall not die ! Thought shall not die !

All of good shall live for aye !

Hope, the spirit's azure sky

Arches o'er us, built on high ;

Man shall not forever die !

*John S. Van Cleve.*

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XXXI.

BURNING GLASSES.

ABSTRACTS, abridgments, summaries, etc., have the same use as burning glasses, to collect the diffused rays of wit and learning in authors, and make them point with warmth and quickness upon the reader's imagination.

*Swift.*

It is the first step that costs.

*French Proverb.*

A MAN is only as old as he feels.

*Douglas Jerrold.*

THE race of life has become intense; the runners are treading upon each others' heels. Woe be to him who stops to tie his shoe-strings!

*Carlyle.*

I DID not think that because I had done wrong I ought not to do right.

*Beecher.*

HYPOCRISY can afford to be magnificent in its promises; for never intending to go beyond promises, it costs nothing.

*Burke.*

LET us, therefore, stop, while to stop is in our power; let us live as men who are sometime to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced.

*Samuel Johnson.*

To man this earth is something more than a dormitory and a larder and a gymnasium. It is a school-house and a work-shop and a gallery of art. It is a mighty lesson-book for his perpetual study. Taking a broad view of our whole existence, it is not too much to say that our entire life on earth is thus basal and preparative. It is foundation work, root work, a getting ready rather than an achievement.

*Cyrus D. Foss, D.D.*

REMORSE, the fatal egg by pleasure laid.

*Cowper.*

THE vain regret that steals above the wreck of squandered hours.

*Whittier.*

O HUMAN beauty, what a dream art thou, that we should cast our life and hopes away on thee.

*Barry Cornwall.*

SIR, when you have seen one green field you have seen all green fields. Let us walk down Cheapside.

*Samuel Johnson.*

EYES raised toward heaven are always beautiful, whatever they be.

*Joubert.*

WE are very much what others think of us. The reception our observation meets with gives us courage to proceed or damps our efforts.

*Hazlitt.*



MAN has interests other than those that are material; he has aspirations that sweep beyond time and this world. He is more than his body; he is greater than his life; he has a vision that is not of the eye; he has within him a "still, small voice," that compels attention now and then. We are apt to forget these things in this whirling age and country. Most of us are utterly immersed in worldly pursuits, and wholly occupied with selfish struggles, so that the moral part of our nature is neglected. Now, we would not undervalue the necessities of the hour. It is proper that the work of the day should be done manfully; that the battles of life should be fought with resolution, and that people should try to improve their material fortunes. But still there is something else that must not be overlooked. There is a moral nature, the neglect of which is moral death.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nothing more thoroughly contemptible, nothing more thoroughly confuted by its own processes, than agnosticism has ever held up its head amongst men. The entire process by which it arrives at the unknown somewhat is an ascent from effects to causes, a series of discoveries of causes from their effects, but the last cause, forsooth, is the unique exception, and is not to be known by what it does and produces. We are indebted for this excessively disgraceful and senseless admission to that prolific source of unspeakable nonsense and folly, German philosophical speculation. We are not indulging in vituperation, but are simply calling a spade a spade. To fill the cup of astonishment to the very brim, the persons indulging in the utter senselessness of agnosticism are actually introduced to us as exceptionally intelligent.

*Christian Intelligencer.*

HAVING looked upon the great mountains of Colorado, God seems greater to me than ever, and the Ancient of Days older than ever, and His goodness better than ever.

*J. B. Bittinger, D.D.*

Now good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both !

*Shakespeare.*

GIVE a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes.

*Emerson.*

MEN are like stone jugs—you may lug them where you like by the ears.

*Samuel Johnson.*

IT is vain to be always looking towards the future and never acting towards it.

*J. F. Boyes.*

LOVE and scandal are the best sweeteners of tea.

*Fielding.*

THERE is no odor so bad as that which arises from goodness tainted.

*Thoreau.*

MAN is more than constitutions.

*Whittier.*

THERE are but three classes of men: the retrograde, the stationary, and the progressive.

*Lavater.*

MAN is an animal that makes bargains; no other animal does this; one dog does not change a bone with another!

*Adam Smith.*

MAN is an animal that cooks his victuals.

*Burke.*

IF there are men in whom the ridiculous has never appeared, it is because they have not been well searched.

*Rochevoucauld.*

GOD made him, and therefore let him pass for a man.

*Shakespeare.*

FRIENDSHIP closes its eyes rather than see the moon eclipsed; while malice denies that it is ever at the full.

*Hare.*

MAN is the end towards which all the animal creation has tended from the first appearance of the Palæozoic fishes.

*Agassiz.*

A MAN ought to carry himself in the world as an orange-tree would if it could walk up and down in the garden—swinging perfume from every little censer it holds up to the air.

*Beecher.*

MAN is greater than a world, than systems of worlds; there is more mystery in the union of soul with the physical than in the creation of a universe.

*Henry Giles.*

THE personal element tells in the formation of character. No conceivable advantages of endowment or appliances, and no prestige of position, should make a Christian parent willing to place son or daughter in an undevout atmosphere, for scholastic training.

*Christian Intelligencer.*

ALL great natures delight in stability; all great men find eternity affirmed in the very promises of their faculties.

*Emerson.*

THIS is not a land of peace; it is a nation of armed men. There should be general disarmament, and we should guard the sale of pistols as we guard the sale of poisons. It is the brutality that comes from the possession of weapons that does the harm.

*Robert Collyer.*

MEN, in general, are but great children.

*Napoleon.*

WHAT a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving, how express and admirable! In action, how like an angel! In apprehension, how like a god.

*Shakespeare.*

MAN is the highest product of his own history. The discoverer finds nothing so grand or tall as himself, nothing so valuable to him. The greatest star is that at the little end of the telescope—the star that is looking, not looked after, nor looked at.

*Theodore Parker.*

I CALL that, the Book of Job, aside from all theories about it, one of the grandest things ever written with pen. One feels, indeed, as if it were not Hebrew; such a noble universality, different from noble patriotism or sectarianism, reigns in it. A noble book! all men's book! It is our first, oldest statement of the never-ending problem—man's destiny—and God's way with him here in this earth. And all in such free, flowing outlines; grand in its sincerity, in its simplicity; in its epic melody, and repose of reconciliation. There is the seeing eye, the mildly understanding heart. So *true* every way; true eyesight and vision for all things; material things no less than spiritual; the horse—"hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?"—he "*laughs* at the shaking of the spear!" Such living likenesses were never since drawn. Sublime sorrow, sublime reconciliation; oldest choral melody as of the heart of mankind; so soft and great; as the summer midnight, as the world with its seas and stars! There is nothing written, I think, in the Bible or out of it, of equal literary merit.

*Carlyle.*

WASHINGTON, Idaho and Arizona, the States of Oregon, Nevada and California, compose together the magnificent empire of the Pacific, a grander and prouder empire than which does not elsewhere exist under the sun—an empire broad in territorial area, extending with Alaska, from the eternal ice of the Arctic seas to the semi-tropical belt where the apple and the pine-apple grow side by side, extending from the wave-washed sands of the golden sea to the rock-ribbed mountains that separate but do not divide us from you, our eastern friends; embracing the present worth of gold and grain, wool and wine, and an incalculable future of wealth that shall yet astonish the world. It is a broad and splendid domain. Its western shore looks westward to eastern lands. Its golden gates stand wide ajar to admit the commerce of the Orient and to welcome the intercourse necessary to its enjoyment. It is the future home of your children. It is the inheritance of your sons. It is the dower of your daughters. Guard this rich empire, and preserve it as the home and inheritance and dower of all the children of this Christian commonwealth.

*The Argonauts.*

THE heart may often be cheered by observing the operations of an ever-present intelligence, and we may feel we are leaning on His bosom while living in a world clothed in beauty and robed with the glorious perfection of its Maker and Preserver. We must feel that there is a Governor among the nations who will bring all plans with respect to our human family to a glorious consummation. He who stays his mind on his ever-present, ever-energetic God will not fret himself because of evil-doers. He that believeth shall not make haste.

*David Livingstone.*

LET our lives be pure as snowfields, where our footsteps leave a mark, but not a stain.

*Madame Swetchine.*

I CANNOT let lost lives with lost years go—  
I must look back to what I used to know,  
And looking weep.

---

THE great transcontinental railways are rushing onward, one after another, from ocean to ocean, opening fertile regions of agricultural or mining wealth to new settlements, and stringing towns of future might and influence along their iron threads all the way.

No language can express what we feel or what we clearly discern as to the present moral dangers of our country, and the call of God upon his people to arise and save it !

*Report Amer. Home Miss. Society.*

• WE are builders, and each one  
Should cut and carve as best he can.  
Every life is but a stone,  
Every one shall hew his own,  
Make or mar shall every man.  
Life is short, yet some achieve  
Fortune, fame, in war or art;  
Some miss their chance and can't retrieve,  
Some fail because they stop to grieve,  
Some pause with fainting heart.  
'T is the bold who win the race,  
Whether for gold, or love, or name;  
'T is the true ones always face  
Dangers and trials, and win a place,  
A niche in the fane of fame.  
Strike and struggle; ever strive,  
Labor with hand, and heart, and brain.  
Work doth more than genius give;  
He who faithfully toils doth live;  
'T is labor that doth reign.

---

I CONSIDER it the best part of an education to have been born and brought up in the country.

*Alcott.*

NEVER be afraid of criticism or ridicule; always remember that opposition and calumny are often the brightest tribute that vice and folly can pay to virtue and wisdom. The commendation of some men justly excites suspicion, and their censure is equivalent to a certificate of good character.

*R. B. Hayes.*

CRUSH the dead leaves under thy feet,  
Gaze not on them with mournful sigh;  
Think not earth has no glory left,  
Because a few of its frail things die;  
Springtime will bring fresh verdure as sweet—  
Crush the dead leaves under thy feet.

Look not back with despairing heart,  
Think not life's morning has been in vain,  
Rich, broad fields lie before thee yet,  
Ready to yield their golden grain;  
Autumn may bring thee a fruitage sweet—  
Crush the dead leaves under thy feet.

Murmur not if thy shadows fall  
Thick and dark on thy earthly way;  
Hearts there are which must walk in shade,  
Till they reach the light of eternal day;  
Life is not long, and the years are fleet—  
Crush the dead leaves under thy feet.

Bravely work with a steadfast soul,  
Make others happy, and thou shall find  
Happiness flowing back unto thy heart,  
A quiet peace and contented mind;  
If earth be lonely, then heaven is sweet—  
Crush the dead leaves under thy feet.

---

It is my firm conviction that man has only himself to blame, if his life appears to him at any time void of interest and of pleasure. Man may make life what he pleases, and give it as much worth, both for himself and others, as he has energy for. Over his moral and intellectual being his sway is complete.

*Humboldt.*

Is it worth while that we jostle a brother  
Bearing his load on the rough road of life?  
Is it worth while that we jeer at each other  
In blackness of heart? that we war to the knife?  
God pity us all in our pitiful strife.

God pity us all as we jostle each other;  
God pardon us all for the triumph we feel  
When a fellow goes down 'neath his load on the heather,  
Pierced to the heart; words are keener than steel,  
And mightier far for woe than for weal.

Were it not well, in this brief little journey,  
On over the isthmus, down into the tide,  
We give him a fish, instead of a serpent,  
Ere folding the hands to be and abide  
Forever and aye in the dust at his side?

Look at the roses saluting each other;  
Look at the herds all at peace on the plain;  
Man, and man only, makes war on his brother,  
And laughs in his heart at his peril and pain,  
Shamed by the beasts that go down on the plain.

Is it worth while that we battle to humble  
Some poor fellow-creature down in the dust?  
God pity us all! Time eftsoon will tumble  
All of us together, like leaves in a gust,  
Humbled, indeed, down into the dust.

*Joaquin Miller.*



PREJUDICE is prejudgment. It is forming an opinion without examining the facts; it is hastily accepting a conclusion without investigating the evidence upon which it rests; it is allowing ourselves to be hoodwinked and deceived, when the slightest reflection would keep us from such a mistake; it is being satisfied with hearsay, when we should demand the proof; it is rejecting everything at first sight, which does not confirm our former convictions or suit our former tastes or agree with our preconceived ideas; it is a revolt against the unpalatable and distasteful; it is a deep-seated reluctance to part with that to which we have been accustomed—a persistent hesitation to accept as true what we have not hitherto believed; a wicked unwillingness to admit that we can be wrong and others right. It favors or condemns upon the slightest pretext; it recoils or embraces as it is moved by caprice. It is not limited to persons—has to do with places, and creeds, and parties, and systems; hence its influence is extensive, and its evils manifold. Prejudice does not hold opinions; it is held by them. Its views are like plants that grow upon rocks, that stick fast, though they have no rooting. It looks through jaundiced eyes; it listens with itching ears; it speaks in partial and biased accents. It clings to that which it should relinquish, and relinquishes that to which it should cling. When beaten, it remains defiant; when disproved and vanquished, it is sullen and obstinate. There is nothing too low for its love, or too noble for its hatred; nothing is too sacred for its attacks, or too deserving for its aspersions. It is as cruel as it is universal, as unjust as it is relentless; as unforgiving as it is conceited and ill-informed.

---

A REALLY good man had rather be deceived than be suspicious; had rather forego his own right than run the venture of doing even a hard thing. This is the temper of that charity of which the apostle says:—"It shall never fail."

*Bishop Butler.*

GRIEF should be,  
Like joy—majestic, equable, sedate,  
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free,  
Strong to consume small troubles, to command  
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the  
end.

---

O, GRIEF hath changed me since you saw me last;  
And careful hours with Time's deformed hand  
Have written strange defeatures in my face.

*Shakespeare.*

THERE are moods in which we court suffering, in the hope that here, at least, we shall find reality, sharp peaks and edges of truth. But it turns out to be scene-painting and counterfeit. The only thing grief has taught me is to know how shallow it is.

*Emerson.*

THE very large, very respectable, and very knowing class of misanthropes who rejoice in the name of grumblers,—persons who are so sure that the world is going to ruin, that they resent every attempt to comfort them, as an insult to their sagacity, and accordingly seek their chief consolation in being inconsolable, their chief pleasure in being displeased.

*Whipple.*

A TRANSITION from an author's book to his conversation, is too often like an entrance into a large city, after a distant prospect. Remotely we see nothing but spires of temples and turrets of palaces, and imagine it the residence of splendor, grandeur, and magnificence ; but when we have passed the gates, we find it perplexed with narrow passages, disgraced with despicable cottages, embarrassed with obstructions, and clouded with smoke.

*Samuel Johnson.*

Rise!—for the day is passing,  
And you lie dreaming on;  
The others have buckled their armor,  
And forth to fight have gone;  
A place in the ranks awaits you,  
Each man has some part to play;  
The past and the future are nothing,  
In the face of the stern to-day.

Rise from your dreams of the future—  
Of gaining some hard fought field;  
Of storming some air fortress,  
Of bidding some giant yield;  
Your future has deeds of glory,  
Of honor,—God grant it may!  
But your arm will never grow stronger,  
Or the need so great as to-day.

Rise! If the past detains you,  
Her sunshine and storms forget,  
No chains so unworthy to hold you,  
As those of vain regret;  
Sad or bright she is lifeless forever;  
Cast her phantom arms away,  
Nor look back, save to learn the lesson  
Of a nobler strife to-day.

Rise!—for the day is passing;  
The low sound that you scarcely hear  
Is the enemy marching to battle—  
Arise! for the foe is near;  
Stay not to sharpen your weapons,  
Or the hour will strike at last,  
When from dreams of coming battle,  
You may wake to find it past!

*Adelaide A. Procter.*

LICENSE they mean when they cry liberty.

*Milton.*

WHEN the rough battle of the day is done,  
And evening's peace falls gently on the heart,  
I bound away across the noisy years,  
Unto the utmost verge of memory's land,  
Where earth and sky in dreamy distance meet,  
And memory dim with dark oblivion joins;  
Where woke the first remembered sounds that fell  
Upon the ear in childhood's early morn;  
And wandering thence, along the rolling years,  
I see the shadow of my former self  
Gliding from childhood up to man's estate.  
The path of youth winds down through many a vale,  
And on the brink of many a dread abyss,  
From out whose darkness comes no ray of light,  
Save that a phantom dances o'er the gulf  
And beckons toward the verge. Again the path  
Leads o'er a summit where sunbeams fall;  
And thus in light and shade, sunshine and gloom,  
Sorrow and joy, this life-path leads along.

*James A. Garfield, 1860.*

VEIL, now, O Liberty, thy blushing face,  
At the fell deed that thrills a startled world;  
While fair Columbia weeps in dire disgrace,  
And bows in sorrow o'er the banner furled.

No graceless tyrant falls by vengeance here,  
'Neath the wild justice of the secret knife;  
Nor red Ambition ends its grim career,  
And expiates its horror with its life.

Not here does rash Revenge misguided burn,  
To free a nation with th' assassin's dart,  
Or roused Despair in angry madness turn,  
And tear its freedom from a despot's heart.

But where blest Liberty so widely reigns,  
And peace and plenty mark a smiling land;

Here the mad wretch its fair white record stains;  
And blurs its beauties with a "bloody hand."

Here the elect of millions, and the pride  
Of those who own his mild and peaceful rule—  
Here Virtue sinks and yields the crimson tide,  
Beneath the Vile unreason of a fool!

*An English prize ode,*  
On the assassination of President Garfield.

ENTOMBED within a nation's reverent love,  
And where a world in stricken anguish weeps;  
Hallowed in death, if ever martyr were,  
The deep, eternal slumber, Garfield sleeps.

Scarce yet attained to manhood's ripest prime  
In years, but in its honors full advanced;  
Myriads yet to come upon God's earth  
Will hear his story but to be entranced.

The boy, who in Ohio's primal wilds  
Took up the weight of sturdy manhood's task;  
His portion penury and his outlook dark;  
He fronted fate, and but for prayer would ask.

The youth, who, to his boyhood's teachings true,  
The rugged road to learning stoutly trod,  
Illuming all his toilsome, upward way  
With trust in self, unquestioning faith in God.

The man, who at his periled country's call  
Became the soldier of unwav'ring front;  
For freedom risked the sweets of budding life,  
And stood before the battle's fiercest brunt.

The statesman, called to counsel in his youth  
Showed the ripe knowledge of maturer years;  
Foremost in civil as in war-time life,  
To doubts a stranger, and so to fears.

The patriot, who, to country always true,  
Always, and sturdiest for its honor wrought;  
Moved onward, surely in his upward way,  
As for yet higher service he was sought.

All these in this one wondrous man combined  
To luster give to earth's supremest place;  
Death struck him down on duty's picket line,  
In manhood's fullest power and grace.

His life in wonderful completeness grand,  
Has safely passed to martyrdom and end;  
Above his grave the grander halos hang,  
With tender memories to sweetly blend.

And now but his example grand is left  
As guiding beacon to the striving youth;  
Though he is dead, he yet is trumpet-tongued  
For wisdom, faith, purity and truth.

*Edward Crapsey.*

HE had been born a destined work to do,  
And lived to do it; four long-suffering years—  
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill report lived through—  
And then he heard the hisses change to cheers,  
The taunts to tribute, the abuse to praise,  
And took them both, with his unwavering mood;  
But as he came on light from darkest days,  
And seemed to touch the goal from where he stood,  
A fellow-hand, between that goal and him,  
Reached from behind his head, a trigger prest,  
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,  
Those gaunt long-laboring limbs were laid to rest!  
The words of mercy were upon his lips,  
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,  
When the vile murderer brought swift eclipse  
To thoughts of peace on earth, good will to men.

The old world and the new, from sea to sea,  
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame !  
Sore heart, so stopped, when it at last beat free,  
Sad life, cut short, just as its triumph came !

A deed accurst ! Strokes have been struck before  
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt  
If more of honor or disgrace they bore ;  
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly out !

Vile hand ! that branded murder on a strife,  
What e'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly striven,  
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life  
With much to praise, little to be forgiven !

*Tom Taylor in London Punch,*  
On the assassination of Lincoln.

GARFIELD was the martyr of reconciliation, as Lincoln  
was the martyr of reconstruction.

*Cincinnati Gazette.*

STRONG are the mountains, Lord, but stronger Thou!  
They rise a bulwark to the guarded land,  
Which foes pass not, nor traitors undermine,  
For children's children's safety they shall stand;  
And so, O Lord ! Thou standest unto Thine,  
A mighty guardian, a defense divine.

Strong are the mountains, Lord, but stronger Thou!  
Where beats the tempest on the hither side,  
Beneath their shelter bloom the vine and rose;  
So do Thy chosen ones in Thee abide,  
Nor fear the storm-wind though it wildly blows,  
All undisturbed in their secure repose.

Strong are the mountains, Lord, but stronger Thou!  
Their far, fair snowy summits fountains are,  
Whence fertilizing streams begin their race;

So from Thy might of mercy stream afar  
The overbrimming rivers of Thy grace,  
Gladdening the wilderness and desert place.  
Strong are the mountains, Lord, but stronger Thou!  
Immutable they stand from age to age,  
'Though the world rock and empires shift and pale,  
So, though the people war and heathen rage,  
The safety of Thy promise shall prevail,  
Nor ever once Thy love and goodness fail.

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THE heart dwindles in contact with small things and narrow interests; but when brought into harmony with great ideas, striving for great ends, with strong feeling excited and pouring upon the altar of success the most costly and precious sacrifices, then the human heart, developing the germ of its immortal nature, rises to the height of the loftiest ideas, and enlarges to the compass of the broadest principles.

*Geo. M. Robeson.*

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## XXXII.

### GOLDEN NUGGETS.

POSTERITY preserves only what will pack into small compass. Jewels are handed down from age to age; less portable valuables disappear.

*Lord Stanley.*

A WISELY chosen illustration is almost essential to fasten the truth upon the ordinary mind, and no teacher can afford to neglect this part of his preparation.

*Chancellor Crosby.*



I BELIEVE that the want of our age is no more free handling of the Bible, but more reverent handling, more humility, more patient study, and more prayer.

*Rev. J. C. Ryle.*

ALL human discovery confirms the holy Scriptures.

*Herschel.*

THE surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment. Each hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened upon its back.

*F. W. Faber.*

BE careful that you do not commend yourself. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you. Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourself of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had to gain knowledge, wisdom and experience by hearing those whom you silenced by your impertinent talking.

*Sir Matthew Hale.*

WE do not get our best vision of heaven, we do not feel ourselves surrounded, as the apostles did, by a great cloud of witnesses, when we simply hear or read some good book, or meet in the church to listen to discourses and to exchange pleasant salutations. No, it was the martyr who saw "the heavens open and the son of God standing on the right hand of God." It is when we have borne submissively some dreadful sorrow that we see the golden ladder reaching upward, as did Perpetua from the darkness of the dungeon; when we have given ourselves to some great work and wrought it, by God's help and the inspiration of his Spirit, triumphantly to the end, that the vision is granted us.

*R. S. Storrs, D. D.*

RELIGION finds the love of happiness and the principle of duty separated in us; and its mission—its masterpiece—is to reunite them.

*Vincent.*

WHEN you are reading a book in a dark room, and come to a difficult part, you take it to a window to get more light. So take your Bibles to Christ.

*McChesney.*

MAN reigns by employing one-half of the animals to master the other. So the political art consists in cutting the people in two, and in dominating one-half with the other.

*Renan.*

HEAT is the dread commune of the universe.

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THE law is more than a great river, rising in the far-off mountains, and increased by influent streams from many a fertile field, till it flows on, a broad and shining Mississippi of truth to the great sea of universal knowledge. The law is more than a fruitful land, brought by the culture and care of faithful husbandry from a state of nature to a condition in which it yields its bounteous harvest, year by year. The law is more than a magnificent temple, builded by princes of the architectural art, and gladdening the eye and heart of every beholder with its surpassing strength and beauty. More than river, or land, or temple; it is the benign and all-pervading science of society, guiding and controlling by its inherent and eternal principles the stupendous processes of the evolutions of the civilized state, from the rude beginning of frontier life. Its principles may be discovered, like those of any other science, but they are not the subject of human invention. Statutes in accordance with them have vitality, and endure. Enactments at variance with them fail of full execution, and pass away.

*C. C. Bonney.*

THE chief agency in the progress and development of the law, is the work of the bar and the bench in their studies and labors for the settlement of the problems submitted to them for counsel and judgment. The chief obstacle in the way of the progress and development of the law, is hasty and unwise, and above all, unnecessary legislation. The best means of securing more rapid progress, and a more liberal and harmonious development of the law, is to restore to the judges the full exercise of their ancient authority to adapt the law and its remedies to the ever-varying demands of advancing civilization ; and to subordinate current legislation to the just supremacy of the permanent principles of jurisprudence. The grandest and most enduring achievement of all the centuries, is the system of law in the administration of which we are engaged. The transformation of America from the wilderness discovered by Columbus to the garden that reaches from sea to sea, is not more wonderful than the progress and development of the law from the wager of battle to the trial of a great constitutional question before the Supreme Court of the United States.

*C. C. Bonney.*

THE degree of estimation in which any profession is held becomes the standard of the estimation in which the professors hold themselves.

*Burke.*

WHEN men first take up an opinion, and then afterwards seek for reasons for it, they must be contented with such as the absurdity of it will afford.

*South.*

ONE ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

*Publius Syrus.*

A MAN passes for what he is worth.

*Emerson.*

I WOULD rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition, than in air rarified to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief.

*Richter.*

A GOOD conscience is a continual Christmas.

*Franklin.*

THE torture of a bad conscience is the hell of a living soul.

*John Calvin.*

REMOVE immortality, and what is man? A distressful dream—a throb—a wish—a sigh—then nothing!

*Ichabod S. Spencer, D.D.*

IMPROVEMENT depends far less upon length of tasks and hours of application, than is supposed. Children can take in but a little each day; they are like vases with a narrow neck; you may pour little or pour much, but much will not enter at a time.

*Michelet.*

IT is not calling your neighbors' names that settles a question.

*D'Israeli.*

NEXT to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.

*D'Israeli.*

THE secret of success is constancy to purpose.

*D'Israeli.*

I DO not like giving advice, because it is an unnecessary responsibility under any circumstances.

*D'Israeli.*

A PROFOUND thinker always suspects that he is superficial.

*D'Israeli.*

NOTHING is of so much importance and of so much use to a young man entering life as to be well criticised by women.

*D'Israeli.*

TALK to women, talk to women as much as you can. This is the best school.

*D'Israeli.*

WOMEN alone can organize a drawing-room ; man succeeds sometimes in a library.

*D'Israeli.*

THE refusal to be satisfied with the banquet of our earthly life is an honorable discontent ; it is the instinct of a being who cannot suppress the promptings of a higher destiny ; who even on the threshold of death must look forward and demand a future.

*Canon Liddon.*

THERE is a tear for all that die,  
A mourner o'er the humblest grave.

*Byron.*

WE must fight this temperance battle out. I don't expect to fight many years longer, but I mean to speak as long as I can ; and when I cannot speak loud, I will whisper ; and when I cannot whisper, I will make the motions—they say I am pretty good at that—and I will wave my hand against the damning thing that brought such misery to me for seven years of my life. It wasted and consumed and left in ashes the best part of my life, so that to-day I would cut that right hand off at the wrist if I could wipe out from my brain the recollection of those days of darkness and despair. I hate the drink, and I pray God to give me an increasing capacity to hate it. The temperance reform is going on all over the world.

*John B. Gough.*

THE strongest plume in wisdom's wing  
Is memory of past folly.

*Coleridge.*

ALAS ! how few of nature's faces are left to gladden us with their beauty. The cares, and sorrows, and hungerings of the world change them as they change hearts ; and it is only when those passions sleep, and have lost their hold forever, that the troubled clouds pass off and leave heaven's surface clear. It is a common thing for the countenances of the dead, even in that fixed and rigid state, to subside into the long-forgotten expression of sleeping infancy, and settle into the very look of early life. So calm, so peaceful do they grow again, that those who knew them in their happy childhood kneel by the coffin's side in awe, and see the angel even upon the earth.

*Dickens.*

DEATH is another life.

*Bailey*

DEATH is less than death's continual fear.

*Alleine.*

CEASE from your weary weeping, maidens. Over those for whom the night of death as blessing comes, we may not mourn.

*Sophocles.*

How calmly may we commit ourselves to the hands of Him who bears up the world—of Him who has created and who provides for the joys, even of insects, as carefully as if He were their father !

*Richter.*

A SOLID and substantial greatness of soul looks down with a generous neglect on the censures and applause of the multitude.

*Addison.*

THE Christian religion, rightly understood, is the deepest and choicest piece of philosophy that is.

*Sir T. More.*

A PROVERB is the wit of one and the wisdom of many.

*Lord John Russell.*

To be angry is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

*Pope.*

THE anger of an enemy represents our faults or admonishes us of our duty with more heartiness than the kindness of a friend.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

AMBITIOUS men, if they be checked in their desires, become secretly discontent, and look upon men and matters with an evil eye.

*Bacon.*

IN conversation, humor is more than wit, easiness more than knowledge.

*Sir W. Temple.*

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
When all of thee that time can wither sleeps,  
And perishes amid the dust we tread ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain,  
If there I meet thy gentle spirit not ;  
Nor hear the voice of love, nor read again  
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thine own meek heart demand me there,  
That heart whose fondest throbs were given ?  
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
And wilt thou never utter it in heaven ?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,  
In the splendence of that glorious sphere,  
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,  
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,  
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,  
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,  
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,  
Await thee there ; for thou hast bowed thy will  
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me the sordid cares in which I dwell  
Shrink and consume my heart, as heat the scroll ;  
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell  
Hath left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wearest the glory of the sky,  
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,  
The same fair, thoughtful brow and gentle eye,  
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same ?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home  
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—  
The wisdom which is love—till I become  
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss ?

*Bryant.*

CONSTITUTIONS are in politics what paper money is in commerce. They afford great facilities and conveniences, but we must not attribute to them that value which really belongs to what they represent.

*Macaulay.*

LIBERTY can be safe only when suffrage is illuminated by education.

*James A. Garfield.*



TRUTH is the food of the human spirit which could not grow in its majestic proportions without clearer and more truthful views of God and His universe.

*James A. Garfield.*

TRUTH is so related and co-related, that no department of her realm is isolated.

*James A. Garfield.*

HISTORY is but the unrolled scroll of prophecy.

*James A. Garfield.*

I LOVE to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost ; that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done ; that, treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill.

*James A. Garfield.*

FELLOW-CITIZENS ! Clouds and darkness are round about Him ! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies ! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne ! Mercy and truth shall go before His face ! Fellow-citizens ! God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives.

*James A. Garfield,*

(On the assassination of President Lincoln.)

THE assertion of the reign of law has been stubbornly resisted at every step. The divinities of Heathen superstition still linger in one form or another in the faith of the ignorant, and even many intelligent men shrink from the contemplation of one Supreme Will acting regularly, not fatuitously, through laws beautiful and simple, rather than through a fitful and capricious Providence.

*James A. Garfield.*

OH! sir; there are times in the history of men and nations when they stand so near the veil that separates mortals and immortals, time from eternity, and men from their God, that they can almost hear the beating, and feel the pulsations of the infinite. Through such a time has this nation passed from the field of honor through that thin veil to the presence of God, and when at last its parting folds admitted that martyred President to the company of the dead heroes of the Republic, the nation stood so near the veil that the whispers of God were heard by the children of men.

*James A. Garfield,*

(On the assassination of President Lincoln.)

INDIVIDUALS may wear for a time the glory of our institutions, but they carry it not to the grave with them. Like raindrops from heaven, they may pass through the circle of the shining bow and add to its lustre, but when they have sunk in the earth again the proud arch still spans the sky and shines gloriously on.

*James A. Garfield.*

WE hold reunions, not for the dead, for there is nothing in all the earth that you and I can do for the dead. They are past our help and past our praise. We can add to them no glory—we can give to them no immortality. They do not need us, but forever and forevermore we need them.

*James A. Garfield.*

FROM the genius of our government, the pathway to honorable distinction lies open to all. No post of honor so high but the poorest boy may hope to reach it. It is the pride of every American that many cherished names, at whose mention our hearts beat with a quicker bound, were worn by the sons of poverty, who conquered obscurity and became fixed stars in our firmament.

*James A. Garfield.*

I LOOK forward with joy and hope to the day when our brave people, one in heart, one in their aspirations for freedom and peace, shall see that the darkness through which we have traveled was but a part of that stern but beneficent discipline by which the Great Dispenser of events has been leading us on to a higher and nobler national life.

*James A. Garfield.*

THE world's history is a divine poem, of which the history of every nation is a canto, and every man a word. Its strains have been pealing along down the centuries, and though there have been mingled the discords of warring canon and dying men, yet to the christian, philosopher and historian—the humble listener—there has been a divine melody running through the song which speaks of hope and halcyon days to come.

*James A. Garfield.*

As a giant tree absorbs all the elements of growth within its reach, and leaves only a sickly vegetation in its shadow, so do towering great men absorb all the strength and glory of their surroundings, and leave a dearth of greatness for a whole generation.

*James A. Garfield.*

YOUNG men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to wear spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight.

*James A. Garfield.*

DURING a hundred and sixty years the liberty of our press has been constantly becoming more and more entire ; and during those hundred and sixty years the restraint imposed on writers by the general feeling of readers, has been constantly becoming more strict.

*Macaulay.*

THERE never was a good war or a bad peace.

*Franklin.*

THE most capital advantage an enlightened people can enjoy is the liberty of discussing every subject which can fall within the compass of the human mind ; while this remains, freedom will flourish ; but should it be lost or impaired, its principles will neither be well understood nor long retained.

*Robert Hall.*

THE modern newspaper is not merely a private enterprise. It is as truly a public institution as the railway and the telegraph ; and enlightened jurisprudence will declare that the public newspaper, encouraged and protected by the highest guaranties of constitutional law, as indispensable to a free government, is subject, not to the narrow and rigid rules which apply to merely private callings, but to broad and equitable principles, springing out of its relation to the public, and its duty to serve the people in the collection and publication of information relating to all their interests. The business of journalism is no longer a mere incident to the printer's trade. It has become a great and learned profession, with honored fraternal organizations. The government should also consider that the newspaper is, after all due allowance for our system of schools, the great educator of the masses of the people. It visits them from day to day, or from week to week ; induces them to read, and compels them to think. The man who reads a newspaper is a citizen of the world. He feels an interest in the people of all lands, for their doings are brought home to his door. He learns to deplore their misfortunes, and to rejoice in their achievements. This knowledge enlarges the world in which his soul lives. In some degree it ennobles him. He feels the greatness of his own country, and the dignity and power of the government that administers its affairs.

*C. C. Bonney.*

AND the newspaper is also the great agency of progress in all reforms. Abuses do not reform themselves; and few reforms originate within the circles where evils are entrenched. Nearly all reforms have humble beginnings, and suffer many tribulations before they command success. The newspapers bring them to the attention of the public, and state the arguments urged in their favor. Slowly the work goes on, and finally the public mind is changed, and a measure which at first seems hopeless advances to the front, conquers, and is crowned. By the voice of the newspaper public opinion proclaims its imperious decrees. By virtue of a free press, the people reigns. Acting harmoniously in their respective spheres, free government and the free press are joint conservators of law, order and peace; each the most powerful friend and upholder of the other. Paraphrasing a statement of the relation of the Coliseum to the Roman empire, as the symbol of its power and glory, we may truly declare that,

While stands the press, free government shall stand;  
Without the other, neither can endure.

*C. C. Bonney.*

To give a man a full knowledge of true morality, I would send him to no other book than the New Testament.

*Locke.*

FALSE men are not to be taken into confidence, nor fearful men into a post that requires resolution.

*L'Estrange.*

STRONG men have strong convictions, and one man with a belief is greater than a thousand that have only interests. Partisanship is opinion crystalized, and party organizations are the scaffoldings whereon citizens stand while they build up the wall of their national temple. Organizations may change or dissolve, but when parties cease to exist, liberty will perish.

*James A. Garfield.*

WAS James A. Garfield great? Ask those early years, when adverse winds always assailed his bark; ask the nights of study; ask the schools where he taught; ask the place where he worshiped; ask the halls where he helped enact wise laws; ask the battle-fields where he led soldiers; ask the magnificent capitol where he was crowned as Republicans crown their chieftains; ask the cottage where he died. If out of the answers to these questions there comes not the witness of greatness, the human heart must henceforth toil and long in vain.

*David Swing.*

IMPOSSIBLE!—it is not good French.

*Napoleon.*

IT is necessary to try to surpass one's self always; this occupation ought to last as long as life.

*Queen Christiana.*

WHAT was said by the Latin poet of labor—that it conquers all things—is much more true when applied to impudence.

*Fielding.*

CLOCKS will go as they are set; but man, irregular man, is never constant, never certain.

*Otway.*

THE most perfect would be the most exacting and severe; but, fortunately, mercy is one of the attributes of perfection.

*J. F. Boyes.*

THERE are cases in which a man would have been ashamed not to have been imposed on. There is a confidence necessary to human intercourse, and without which, men are more injured by their suspicions than they could be by the perfidy of others.

*Burke.*

INCONSTANCY falls off ere it begins.

*Shakespeare.*

To have the tastes of a gentleman and the purse of a beggar is about the height of human misery.

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NOTHING is so contemptible as that affectation of wisdom, which some display, by universal incredulity.

*Goldsmith.*

THE power of choosing right or wrong makes man a moral agent; his actually choosing wrong, makes him a sinner.

*Lyman Beecher.*

It is in the heights and not in the depths of their manhood, that men draw nigh and find the Infinite Father.

*F. F. Ellinwood, D.D.*

MERCY abandons the arena of battle.

*Abbott.*

THE quality of mercy is not strained;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth there show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice.

*Shakespeare.*

MERCY turns her back to the unmerciful.

*Quarles.*

MERCY to him that shows it is the rule.

*Cowper.*

IN disarming Peter, Christ disarmed every soldier.

*Tertullian.*

SUCCESS in war, like charity in religion, covers a multitude of sins.

*Napier.*

THERE is strength and a fierce instinct, even in common souls, to bear up manhood with a stormy joy when red swords meet in lightning.

*Mrs. Hemans.*

PARADOXICAL as it may appear, war, the demon-scurge of humanity, seems to be an imperious necessity, arising from the very constitution of created things. As in nature, deadly malaria would sweep our race from earth but for the periodical return of storm and tempest; as dreadful conflagrations have proved the only things capable of arresting the ravages of pestilence; so an overruling Providence has decreed that nations shall pass through the fierce ordeal of war, as the efficient means of learning those lessons of virtue and wisdom which are derived from the teachings of adversity. War is the great purifier. It acts as a Nemesian leveler, and stands the most terrible but efficient instrument wielded by the Eternal Renovator. In the struggle of its death-throes, it heaves the moral elements with convulsions, and purifies an atmosphere too long surcharged with discontent and corruption. It gives a new impulse to thought, breaks up old, worn-out customs, sweeps away burdensome institutions, throws open new channels of commerce, preserves the political balance between the nations, widens the sphere of human action, and carries the world forward in its career of destiny.

What, though countless millions of the "storied brave" have gone forth, never to return! What, though the piercing wail of anguish has gone up from many a saddened home! What, though the pleading voice of Christianity has uttered its sentence of condemnation upon war and stamped criminality upon its very forehead! the bloody sceptre is yet swayed over prostrate nations, and the sword still



glitters in the haze of battle. New nations rise upon the ruins of past years, and again the earth trembles with the tramp of armies; again banners are seen waving over fields of military fame; again the war-notes of the trumpet are heard above the din of clashing steel; and again, waters that gently murmur over scenes of past naval conflict are whitened by the gallant barks that spread their sails in search of plunder and renown.

I have thought of war until my very dreams were mimic battles. There is something grand and imposing in the "magnificently stern array,"—something attractive and inspiring in that daring intrepidity that surmounts the most difficult obstacles of nature—leading on to conquest and to glory. The Muse of History has painted the superb appearance of marshaled troops, and thrown a bewildering fascination around the brilliant charge. Poetry has "lent the magic of its numbers to the narrative of blood;" painting has blended its choicest colors to picture the tented field; eloquence has breathed its sweetest accents in honor of the "unreturning brave;" and the novelist has wandered through imagination's enchanted halls to do homage at the shrine of heroism. From Homer to Tennyson, the grandest, mightiest strains of poetry have been employed in celebrating the achievements of Bellona and Mars; and, to-day, with all our boasted nearness to the millennium, the war-element of the world is greater than ever before.

But this is war in its pleasantest aspect. There is another and a sadder view. Mathematics would fail to compute its horrors, and the tongue of eloquence would falter at a description of its woes. Ten thousand inhuman fields, crimsoned with the blood of the slain, and white with the unburied bones of the tombless dead, dot, like leprous spots, the face of earth and raise their Armageddon cry to heaven! From Leuctra to Solferino, from Marathon to Fort Donelson, from the siege of Jerusalem to the fall of Richmond—the ghostly columns troop in swift review before the startled

imagination—a mighty host! Who can number them? If our hearts were marble, they should bleed; if our eyes were flint, they should melt with tears, when we think of the “unreturning brave” who have fallen in the sacred struggle for imperiled liberty, and now sleep beneath the soil their self-devotion has consecrated; or who have been sacrificed at the shrine of ambition and hurried into eternity without a moment’s preparation to meet their Judge!

“How are the mighty fallen in the midst of battle!” “Take the wings of the morning and flee unto the uttermost parts of the earth” and, behold! the “unreturning brave” are there! They lie low beneath the palms of the Orient and slumber along the classic banks of the Mississippi and Potomac. They sleep in glory beneath the soil of every land, and lie pillowed on the coral crags of every sea. The voice of thunder cannot wake them—the clamor of unrest and the echo of this world’s strife can no longer disturb the countless millions as they repose in the embrace of death.

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IF SILENCE is ever golden it must be here amid the graves of fifteen thousand men whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung. With words we make promises, pledge faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept; plighted faith may be broken; and vaunted virtue may be only the cunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke, but we do know they summed up and perfected, by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue. For the noblest man that lives there still remains a conflict. But with *these* the conflict ended, *the victory was won when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.*

*James A. Garfield* (Arlington Heights Oration).

THERE are few die well that die in battle.

*Shakespeare.*

I HEAR the hoarse-voiced cannon roar,  
The red-mouthed orators of war.

*Joaquin Miller.*

THE Gospel has but a forced alliance with war. Its doctrine of human brotherhood would ring strangely between the opposed ranks.

*Chapin.*

WERE half the power that fills the world with terror,  
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,  
Given to redeem the human mind from error,  
There were no need of arsenals and forts.

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!  
And every nation that should lift again  
Its hand against its brother, on its forehead  
Would wear forevermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,  
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease;  
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,  
I hear once more the voice of Christ say "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals  
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies,  
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,  
The holy melodies of love arise!

*Longfellow.*

GIVEN the character of a man, and the conditions of life around him, what will be his career? Or, given his career and surroundings, what was his character? Or, given his character and career, of what kind were his surroundings? The relation of these three factors to each other is severely logical. From them is deduced all genuine history. Character is the chief element, for it is both a result and a cause

—a result of influences and a cause of results. . . . We are struck, at the outset, with the evenness and completeness of his life. There were no breaks in it, no chasms, no upheavals. His pathway was a plane of continued elevation. . . . To his country and to mankind, he has left his character and his fame, as a priceless and everlasting possession.

*James A. Garfield.*

(Memorial Address on Gen. George H. Thomas.)

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XXXIII.

## LIGHT INEXTINGUISHABLE.

MYRIAD deadly blows have been aimed at the very heart of the Gospel, but every thrust has been parried, and the religion of Jesus remains the grand, impregnable fact of history—stunning into wonder those whom it has not subdued into worship, striking with awe those whom it has not melted into contrition.

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ONE thing is sure, the day of the Lord is hastening on. In our chronology it may be ages in the future, yet in that divine chronology by which a thousand years is as one day, it is ever nigh. The admonitions to watchfulness can never be profitless to any of us, and will certainly be rigidly applicable in some period of the world's history, and so the solemn voice goes sounding down through the ages: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

*President W. X. Ninde, D.D.*

WE know what would be the effect of abating faith to nothing among men as clearly as we know what would be the effect of blotting the sun from the heavens. We know it by an induction as broad and conclusive as ever underlaid a science. It means disorder. It means wickedness. It means the decay of homes and governments. It means the French Revolution, and the reign of such men as Robespierre and Mirabeau. It means riot and uprising, and communistic excitement. Life would then be but a burning, sandy desert, surrounded on all sides by a dark and impenetrable horizon. An endless, starless night would settle over the world, and instead of the hymn of praise and the song of hope there would everywhere be heard the piercing wail of anguish and despair. But the Church cannot be overthrown; the Bible cannot be destroyed, and even according to Renan—"whatever may be the surprises of the future, Jesus Christ can never be surpassed."

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CHRISTIANITY at this hour reads her Scriptures, and lifts up her anthems, in two hundred languages. One-half of the missionaries of the globe may be reached from Boston by telegraph in twenty-four hours. God is making commerce his missionary.

*Joseph Cook.*

I WOULD not divorce faith from reason; on the contrary, I believe free religious inquiry is a duty, that argument is the basis of devotion, and that the proper motives to religion are the proper proofs of it; nor would I deny to mind the right of thinking for itself, and of exerting its faculties in the sphere of legitimate discussion, for the right of research belongs to its chainless spirit and will be exercised; but I would not have it exalt itself above God. God is sovereign, reason is subordinate; God is infinite, eternal, infallable; man is finite, erring.

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CHRISTIANITY now stirs men's thoughts more than ever. It has projected itself into the civilization of the age with the fixedness with which a continent thrusts itself into the sea; and the reason of this is plain. It is because it has proved itself to be the only hope of the world. It has brought life and immortality to light, and has given man a Savior adapted to his wants and able and willing to save him. Millions of stricken hearts has it cheered; bright and joyous has been the light which it has thrown over the pathway of many a bewildered life, and daring indeed is the tongue that would willfully revile or blaspheme it.

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THE church of Christ, if called to pass again through the age of martyrdom, would, I believe, be as unflinching in maintaining the truth, or in sealing her testimony in blood, as in the days of Ridley and Latimer, or in the earlier age of Perpetua and Felicita, when rich and poor, bond and free, were one in a common loyalty to the truth and in pouring out their blood in its defense.

*Bishop J. F. Hurst, D.D., LL. D.*

CHRISTIANITY is strong in its unity, strong in its simplicity, strong in its splendid literature, strong in its mingled law and grace—its restriction and its liberty, strong in its great stores of confessed truth, strong in the sublimity of its proposed aims and purposes, strong in the accord of its facts and doctrines with nature and experience, strong in its adaptation to the wants of mankind, and to the expanding civilization of the world which it has created and fostered, strong in the character of its disciples and in the number and ability of its professors and defenders, strong in its superiority to all other religions, strong in its terrible alternation of no religion, strong in its prophecies and miracles and apocalypses and ever thronging evidences.

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THAT law and system, self caused and self directed, are sufficient to account for the order and energy of the universe, is the serpent falsehood coiled in the heart of modern infidelity. But whence law? Whence system? How came they to exist if there be not a law-giver, a systematizer who created and who sustains them? Have the forces of nature any inherent life or power in themselves, apart from the eternal God who spoke them into existence?

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Look above thee—never eye  
Saw such pleasures as await thee;  
Thought ne'er reached such scenes of joy  
As are there prepared to meet thee;  
Light undying, seraph's lyres,  
Angel welcomes, cherub choirs,  
Smiling through heaven's doors to greet thee.

*Bowring.*

WE cannot despair of success. What though the dreary winter of the world's moral life may have lasted far longer than the eager hopes of the church anticipated? What though the thick darkness of an apparently eternal night may have hung for centuries over the vast majority of our race? We do not, we cannot, despair. Not suddenly—not in a moment—was it reasonable to expect that the bright and blessed change would come. When the morning dawns and struggles with the gloom of night, how doubtful, how gradual is the progress of the conflict! Silently, and we know not when, the darkness begins to melt in the East, but heavy clouds may still resist the splendor of the sun. Gleams of the coming brightness shoot up the heavens, their lines of glory quiver along the horizon, and prophesy the approaching day; but the mists still hang gloomily in the skies, and threaten to bring the hours of darkness back; and yet the ultimate victory of the light is secure.

*R. W. Dale.*

REJECT the universal conviction by which the grandest thinkers have sanctioned the hope of the humblest Christian, and you are at once servile to some form of faith, inconceivably more difficult to believe. Infidelity itself, in rejecting the healthful creeds by which man finds his safeguards in faith and prayer, invents systems of belief, compared with which the mysteries of the Christian system are simple.

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BATHED in unfallen sunlight,  
Itself a sun-born gem,  
Fair gleams the glorious city,  
The new Jerusalem!  
City fairest,  
Splendor rarest,  
Let me gaze on thee!

Calm in her queenly glory,  
She sits all joy and light;  
Pure in her bridal beauty,  
Her raiment festal-white,  
Home of gladness,  
Free from sadness,  
Let me dwell in thee!

*Horatius Bonar.*

THESE are they who, with the Bible in their hands and the wonders of creation before their eyes, hold that matter can think and create; that order is the result of chance; that life, beautiful, splendid and momentous, is a mere phenomenon, soon to disappear forever; who would shiver every tomb, blot out every remembrance, congeal every affection and wrest the universe from the God it proclaims. Their aim is to literalize nature, to denude it of its providence, and to leave our starving souls, bones and fossils and chemical elements and nothing else.

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THERE is no roof in all the world, of palace or of cot,  
That hideth not some burdened heart, nigh breaking for  
its lot;

The earth is sunk in pain and tears, and closer draws the  
gloom;

And light or balm there can be none, till Christ, the Lord,  
shall come.

“O morn, when like a summer bird, my spirit shall go  
free,—

When I shall see Thee as Thou art, and be, my God, like  
Thee!

Like Thee! like Thee! All spotless white—this heart, this  
will, as Thine,

O love of God, O blood of Christ, O grace and power divine!

“My Saviour, who doth know the thirst the longing spirit  
feels,—

O Bridegroom, now so long afar, why stay Thy chariot-  
wheels?

Were ever eyes so dim with grief, breasts so oppressed with  
care?

Did ever hearts so yearn to catch Thy whisper from the air?”

Thou lonely one, lift up thy head, array thee for the feast;

He that hath tarried long is near—the glow is in the East!

O Morning Star, so soon to lead Thy chosen one away—

O Sun of Righteousness, bring in the everlasting day!

---

WE shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

THE tissue of the life to be  
We weave with colors all our own;  
And in the field of destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here;  
And, painted on the eternal wall,  
The past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side?

Oh, no! we live our life again;  
Or warmly touched, or coldly dim,  
The pictures of the past remain—  
Man's work shall follow him.

*Whittier.*

It is unkind and improper to exult over a triumph, but the signal and overwhelming victory achieved by Christianity over the compacted might of her assailants should awaken a universal resonance of joy. Pale as death, red as blood, her staggered reeling foes have gone down, and are now going down, as though smitten by the wrath of God, while the Church of Christ, "as old as the centuries, and as young as the future," still goes forth and will continue to go forth, not as in the old crusading days, clad in visible armor and bearing an earthly sword, but "with length of days in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor." With the love of Jesus beaming in her face, and the sweet offer of salvation on her lips, she will yet gladden the dark places of earth, and win back the world to God.

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BREAK, O Morning, break on the souls that are in the night of sin; and on our graves, break, O Morning of the Everlasting Day!

*C. F. Deems, D.D.*

## XXXIV.

## VESPER VOICES.

VOICES, sweeping through all time, peal,  
Like the eternal thunders of the deep,  
Into my ears the truth, Thou livest forever !

*Byron.*

IN that hour, which of all the twenty-four is most emblematical of heaven, and suggestive of repose, the even-tide, in which instinctively Isaac went into the fields to meditate—when the work of the day is done, when the mind has ceased its tension, when the passions are lulled to rest in spite of themselves, by the spell of the quiet starlit sky—it is then amidst the silence of the lull of all the lower parts of our nature, that the soul comes forth to do its work. Then the peculiar, strange work of the soul, which the intellect cannot do, meditation begins; awe and worship, and wonder are in full exercise; and love begins then its purest form of mystic adoration, and pervasive and undefined tenderness, separate from all that is coarse and earthly, swelling as if it would embrace the All in its desire to bless, and lose itself in the sea of the love of God. This is the rest of the soul—the exercise and play of all the nobler powers.

*F. W. Robertson.*

IF you live in the neglect of secret prayer, you neglect all the worship of God; for he that prays only when he prays with others would not pray at all, were it not that the eyes of others were upon him; yea, he that would not pray where none but God sees him, manifestly does not pray at all.

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THE years back of us are full of voices—voices eloquent and pathetic. You who have lived long, have stood over the grave of many an early dream. Success, when it came, was not what you thought it would be, and even success has often been denied you. You have watched by the couch of many a hope, and seen it fail and die. You have buried many a bright expectation, and laid the memorial wreath over many a joy. When, alone by yourself at times, you close your eyes and think, these memories become oppressive. Withered garlands are there, and broken rings, and vases once fragrant with flowers, and the white faces of those that sleep.

*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

I HEAR a voice you cannot hear,  
Which says I must not stay;  
I see a hand you cannot see,  
Which beckons me away.

*Tickell.*

CLEAR as the silver call  
Of Israel's trumpets on her holy days,  
Calling her children from all walks and ways,  
The church's accents fall;  
Joyful, and yet how grave;  
Bidding us kneel with faces to the East,  
And watch for Him, our Sacrifice and Priest,  
Who cometh, strong to save.

*Christmas Carol.*

I LIKE the silent church before the service begins better than any preaching.

*Emerson.*

A BEAUTIFUL church is a sermon in stone, and its spire a finger pointing to heaven.

*Schaff.*

HEAVEN will be the sweet surprise of a perfect explanation.

*Robert Price, D.D.*

PIETY sat with tearful eye by the side of patriotism.

*Herrick Johnson, D.D.*

PRAYER is a golden key, which should open the morning and lock up the evening.

*Bishop Hopkins.*

PRAYER is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and of God's goodness.

*Hugh Miller.*

PRAYER is not overcoming God's reluctance, it is laying hold of His highest willingness.

*Archbishop Trench.*

MANY of the psalms begin mournfully and end triumphantly, to show us the prevailing power of devotion, and convince us of the certain return of prayer.

*Bishop Horne.*

PRAYER is the application of want to Him who only can relieve it, the voice of sin to Him who alone can pardon it. It is the urgency of poverty, the prostration of humility, the fervency of penitence, the confidence of trust. It is not eloquence, but earnestness; not the definition of happiness, but the feeling of it; not figures of speech, but compunction of soul. It is the "Lord, save us or we perish," of drowning Peter; the cry of faith to the ear of mercy.

*Hannah More.*

DISGRACE clings to no man after repentance, any more than the feet defiled with the mud of the world come yet soiled and polluted from the cleansing bath.

*Spurgeon.*

MORE things are wrought by prayer  
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice  
 Rise like a fountain both by night and day.  
 For what are men better than sheep or goats  
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,  
 Both for themselves and those who call them friends?  
 For so the whole round earth is every way  
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

---

LORD, what a change within us, one short hour  
 Spent in thy presence will avail to make!  
 What heavy burdens from our spirits take!  
 What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!  
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower;  
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,  
 Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.

We kneel, how weak! We rise, how full of power!  
 Why, therefore, should we do ourselves this wrong,  
 Or others, that we are not always strong;  
 That we are ever overborne with care,  
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,  
 Anxious, or troubled, when with us is prayer,  
 And joy, and strength, and courage, are with Thee?

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GIANTS in the closet are often but pigmies in the world.  
*Plumer.*

HE prayeth well, who loveth well  
 Both man, and bird, and beast;  
 He prayeth best, who loveth best  
 All things, both great and small;  
 For the dear God who loveth us,  
 He made and loveth all.

*Coleridge.*

THEY business on earth was to watch over and pray for us, and so faithfully, so fervently, was it done, that the blessing of Thine intercession is not exhausted, but, like a dew from God, will drop down upon us as long as we live.

*Tholuck.*

MEDITATE long, meditate humbly, on what it is to have a Creator, and a comfort will come at last. If broad daylight should never be yours on this side of the grave, He will hold your feet in the twilight that they shall not stumble, and, at last, with all the more love, and all the more speed as well, He will fold you to His bosom, who is Himself the Light Eternal.

*F. W. Faber.*

UPON many minds long hardened by sin, remorse has no more effect than have the shadows that chase each other upon the solid rock. The sunshine of God's unfailing mercies soon dispels the gloom and all seems bright again.

*William Rudder, D.D.*

OF all acts, is not, for man, repentance the most divine? The deadliest sin were the consciousness of no sin. The heart so conscious is divorced from sincerity, humility and fact. Hence the experience of David is the truest emblem of man's moral progress and warfare ever written.

*Carlyle.*

A MAN of long experience in sin is always a worse man than he seems to himself to be. The day of judgment is to be a day of fearful surprises and overwhelming revolutions in self-knowledge.

*Austin Phelps.*

THERE are ascending and progressive epochs in Christian experience; duty and service, privilege and sonship, honor and heirship, glory and kingship.

*Cleghorn.*

IT is an introspection on which all religion has been built, man going into himself, and seeing the struggle within him, and thence getting self-knowledge, and thence knowledge of God.

*Canon Mosely.*

RELIGION would not have enemies, if it were not an enemy to their vices.

*Massillon.*

MANY have puzzled themselves about the origin of evil. I am content to observe that there is evil, and that there is a way to escape from it, and with this I begin and end.

*John Newton.*

A TRUE repentance shuns the evil itself  
More than the external suffering or the shame.  
*Shakespeare.*

ASK thyself at evening: What that is immortal have I done to-day? Until thou hast conquered, say nothing of thy secret strife. The good which thou hast done, forget, and do something better. All forms which are of man's make, God's hand shatters; break them not, but put into the form so much spirit that something everlasting may remain for you if all forms be shattered.

*Lavater.*

I FEEL, when I have sinned, an immediate reluctance to go to Christ. I am ashamed to go. I feel as if it would do no good to go—as if it were making Christ a minister of sin, to go straight from the swine-trough to the best robe—and a thousand other excuses. I am persuaded there is neither peace nor safety from deeper sin but in going directly to the Lord. This is God's way of peace and holiness. It is folly to the world and the beclouded heart, but it is the way.

*McCheyne.*



THERE is so much more good than evil in human nature, that he who trusts everybody will, in the long run, make fewer mistakes than he who suspects everybody.

*Philadelphia Ledger.*

COMING to Jesus is the desire of the heart after Him. It is to feel our sin and misery, to believe that He is able and willing to pardon, comfort and keep us; to ask Him to help us, and to trust in Him as in a friend. To have the same feelings and desires as if He were visibly present, and we came and implored him to bless us, is to come to Him, though we do not see His face nor hear His voice. The penitent's desire for pardon, his prayer, "Lord, save me; I perish"—this is coming to Him.

*Newman Hall.*

A SABBATH well spent brings a week of content,  
And health for the toils of to-morrow;  
But a Sabbath profaned, what e'er may be gained,  
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

*Sir Matthew Hale.*

SUNDAYS the pillars are  
On which heaven's palace archèd lies;  
The other days fill up the spare  
And hollow room with vanities;  
They are the fruitful beds and borders  
In God's rich garden; that is bare  
Which parts their ranks and orders.

*George Herbert.*

IF the end of one mercy were not the beginning of another, we were undone.

*Philip Henry.*

I HAVE lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.

*Jean Ingelow.*

THERE is an evening twilight of the heart,  
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,  
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,  
As fades the day-beam in the rosy West.  
'T is with a nameless feeling of regret  
We gaze upon them as they melt away,  
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,  
But hope is round us with her angel-lay,  
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;  
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their early  
power.

*Halleck.*

WHEN I look around me and see how few of the companions of earlier years are left to me, I think of a summer residence at a bathing-place. When you arrive, you first become acquainted with those who have already been there some weeks, and who leave you in a few days. This separation is painful. Then you turn to the second generation, with which you live a good while, and become really intimate. But this goes also, and leaves us lonely with the third, which comes just as we are going away, and with which we have, properly, nothing to do. I have ever been considered one of fortune's favorites; nor can I complain of the course my life has taken, yet truly, there has been nothing but toil and care; and, in my seventy-fifth year, I may say that I have never had four weeks of genuine pleasure. The stone was ever to be rolled up anew.

*Goethe.*

THERE are some great troubles that only time can heal, and perhaps some that can never be healed at all; but all can be helped by the great panacea, work. When grief sits down, folds its hands, and mournfully feeds upon its own tears, weaving the dim shadows, that a little exertion might sweep away into a funeral pall,—the strong spirit is shorn of its might, and sorrow becomes our master.

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THIS, after all, we believe, is the tone of true wisdom and true virtue, and that to which all good natures draw nearer, as they approach the close of life, and come to act less, and to know and to meditate more on the varying and crowded scene of human existence. When the inordinate hopes of early youth, which provoke their own disappointment, have been sobered down by longer experience and more extended views; when the keen contentions and eager rivalries which employed our riper age, have expired or been abandoned; when we have seen, year after year, the objects of our fiercest hostility, and of our fondest affection, lie down together in the hallowed peace of the grave; when ordinary pleasures and amusements begin to be insipid, and the gay derision which seasoned them to appear flat and importunate; when we reflect how, after we have mourned and been comforted, what opposite opinions we have successively maintained and abandoned, to what inconsistent habits we have gradually been formed, and how frequently the objects of our pride have proved the sources of our shame—we are naturally led to recur to the careless days of our childhood, and from that distant starting-place to retrace the whole of our career, and that of our contemporaries, with feelings of far greater humility and indulgence than those by which it had been actually accompanied; to think all vain but affection and honor; the simplest and cheapest pleasures, the truest and most precious; and generosity of sentiment, the only mental superiority which ought either to be wished for or admired.

*Lord Jeffrey.*

Now, soul, be very still and go apart.

Fly to thy inmost citadel, and be thou still.

Dost thou not know the trembling, shrinking heart

That feels the shadow of some coming ill?

Ah! no. 'T is not delusion; some kind care

Touches thee, soul, and whispers thee: "Beware!"

Hide thee awhile, call back the troublous past:

How many times we have been wakened thus, while I  
Entered the dreadful shadow, all aghast,

And found beyond it a far brighter sky;  
How oft the low, black clouds above me lay,  
And some sweet wind of God blew them away.

Hide thee awhile, call back the happy past:

Thy many marvelous mercies; thy delicious days,  
When sorrow watched thee from afar, nor cast

One shadow o'er love's many changing ways;  
All eyes have wept; life no new sorrow has;  
Times come and go; but God is where He was.

So, soul, come with me, and be sure we'll find

A little sanctuary, wherein dwells faith and prayer;  
Then, if misfortune come, cast doubt behind;

We shall have strength to fight or strength to bear;  
No prisoners of evil fate are we,  
For in our breast we carry Hopeful's key.

*Mary A. Barr.*

No soul can preserve the bloom and delicacy of its existence without lonely musing and silent prayer, and the greatness of this necessity is in proportion to the greatness of the soul.

*Farrar.*

DID the Eternal fulfill his gracious promises on the instant, where would be the trial of faith, and our confidence in prayer?

*Grace Aguilar.*

THE world is seldom what it seems;  
To man, who dimly sees,  
Realities appear as dreams,  
And dreams, realities.

*Moore.*

O! WINTER twilight, while the moon  
Grows whiter on the deepening blue,  
I find some brief-lived thoughts in you,  
That rise not in the night or noon,  
Of faded loves, that once were sweet,  
But now are neither sweet nor sad;  
Of hopes that, distant, looked so glad,  
Yet lie, unnoticed, at our feet.  
Of these I think, until the red  
Has wasted from the western sky,  
And royal reigns the moon on high;  
What profits to lament the dead?  
Small profit! yet in dreams that hold  
One hand to forward, one to past,  
We stay the years that fly so fast,  
And link our new lives to the old.

*F. W. Bourdillon.*

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me!  
Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O, Thou who changest not, abide with me!  
I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.  
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

*Henry Francis Lyte.*

BEYOND the stars that shine in golden glory,  
Beyond the calm, sweet moon,  
Up the bright ladder saints have trod before thee,  
Soul! thou must venture soon.

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## XXXV.

## EVENING LAMPS.

THE day hath gone to God,  
Straight, like an infant's spirit, or a mocked  
And mourning messenger of grace to man.

*Bailey.*

WERE there no night we could not read the stars,  
The heavens would turn into a blinding glare;  
Freedom is best seen through the prison bars,  
And rough seas make the haven passing fair.

We cannot measure joys but by their loss,  
When blessings fade away we see them then;  
Our richest clusters grow around the cross,  
And in the night-time angels sing to men.

The seed must first lie buried deep in earth,  
Before the lily opens to the sky;  
So "light is sown," and gladness has its birth,  
In the dark deeps where we can only cry.

"Life out of death" is heaven's unwritten law;  
Nay, it is written in a myriad forms;  
The victor's palm grows on the fields of war,  
And strength and beauty are the fruit of storms.

Come, then, my soul, be brave to do and bear;  
Thy life is bruised that it may be more sweet;  
The cross will soon be left, the crown we'll wear;  
Nay, we will cast it at our Savior's feet.

And up among the glories never told,  
Sweeter than music of the marriage-bell,  
Our hands will strike the vibrant harp of gold  
To the glad song, "He doeth all things well."

*Henry Burton.*

'Tis midnight's holy hour, and silence now  
Is brooding, like a gentle spirit, o'er  
The still and pulseless world.

*George D. Prentice.*

LEAD, kindly light! amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on;

The night is dark, and I am far from home;

Lead thou me on.

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead thou me on.

I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will; remember not past years!

So long thy power has blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

*John Henry Newman.*

THE darkest night that ever fell upon the earth never hid the light, never put out the stars. It only made the stars more keenly, kindly glancing, as if in protest against the darkness.

*George Eliot.*

INNOCENT sleep!

Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,

The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,

Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,

Chief nourisher in life's feast.

*Shakespeare.*

BENEATH this starry arch,  
Naught resteth or is still,  
But all things hold their march,  
As if by one great will;  
Moves one, moves all.  
Hark to the footfall!  
On, on, forever!

*Harriet Martineau.*

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,  
And sun and stars forevermore have set,  
The things which our weak judgment here has spurned,  
The things o'er which we grieved, with lashes wet,  
Will flash before us out of life's dark night,  
As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;  
And we shall see how all God's plans were right,  
And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

---

THE compensations of calamity are made apparent after long intervals of time. The sure years reveal the deep remedial force that underlies all fact.

*Emerson.*

YOUTH's heritage is hope, but man's  
Is retrospect of shattered plans,  
And doubtful glances cast before.

---

THE retrospect of youth is often like visiting the grave of a friend whom we have injured, and are prevented by his death from the possibility of making reparation.

*Landon.*

A SORROW's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things.

*Tennyson.*



THE heart, when broken, is like sweet gums and spices when beaten; for as such cast their fragrant scent into the nostrils of men, so the heart, when broken, casts its sweet smell into the nostrils of God. The incense, which was a type of prayer of old, was to be beaten or bruised, and so to be in the censer. The heart must be beaten or bruised, and then the sweet scent will come out.

*Bunyan.*

THERE is something sustaining in the very agitation that accompanies the first shock of trouble, just as an acute pain is often a stimulus, and produces an excitement which is transient strength. It is in the slow changed life that follows, in the time when sorrow has become stale, and has no longer an emotive intensity that counteracts its pain; in the time when day follows day in dull, expected sameness, and trial is a dreary routine—it is then that despair threatens; it is then that the peremptory hunger of the soul is felt, and eye and ear are strained after some unlearned secret of our existence, which shall give to endurance the nature of satisfaction.

*George Eliot.*

WHEN doomed to feel that youth is o'er,  
That spring and summer both have fled,  
That we can wake to life no more  
The buds and blossoms that are dead;  
That evermore the years will steal  
Some brightness as they hurry on,  
And with the past we know and feel  
The glory of our life is gone;  
And still, the skies are just as blue,  
The golden suns as warm and bright,  
No star has lost its radiant hue,  
Or faded from the crown of night;  
And beauty's cheek is still as fair,

The songs of birds as sweet at morn,  
The flowers bloom, and in the air  
The fragrance of the spring is born;  
But oh, to think of all the past,  
How much of good there was to glean,  
How little came to us at last,  
And yet, and yet, what might have been!  
How shadows gather o'er the heart,  
The night winds bear a sadder strain;  
The eyes grow dim with tears that start,  
And memory's gates we close in vain.

---

I HAD rather as a forgiven child, with all the prospects of the future opened unto me, wear the crown purchased by the redeeming love of Christ than that which is worn by the unfallen angels; because the blessings of a divine atonement, through a divine incarnation, secured to the soul in harmony with the conditions of the Gospel, reveal the character of God in a way impossible to be made known to those who have complied with all the law demands; and this places the sinner, penitent and forgiven, on a platform of experience and personal relationship to God, of a nature so peculiar and so extraordinary as to throw all other stars, glittering never so brightly in the heavenly firmament, into comparative obscurity, contrasted with the exceptional brilliancy of that state which involves the strange anomaly of justice and mercy together, the law sustained and the sinner saved.

*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

THE grave buries every error, covers every defect, extinguishes every resentment. Who can look down upon the last resting place even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies moldering before him.

*Washington Irving.*

THE "Imitation of Christ" was written by a hand that waited for the heart's promptings. It is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph; not written on velvet cushions, to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all times a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced, in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tonsured head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speed different from ours, but under the same silent, far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness.

*George Eliot.*

CAREST Thou not? O Thou that givest life,  
Carest Thou not? Who art the love Thou teachest,  
While half Thy children perish in the strife,  
For lack of the sweet charity Thou preachest;  
The eye that sees, the heart that longs and yearns  
For beauty, wealth, and calm of golden hours;  
Or Thou, or Nature, gave the brain that burns,  
The mind that chafes to use its latent powers?

Caught in the bitter net of circumstance,  
We strive and faint amid each baffling fold,  
While careless fingers take or miss the chance,  
Or idle with the precious thing they hold;  
And favored darlings of the world look down  
From the fair height, by fate or birthright given,  
Wondering to see how under fortune's frown  
Along steep paths our tired feet are driven.

Carest Thou not? Our prized ambitions fail,  
Our dearest droop, in dull days shadowed too,  
Their young eyes forced to read the weary tale,  
While their vain struggles our past pangs renew,

We fain would see, and save, and live, and laugh;  
 Fain would have honest heart and open hand;  
 Ah! hope and love make but a breaking staff,  
 When 'mid our shattered dreams alone we stand.

Carest Thou not, O Lord? Old age creeps on,  
 Blighting each lingering bloom we dare to cherish;  
 A little while, and the last day is done.

Carest Thou not, O Lord, because we perish?  
 Oh, stretch the right hand, strong to stay and save!  
 Speak, through wild winds above, wild seas beneath;  
 Say, despite failing life and opening grave,  
 "Why will ye doubt, O ye of little faith?"

---

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men!  
 Who once appeared in humblest guise below,  
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,  
 And call Thy brethren forth from want and woe;  
 We look to Thee. Thy truth is still the light  
 Which guides the nations groping on their way,  
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,  
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes! Thou art still the life; Thou art the way  
 The holiest know; light, life, and way to heaven,  
 And they who dearest hope and deepest pray,  
 Toil by the light, life, way, which Thou hast given.

*Theodore Parker.*

A GRAVE, wherever found, preaches a short, pithy sermon to the soul.

*Hawthorne.*

I NEVER saw a dying Christian who had not dying grace, and certainly he who can help us to die can also help us to live.

*W. S. Plumer, D.D.*

SIGH and grieve that you are yet so carnal and worldly,  
and your passions so unmortified.

That you are so full of corrupt inclinations, so unguarded  
in your outward senses, so often ensnared by many vain  
imaginations.

So much inclined to outward things, so negligent as to  
inward.

So ready for laughter and dissipation, so unready for  
weeping and compunction.

So prompt for relaxation and bodily comfort, so disin-  
clined for austerity and fervor.

So curious to hear news and see fine sights, so slack to  
embrace what is lowly and common.

So eager to have much, so sparing in giving, so close in  
retaining.

So inconsiderate in speech, so unable to keep silence, so  
undisciplined in manners, so impetuous in actions.

So greedy about food, so deaf to the word of God.

So hasty to take rest, so slow to labor.

So wakeful to attend to stories, so sleepy at holy vigils.

So anxious to finish devotions, so wandering in attention.

So soon distracted, so rarely fully recollected.

So suddenly stirred to anger, so apt to take offense.

So ready to judge, so relentless in reproof.

So joyful in prosperity, so weak in adversity.

So often making good resolutions, so seldom bringing  
them to good effect.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

LAID on thine altar, O my Lord divine!

Accept this gift to-day, for Jesus' sake.

I have no jewels to adorn thy shrine,

Nor any world-famed sacrifice to make;

But here I bring, within my trembling hand,

This will of mine—a thing that seemeth small:

And thou alone, O Lord, canst understand

How, when I yield thee this, I yield mine all.  
 Hidden therein thy searching gaze canst see  
 Struggles of passion, visions of delight,  
 All that I have, or am, or fain would be—  
 Deep loves, fond hopes, and longings infinite;  
 It hath been wet with tears, and dimmed with sighs;  
 Clenched in my grasp till beauty hath it none!  
 Now, from thy footstool, where it vanquished lies,  
 The prayer ascendeth—May thy will be done!  
 Take it, O Father, ere my courage fail!  
 And merge it so in thine own will, that e'en  
 If in some desperate hour my cries prevail,  
 And thou give back my gift, it may have been  
 So changed, so purified, so fair have grown,  
 So one with thee, so filled with peace divine,  
 I may not know or feel it as mine own,  
 But, gaining back my will, may find it thine!

*New York Observer.*

DEATH we can face; but knowing, as some of us do, what is human life, which of us is it, that without shuddering could, if consciously we were summoned, face the hour of birth?

*De Quincey.*

ALL along the pathway of life are tombstones, by the side of which we have promised to strive for heaven.

*Moody.*

OF all the solemnities of which the mind can conceive, death is the greatest. There may be here and there an empty heart and a thoughtless brain, across which no churchyard meditation passes for months or years together, but these are exceptional and leave unaffected the truth, that no one reflection comes to man with such uniformity and power, as the thought that in a few years we shall all be far away.

*David Swing.*

WHEN I am dead and buried, then  
There will be mourning among men.  
I hear one musing on my dust:  
"How hard he fought to win his crust;"  
And one, "He was too sensitive  
In this cold-wintered world to live;"  
Another, weeping, "Ah, how few  
So gentle-hearted, and so true!"  
"I met him only once, and yet  
I think I never shall forget  
The strange, sad look in his young eyes,"  
One other says, and then with wise  
And solemn-shaking head—"No doubt  
The hot heart burnt that frail frame out."  
Good friends, a discount on your grief!  
A little present help were worth  
More than a sorrow-stricken earth  
When I am but a withered leaf;  
An outstretched hand were better to me  
Than your glib graveyard sympathy;  
You need not pity, and rhyme, and paint me,  
You need not weep for, and sigh for, and saint me  
After you've starved me—driven me dead.  
Say! do you hear? What I want is bread!

*Scribner's.*

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would look upon my quiet face  
Before they laid it in its resting place,  
And deem that death had left it almost fair;  
And, laying snow-white flowers against my hair,  
Would smooth it down with tearful tenderness,  
And fold my hands with lingering caress—  
Poor hands, so empty and so cold to-night!

If I should die to-night,  
My friends would call to mind, with loving thought

Some kindly deed the icy hand had wrought,  
 Some gentle word the frozen lips had said;  
 Errands on which the willing feet had sped;  
 The memory of my selfishness and pride,  
 My hasty words, would all be put aside,  
 And so I should be loved and mourned to-night.

If I should die to-night,  
 Even hearts estranged would turn once more to me,  
 Recalling other days remorsefully;  
 The eyes that chill me with averted glance,  
 Would look upon me as of yore, perchance,  
 And soften in the old familiar way,  
 For who would war with dumb unconscious clay?  
 So I might rest, forgiven of all to-night.

O friends ! I pray to-night,  
 Keep not your kisses for my dead, cold brow;  
 The way is lonely; let me feel them now;  
 Think gently of me; I am travel-worn;  
 My faltering feet are pierced with many a thorn;  
 Forgive ! O hearts estranged, forgive, I plead !  
 When dreamless rest is mine I shall not need  
 The tenderness for which I long to-night.

---

THERE are not many who finish their lives before they die. Very few go willingly; most are forced, and not a few are dragged to the grave. Instead of leaving the world, they are hunted out of it.

*Gotthold.*

BBETTER a death when work is done  
 Than earth's most favored birth.

*Macdonald.*

HERE lies one whose name was writ in water.

*Keats' Epitaph.*



RID of the world's injustice and his pain,  
 He rests at last beneath God's veil of blue.  
 Taken from life, when life and love were new,  
 The youngest of the martyrs here is lain,  
 Fair as Sebastian, and as early slain.  
 No cyprus shades his grave, no funeral yew,  
 But gentle violets weeping with the dew  
 Weave in fair bonds an ever blossoming chain.  
 O proudest heart that broke for misery !  
 O sweetest lips since those of Mitylene !  
 O poet painter of our English land !  
 Thy name was writ in water—it shall stand;  
 And tears like mine will keep thy memory green  
 As Isabella did her basil tree.

*Oscar Wilde,*  
 (At the Grave of Keats).

AND history,  
 A mournful follower in the track of man,  
 Whose path is over ruin and the grave,  
 May linger for a moment in the place,  
 Beside a worn inscription, and be sad.

*Alexander Smith.*

O MAN! whosoever thou art, and whencesoever thou comest (for come I know thou wilt), I am Cyrus, the founder of the Persian Empire. Envy me not the little earth that covers my body.

*Cyrus' Epitaph.*

"THE flower fadeth," but the seed and the fruit come, and this teaches us that there is really nothing to sadden us in the phenomena of decay in nature and vegetation; for our present life, with all its activities and enjoyments, is but the flower-form of a being whose fruit-form or seed-form is in an after and higher life, and decay and death are no

more than the falling of the petals from the well set fruit. Human life and flower life are alike, mainly because both are phenomenal of progress. Thank God the flower does fade! The leaf is not much—only the fruit, of which the leaf is but the precursor. The fruit, not the flower, is perfection. This world is not all; there is a world beyond. We press on.

*Charles Wadsworth, D.D.*

FOR who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his quietus make  
 With a bare bodkin \* \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* \*

But that the dread of something after death,  
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn  
 No traveler returns, puzzles the will,  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
 Than fly to others that we know not of?  
 Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all;  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

*Shakespeare.*

THE boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike the inevitable hour;—  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

*Gray.*

LEAVES have their time to fall,  
 And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath;  
 And stars to set; but all—

Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

*Mrs. Hemans.*

DEATHBED repentance is burning the candle of life in the service of the devil, then blowing the snuff in the face of heaven.

*Lorenzo Dow.*

WHETHER on the scaffold, high,  
Or in the battle's van,  
The fittest place where man can die  
Is where he dies for man.

*Michael J. Barry.*

HARK to the solemn bell,  
Mournfully pealing!  
What do its wailings tell,  
On the ear stealing?  
Seem they not thus to say,  
Loved ones have passed away?  
Ashes with ashes lay,  
List to its pealing !

Earth is all vanity,  
False as 't is fleeting;  
Grief is in all its joy,  
Smiles with tears meeting;  
Youth's brightest hopes decay,  
Pass like morn's gems away,  
Too fair on earth to stay,  
Where all is fleeting.

When in their lonely bed  
Loved ones are lying;  
When joyful wings are spread,  
To heaven flying;  
Would we to sin and pain  
Call back their souls again,  
Weave round their hearts the chain,  
Severed in dying?

No, dearest Savior, no !  
To Thee, their Savior,  
Let their free spirits go,  
Ransomed forever !  
Heirs of unending joy,  
Theirs is the victory;  
Thine let the glory be.  
Now and forever !

*Hymnal.*

THE future hides in it  
Gladness and sorrow;  
We press still thorough—  
Naught that abides in it  
Daunting us—onward.

And solemn before us,  
Veiled, the dark portal,  
Goal of all mortal;  
Stars silent rest o'er us!  
Graves under us, silent!

While earnest thou gazest,  
Comes boding of terror;  
Come phantasm and error,  
Perplexing the bravest  
With doubt and misgiving!

But heard are the voices,  
Heard are the sages—  
The world and the ages:  
"Choose well ; your choice is  
Brief, and yet endless;

Here eyes do regard you  
In Eternity's stillness ;  
Here is all fulness,  
Ye brave, to reward you;  
Work, and despair not !"

*Goethe.*

ON Fame's eternal camping-ground  
 Their silent tents are spread;  
 And Glory guards with solemn sound  
 The bivouac of the dead.

*Theodore O'Hara.*

THE hand of the reaper  
 Takes the ears that are hoary,  
 But the voice of the weeper  
 Wails manhood in glory.

*Scott.*

SUCH graves as theirs are pilgrim shrines—  
 Shrines to no code or creed confined—  
 The Delphian vales, the Palestines,  
 The Meccas of the mind.

---

GOD never meant that we should call this home,  
 This world of woe;  
 We use a strange misnomer and cheat ourselves  
 In thinking so.

If this were home, no flower would lose its bloom,  
 No leaf would fall;  
 No life decay, no shadow from the tomb  
 Our hearts appal.

This home? then none would lay their armor down  
 In helpless weakness;  
 But, step by step, life's work would rounded be  
 To full completeness.

If this were home, then walking with us here,  
 With glory crowned,  
 Were those we laid to sleep, covered with scars,  
 Beneath the ground.

No palsied limb, nor weary brain, nor aching heart  
 Is found at home;

But joy and peace, and strength, and life divine,  
Are there alone.

Thank God, we know this earth is not our home!  
No fond delusion  
Can make us think our Father left us here  
To blind confusion.

Thank God, that in life's little day, through all  
Our care and sorrow  
We have the promise from His lips, of home,  
Sweet home, to-morrow !

A home unclouded by a grief, and where,  
In mansions fair,  
We'll clasp once more our missing ones! No hearts  
Are broken there.

*M. E. K.*

HEROIC spirits! take your rest!  
Ye are richer; we are poorer;  
Yet, because ye have been with us,  
Life is manlier, heaven surer.

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### XXXVI.

### PARTING BEACONS.

How brief this drama of our life appears !  
The good die not ! This heritage they leave—  
The record of a life in virtue spent ;  
For our own loss, at parting we may grieve—  
Lives such as theirs build their own monument.

---

COULD we see when and where we are to meet again, we would be more tender when we bid our friends good-bye.

*Ouida.*

NEVER part without loving words to think of during your absence. It may be that you will not meet again in life.

*Richter.*

WHAT is sadder in our reflection, and yet what more frequent, than our unconscious farewells !

*George Eliot.*

THE Lord watch between me and thee,  
When we are absent one from another.

*Bible.*

FAREWELL ! a word that hath been and must be—  
A sound which makes us linger ; yet farewell !

*Byron.*

WHEN two persons dearly attached to one another separate, how much more to be pitied is the one who remains than the one who goes !

*Ruffini.*

ALL farewells should be sudden, when forever !

*Byron.*

I NEVER cast a flower away,  
The gift of one who cared for me,  
A little flower—a faded flower,  
But it was done reluctantly.

I never speak the word farewell  
But with an utterance faint and broken,  
An earth-sick longing for the time  
When it shall never more be spoken.

*Mrs. Southey.*

SUCH parting were too petty.

*Shakespeare.*

LIFE! we've been long together,  
Thro' pleasant and thro' cloudy weather;  
'T is hard to part when friends are dear,  
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time;  
Say not good-night, but in some brighter clime  
Bid me good-morning.

*Mrs. Barbauld.*

IF thou dost bid thy friend farewell,  
But for one night though that farewell may be,  
Press thou his hand in thine;  
How canst thou tell how far from thee  
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?  
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,  
And days have grown to months,  
And months to lagging years, ere they have looked in lov-  
ing eyes again.

Parting, at best, is underlaid  
With tears and pain;  
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,  
Or time, or distance—clasp with pressure firm the hand  
Of him who goes forth;  
Unseen, fate goeth too.

Yea, and thou hast always time to say some earnest word,  
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth,  
Night and day, regret should walk.

---

GOOD night ! good night ! parting is such sweet sorrow  
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

*Shakespeare.*



LIFE is very critical. Any word may be our last. Any farewell, even amid glee and merriment, may be forever. If this truth were but burnt into our consciousness, would it not give a new meaning to all our human relationships?

*W. R. Alger.*

THE separation of the righteous and the wicked in the day of judgment will be by its own nature final; renewal of fellowship will be forever undesirable.

*Prof. E. D. Morris.*

OH to be ready when death shall come;  
Oh to be ready to hasten home;  
No earthward clinging,  
No lingering gaze,  
No step at parting,  
No sore amaze,  
No cloud-like phantom to fling a gloom  
'Twixt heaven's bright portals and earth's dark tomb;  
But sweetly, gently to pass away  
From the world's dim twilight into day.

---

WE are ever taking leave of something that will not come back again. We let go, with a pang, portion after portion of our existence. However dreary we may have felt life to be here, yet when that hour comes—the winding up of all things, the last grand rush of darkness on our spirits, the hour of that awful sudden wrench from all we have ever known or loved, the long farewell to sun, moon, stars, and light—brother men! I ask you this day, and I ask myself, humbly and fearfully, *what* will then be finished? When it is finished, *what* will it be? Will it be the butterfly existence of pleasure, the mere life of science, a life of uninterrupted sin, and selfish gratification; or will it be, “Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do”?

*F. W. Robertson.*

SPEED on wherever God's angel may guide thee;  
No fancy can dream, and no language can tell,  
What faith and what blessings walk ever beside thee,  
Or the depth of our love, as we bid thee farewell.

---

THERE are smiles and tears in that gath'ring band,  
Where the heart is pledged with the trembling hand;  
What trying thoughts in the bosom swell  
As the bride bids parents and home farewell!  
Kneel down by the side of the tearful fair,  
And strengthen the perilous hour with prayer.

*Henry Ware, Jr.*

IT is hard to say farewell to a hope that has cheered us, to unloose the clasp of what seemed an undying friendship, to see a love sail away, and sink its white sails in the sea, regardless of our outstretched hands, and white, surf-beaten faces. Yet most of you, I suppose, at one time of your life, have stood on that beach, and waded far out into its deep sounding waves, and wrung your hands at parting with what would never more come back; and yet, to such as are not utterly broken thereby, such partings and memories are not in vain. There are things back of us, known only to heaven, which did greatly shape our lives; there are faces, and the pressure of hands, and snatches of song, and the light of long-closed eyes, and the far-distant murmur of solemn prayer, which we do treasure choicely and reverently; there be those with faith enough to think that, by and by, the old faces will be seen once more, the loved voices heard anew, and all lost things will come sailing back to us, like ships, which, parted by night and the swift stroke of tempest, at morning, with sails all washed and fairer than they went, come hurrying back to anchorage; and they wait with watching for that day, and, like some angel detained from his companions, sit gazing with wistful eyes steadfastly upward and far ahead.

*Rev. W. H. H. Murray.*

DEAL gently with us, ye who read!  
Our largest hope is unfulfilled—  
The promise still outruns the deed—  
The tower, but not the spire, we build.  
Our whitest pearl we never find;  
Our ripest fruit we never reach;  
The flowering moments of the mind  
Drop half their petals in our speech.

*Holmes.*

MY last word to you is, be courageous! Strive with manly power against sickly phantasies, and enter, as I do, always more hopefully into active life, that your talents may be more useful to others, and thus to yourself.

With this wish, with these hopes, my infinitely dear friend, I close, and we part silently from each other. If man can bear an eternity in his heart, you will remain eternally in mine.

*Richter.*

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